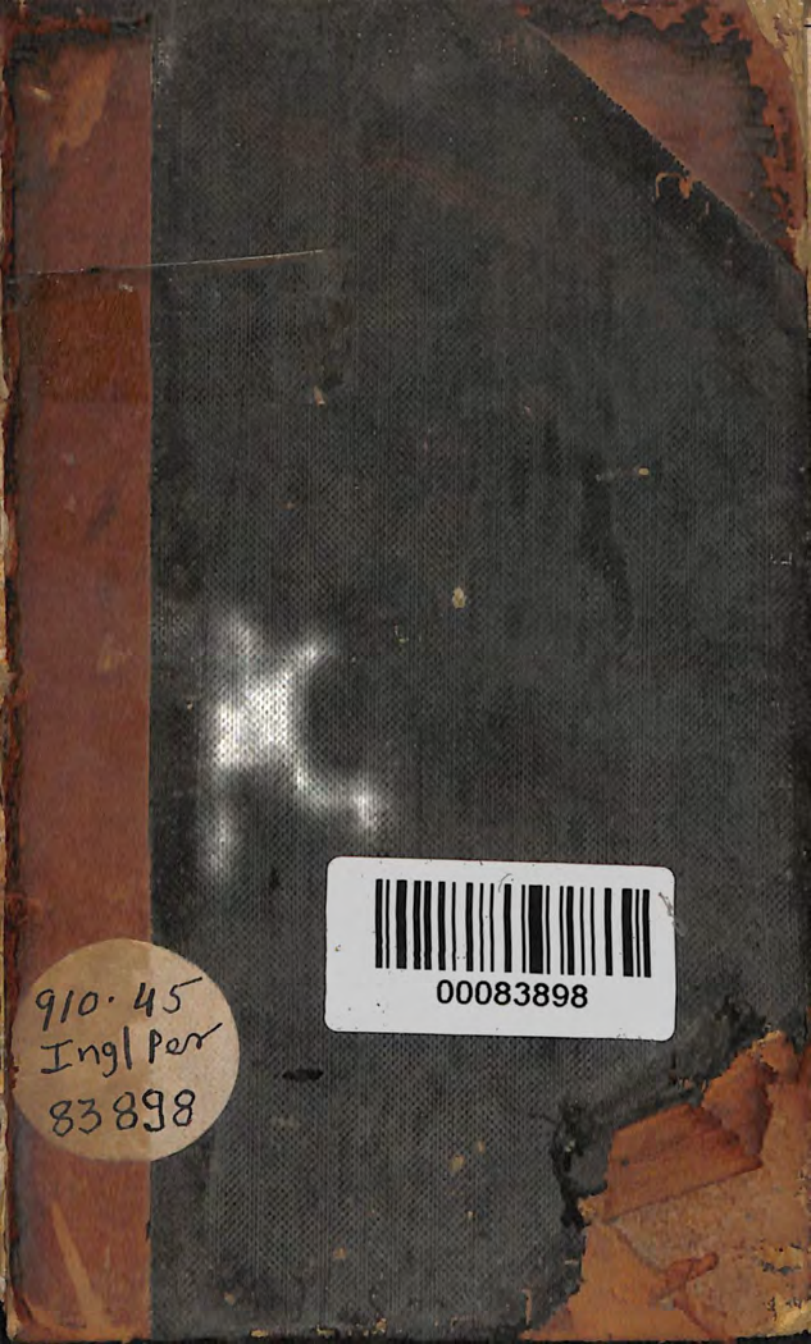
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A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF A

JOURNEY

THROUGH

NORWAY, PART OF SWEDEN,

AND THE ISLANDS AND STATES OF

DENMARK.

W.g. 12 £3898

BY

H. D. INGLIS,

AUTHOR OF SPAIN 1830, IRELAND 1834, &c. &c.

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD ERSKINE,

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY

AT THE COURT OF BAVARIA,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT,

AND HIGH ESTEEM,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

AND ATTACHED RELATIVE,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following "Journey through Norway," &c. formed Vol. XXXVIII. of "Constable's Miscellany;" and appeared in that work, as from the pen of DERWENT CONWAY.

A very large impression of that Volume being entirely exhausted, and the Author, having, since its publication, produced many highly popular works, to which he appended his real name, the Publisher conceives it will be acceptable to the Public, to present a re-print of this interesting Journey, in such a form as will enable it to range in the Library with the Author's other works.

AVE MARIA LANE.

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JOURNEY

THROUGH

NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK.

I.

AN INLAND JOURNEY

FROM THE NAZE TO CHRISTIANIA,

THROUGH TELLEMARKEN.

JOURNEY

THROUGH

NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK.

CHAPTER I.

Arrival in Norway—Mandahl—Visit to the Naze—Coasting Voyage to Christiansand—Norwegian Fashions—Striking and Novel Appearances in Nature—Arrival at Christiansand—Fish Markets—Norwegian Customs—Nationality—The National Song of Norway, &c.

I CONSIDER it a fortunate circumstance for me, that I had not reached the travelling age at the time when a right of highway through Europe was purchased at Waterloo, for I should doubtless have followed the general example, and hied to France. When, however, some years afterwards, it became a question with me, in which of the countries of Europe I should commence my design of seeing the world, I selected that which was the least familiar to me and to which the steps of the tourist had been the seldomest turned. All the world had gone to France, Switzerland, and Italy; as much *Glace d'Ananas* was eaten at Tortoni's by English as by French; it

was nearly an equal chance, whether a chamois goat, or an Englishman, were met on the *Shriekhorn;* and on the banks of the Arno, Anglicised Italian shocked the pure ear of Tuscany.

Norway was yet an unexplored country, the few travellers who had gone thither had contented themselves with skirting the sea-coast; or, if any had penetrated into the interior, it was less with the view of exploring Norway, than with the design of reaching Lapland. It is not difficult to assign reasons why this part of Europe has been so seldom visited by the traveller; this I have done at some length in another work[1]. I shall here therefore only briefly enumerate, as the most influential of these reasons, —the difficulty of conveyance thither,—the total want of accustomed comforts when there,—ignorance of the language,—and the absence of any popular object of attraction. France has her Paris, and Paris her Palais Royale; Italy has her Rome, and Rome her monuments; but Norway has only her dim mountains, her silent forests, and her lonely lakes.

It was at the glorious sunset of an evening in June, that I first saw the coast of Norway stretching in a bold outline from west to east. Norway was the first foreign land I had ever seen; but, independently of this additional cause of pleasure and excitement, the first prospect of land to a "woe-worn mariner," or a sea-sick landsman, is an event

1 "Solitary Walks through Many Lands." Lond. 1828.

with which few others in this chequered life can be compared. I had been, for ten monotonous days, tossed about on the North Sea, with fair wind one hour, and foul the next; the chief *in-door* comfort being coffee without milk, and sugar-candy passed from one cup to another, to sweeten it. Is it then to be wondered at, that sitting on deck the first fine evening since the commencement of my voyage, I should feel a sudden and great accession of pleasure, when I saw the sun go down behind the mountains of Scandinavia, in place of sinking into the green level ocean? But there were yet twelve or fifteen miles between us and the shore, without any prospect of nearing it; for it had fallen a dead calm. I sat and gazed, until the long twilight of a June evening, in that latitude, had faded into gray, though not into darkness—and till the breast of the still sea was crowded with the constellations that watched above. Some time after midnight, I crept on deck. The coast was still distinctly visible; the sea was as hushed as ever, only a small ripple was heard upon the ship's side; and already the lower stars in the north-east were beginning to "pale their ineffectual fires" before the earliest messengers of day.

Next morning, the calm still continued;—in vain, the sailors whistled to the winds—in vain, when a puff of air at times curled the water, were the sails let loose—no ripple was heard at the prow; and indeed the current, which on the coast of Norway always sets from the east, gradually increased the

distance betwixt us and the land. But there was nothing to regret in being becalmed; for glorious is the ocean under its multiform aspects of sublimity and beauty, whether it obey the voice of the tempest, and, rising from its slumbers, heaves its huge crested waves to the scowling sky—or whether it rest from its toil, seeming like a crystal plain, stretched between two azure domes.

The ship, in which I had taken my passage, was bound for Christiania; but a fine light breeze springing up in the afternoon, and carrying us within two or three miles of shore, I prevailed upon the captain to lie-to, and make a signal for a boat from Mandahl, a town to which we were nearly opposite: for it was quite immaterial to me from what part of Norway I should commence my journey; and the prospect of an immediate transition from sea to land, was besides a temptation sufficient to cast the balance in favour of Mandahl. I had soon the satisfaction of seeing a boat obey the signal, and in about half an hour it was alongside the vessel. I was soon seated in the fishing-coble, with the little luggage I had brought with me; and, to my great satisfaction, saw the distance between me and the shore every moment diminish.

As we made towards land, a little incident occurred, which is important only, as having given birth to a determination to which, in after life, I have strictly adhered. I had brought a gun with me, with the intention of now and then indulging in a shot at

any stray animal that might chance to come in my way; and from all that I had heard of Norway, I had every reason to think I should find some employment for my prowess. A flock of some kind of sea-bird was hovering over our heads; and I thought this a good opportunity to make trial of my skill. I fired, and one of them fell into the sea. It is impossible to describe the doleful screaming that immediately ensued; instead of flying away, the birds remained fluttering above their dead companion, and evidently lamenting its fate; so at least it appeared to me. I felt the reproach, and determined never again to merit it; and I have kept my resolution.

As I approached Mandahl, I was struck with the singular appearance presented by this first-seen Norwegian town. I found the houses painted all different colours,—red, yellow, blue, in all their various shades; but the first seemed the favourite colour. The tide being back, it was necessary, as in some places in England, and in many places abroad, to be carried on shore by the boatmen; and lest it should escape my memory, I may mention in this place, that the boots constantly worn by the boatmen in Norway, and which reach up to the thigh, are totally impervious to water: the leather of which the boots are made is steeped sometimes as long as two years in oil, and it is then so thoroughly saturated, that those wearing the boots made of it may walk from morning till night in water without the usual consequence.

The Quay at the little town of Mandahl presents a very different appearance to a stranger, from that which is to be seen at those ports in France or elsewhere, at which the English tourist generally disembarks: no whiskered sentinels—no wrangling porters—no impertinent waiters—no important and insolent public officers—no groups of lingering strangers—no busy and bustling natives. At Mandahl all is stillness. When I was placed upon the pier and looked around me, and saw only two or three children, and one old man; and when the boatmen had been paid their fare, and left me standing alone with my small portmanteau at my feet, I could not but feel what a solitude it is to be alone in a land of strangers.

In visiting foreign countries, islanders possess one manifest advantage over the inhabitants of a continent, unless indeed the latter visit an island. One may travel from Paris to Naples, and from Naples to St. Petersburg, without ever experiencing any lively sensations of wonder, because, in travelling through countries separated from each other by artificial boundaries only, or unnavigable rivers, the shades in the character and manners of the inhabitants are as imperceptible as the lines which divide the countries; and the features of the external world also slide gradually into each other, so that one may pass through the most opposite extremes, both in the moral aspect of society, and in the physical appearances of nature, without being sensible of the changes. But in passing from one country to another by sea, there cannot

be any indefinite gradations; the change in character, customs, costume, and in all that strikes the senses, whether in the productions of art or nature, is sudden and infinitely surprising; and I believe there is no traveller who will not be ready to admit, that he retains in his mind more vivid impressions of what he has seen in countries to which he has travelled by sea, than in those to which he journeyed by land. I am sure, at all events, that I speak as I myself feel. But I must not forget that I am still standing on the pier at Mandahl, with my portmanteau at my feet.

Of the language of the country I knew but little; and although it be true, that in a country so little frequented as Norway, the inhabitants have not that ready way of anticipating, or at least understanding the wants of a traveller, which is found so convenient by many English tourists in France; yet, if a stranger in Norway will make up his mind to the want of some of those comforts and attentions which might possibly be had were he able to ask for them, I do not think that but a partial knowledge of the language is a very material drawback to a traveller in that part of Europe. Norway is not like Italy, where the services of a *cicerone* are constantly required; without whom, indeed, we might pass by the Coloseum, and not know what stupendous monument cast its shadow across our path. But, in Norway, our guide is the sun; by his help, we scale the rocks and penetrate the forests; and, aided by him only, we enjoy the

sublime glories of the *Dovne Field*, or the minute beauties of the changing leaf and the forest flower.

I dare say I need not tell the reader, that sea-air is an admirable provocative to appetite; and so, I believe, is novelty of scene. But whatever may be the cause, I know that, standing on the Quay at Mandahl, I soon began to feel the necessity of taking my portmanteau under my arm, and going in quest of supper. Nothing, I knew, was to be done without the universal talisman; so I took a few pieces of small copper coin in my hand, and going up to the children, dropped them into the lap of a little blue-eyed, fair-haired damsel, six or seven years old, and at the same time pronounced the words for *inn* and *eat;* but, whether from my defective pronunciation, or from the stupidity of the child, nothing ensued from this parley. I next tried *man* and *woman*, and here I was more successful; for the little maid immediately ran off towards a woodyard at a short distance, and in a few minutes returned with a man, who knew enough of English to understand my wants, and who immediately conducted me to a house which he said was used as an inn by the few who stood in need of the accommodation. I received as warm a welcome as I could desire, and was conducted to an airy clean chamber, the floor of which was strewed with the tops of young firs,—a custom strongly indicative of the woody region into which I had come, and to me not at all unpleasant from the

smell. I afterwards found, that in the more northern parts, juniper tops are substituted for firs, which I thought no improvement.

The proprietor of the house to which I had been conducted, had married a Scotswoman, who had been dead several years; but, during the connexion, he had acquired a tolerable vocabulary of English and Lowland Scotch—an acquisition by which I of course profited. I had my choice of either supping alone in solitary dignity in the capacity of a traveller, or with the family, in the character partly of a countryman, and partly of a chance guest. I need scarcely say, that I chose the latter. I was too hungry and too sleepy, however, to profit much by this first opportunity of observing Norwegian customs. A beautiful cut of salmon, and a fowl smothered in onions, graced the supper-table; and, after having done ample justice to these, and partaken of a small bowl of excellent punch, I retired to my fragrant chamber.

Here, as elsewhere throughout Norway, it is the custom to sleep between two eider-down beds during the cold season; and although the weather was now extremely hot, these had not yet been superseded by the summer arrangements. I was not then aware of the practice, and only discovered the nature of my covering when I stepped into bed. I have subsequently had ample opportunities of profiting by this Norwegian predilection for eider-down; for, during the winter, its comfort is so pre-eminent, that it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of it to those

who have never enjoyed it. But in warm weather, the case is reversed. I had not lain many minutes before I discovered, that what seemed to me at first the acmé of luxury, was about to become insupportable. Sleep, "on his downy pinion," would not hover even near to my downy couch, and I was forced to throw off the upper covering, and spread my cloak over me. The night was indeed what we should consider hot even in England; and before it was half over, I parted with even the covering I had.

I scarcely know a more delightful reality, than the consciousness of being in bed on shore, after having been pent up for a week or two in a narrow and rocking berth at sea. At first, it is a reality that we hardly believe in, because the motion to which our eyes have been for some time accustomed, seems communicated to every object; the walls totter, the roof bends, and the bed heaves; and it requires us to be thoroughly awake, in order to have a perfect conviction of the reality and the deception. Whether I fell asleep in the belief that I was at sea, or on shore, I cannot tell; but I know that I slept soundly, and much longer than I had intended.

I had not yet formed any plan of my journey in Norway, neither as to the direction of it, nor the mode in which I should pursue it. I meant to have been guided in these matters by the advice of those individuals to whom I had introductions in Christiania; but having disembarked at Mandahl, a certain route was, in the first instance, prescribed to me by

necessity, for having a letter of credit on a house in Christiania, it was necessary, of course, to go thither; but to this requisite step a serious difficulty presented itself,—it was not much less than 200 miles to Christiania, and I had not money to carry me more than a few posts. This difficulty I stated to mine host, who, upon glancing at my letter of credit, assured me that I should have no difficulty in obtaining money upon the security of it at Christiansand, which was distant from Mandahl only about 20 miles, and he gave me the name of an eminent house in that town to which I might apply.

I had had quite as much voyaging as I desired, and was anxious that all my journeys now should be by land; but I was told that I had better commence my inland route from Christiansand, since I was under the necessity of going thither, and take a boat next morning to that town, *within the rocks;* but this term requires explanation. The greater part of Norway may be said to have two coasts, an inner and an outer coast,—the former being the shore of the mainland, and the other a succession of rocky islands, of all dimensions, from a mere point to a mile or more in length, and lying, for the most part, within an English mile of the mainland. All boats and small vessels make their coasting-voyages within the rocks; for even when the sea without is strongly agitated, one may sail many miles through the channel, in water as smooth as a mill-pond; sometimes, indeed, if the wind be high, and blow

from the sea, violent gusts come through the openings between one rock and another, and in passing these, it is necessary to be cautious in lowering the sails. A voyage within the rocks, however, is not an unpleasant kind of excursion, and I resolved to take the advice of the innkeeper.

Mandahl, the chief town (though little better than a village) of a district of the same name, is situated at the bottom of a very small bay, flanked on each side by ledges of high rocks, and backed by a rugged rocky country, partly covered with fir, and partly intersected by creeks and rivers. It has a small export trade in fish and timber, and there is in it a workshop, from which beautiful specimens of turner-work, made from the root of the birch-tree, find their way into most of the northern towns. I had very great pleasure in examining these, and have no hesitation in saying, that the beauty of the boxes which were shown to me much exceeded that of any I have ever seen made of either mahogany or rose-wood.

In the afternoon, I walked to the end of the rocks which jut into the sea to the west of the town. Seen from this point, the *Naze*, although twelve miles distant, seems close at hand. Every one has heard of the Naze of Norway; we read of it when children in our first treatises upon geography, and when I now saw it so near to me I felt some inclination to visit it. I had no reason to expect any thing else than a high point of land washed by the sea;

but as the inclination was easily gratified, I resolved to indulge it, and two horses were accordingly ordered to be ready early next morning, one for myself, and the other for one of those nondescript persons generally found in every village, whose services are at the command of any body who requires them. The depth of the sea on the shores of Norway is remarkable; there is rarely any of that gradual shelving which distinguishes the shores of most other countries. From the ridge upon which I walked, I could see projections of the rock to a very great depth, owing to the extreme clearness of the water; but I could see no bottom even close to the shore. I was informed, that the depth is, in many places, 100 fathoms and upwards under the rocks.

Next morning, betimes, after a substantial breakfast, we mounted our horses, which like, all the horses in the southern parts of Norway, were cream-coloured, with black manes and tails, small and strong made; and having taken care to fill a bag with provisions, which was slung across my companion's shoulder, we set off at a round trot. Our road of course lay along the sea-coast; but in order to pursue any thing approaching to a straight line, it was necessary to keep about two miles inland, owing to the number of small creeks and indentures for which the Norwegian shore is so remarkable. On the west coast of Norway, from Stavanger all the way to the North Cape, these are found in constant succession, some of them reaching as far as ninety

miles inland; and, in many instances, it would be necessary to journey a hundred miles by land, between two places not more than two or three miles distant from each other in a straight line.

On leaving Mandahl, the country through which we passed was very uninteresting; some cattle and sheep were feeding on the coarse pasture which lay between us and the sea, and here and there there were patches of potato land, and some small enclosures of oats, which were about a foot above ground. They had been sown only about a month before. Upon agriculture in Norway, I shall afterwards have occasion to make some observations.

Our horses carried us admirably well, and in less than two hours we had passed the bay of which the Naze forms the west headland; and we now turned towards the sea, up an inclined plane, to gain the highest and most southerly point, and soon reached the spot which I had so often seen on the map, marked "The Naze of Norway." There was, of course, nothing to see but a grim rock frowning over the toiling ocean, and the two lighthouses erected upon it; yet, I felt pleased that I stood upon the Naze, though I should be puzzled to give any good reason for being so. I am not quite sure, however, that any much better cause could be assigned by the few travellers who have journeyed to the North Cape, for the satisfaction they have felt when they reached it. The North Cape is only the most northerly point in Norway, not the most northerly land of Europe,

for the Island of Spitzbergen lies far beyond it; and the mainland of Samojedi in Asia, as well as a part of Russia in Europe, opposite to Nova Zembla, stretch several degrees—the former at least five—farther to the north. The Naze is considerably higher above the sea than any part of the English coast:—I should think, at least a third higher than Trouphead in Banffshire, which has always seemed to me more elevated than Dover Cliff or Beachy-head. Nor will any of these bear the least comparison with the Naze and the adjoining steeps, in the number of sea-fowl which cover them. Their numbers are absolutely incredible; the sea is covered with them, the rocks are covered with them, and the air is filled with them; and the noise which they make, not only puts any attempt at conversation out of the question, but, I believe, would drown the loudest discharge of musketry. My journey from Mandahl was sufficiently repaid by the sight and sound of these feathered screamers. I attempted to find some fissure down which I might reach the sea; but, after descending with much difficulty, and some danger, a rent by which I hoped to gain my purpose, I found it terminate in a precipice, from which I was glad to creep up, as fast as the roughness of the path would permit; the infernal screaming, indeed, of the fowl, which was much increased by my attempt to invade their territories, was almost of itself sufficient to damp the courage of an adventurer.

I had left my little horse at some distance, in charge of my Mandahl companion; and having now sufficiently satisfied my curiosity about the natural objects around me, I beckoned to my companion to come and interpret between me and the keeper of the lighthouse, to whom I wished to pay a visit. I found an old and a young man, uncle and nephew, as I afterwards learned, seated at a dinner of broiled mutton. The one might be about sixty-five, the other about thirty-five, and both clothed in a manner that seemed to me better adapted for winter, than for a day on which I am sure the thermometer stood at 70 or upwards. But probably their wardrobes were not very extensive. The old man told me he had been twenty-seven years an inhabitant of this place, and he expressed no discontent at the monotony of the life which he led; he said he had daily bread, and that was more than every one could say. His pipe and his spyglass were his amusements; and they seemed sufficient for his wishes. The former might more properly be called an occupation; for he said his pipe was never out of his mouth, unless to give place to something better. The nephew also smoked, and looked through the spyglass like his uncle; but to my question, whether he was contented to remain in his present situation all his life, he said nothing, but looked as if he would have said, that when his uncle died he would take the matter into his consideration. Probably, the old man was worth some money. His salary was indeed small, amounting to

about 32*l.* English per annum; but in twenty-seven years his savings might have been considerable, as living is so cheap in Norway, and as, during the winter, abundance of game was killed by the younger man. The only two books were a Danish Bible, one of the British and Foreign Bible Society's, and a song-book, the latter of which seemed to have been the more fingered. The house (if it deserves that name) in which these two *solitaires* lived, was as comfortable as any dwelling could be in that exposed situation; it was underneath the west lighthouse, built of stone, and cased with mud. The entrance faced the east, which they stated to be the direction from which the wind blows the seldomest, and with the least violence.

It was a very natural inquiry to make of the old man, whether he had been the witness of any disastrous shipwrecks; but upon this he did not appear willing to be communicative. I guessed the reason of this to be, that the proverb "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," had been literally proved in his own case. He admitted, however, that he had seen as much in his day as most men. In taking leave, he presented me with a glass of brandiwine, or corn brandy, the common spirit of the country, from a large earthen bottle, and I, in my turn, filled a glass of Cognac for him and his companion, from my flask; and so we parted excellent friends. Our horses, which had been left at liberty to browze, had taken advantage of their freedom, and had strayed to a consider-

able distance, and it was not much less than an hour, before they would suffer themselves to be caught,—but no sooner were we mounted, and their heads turned in the direction of Mandahl, than they made ample amends for their obstinacy, and carried us in double-quick time to our destination.

This evening I went to a house which is used as a sort of coffee-room. There were about a dozen persons present, most of them playing at dominos, and smoking and drinking punch at the same time. One person, in the tarnished uniform of some public office, came up to me, and expressed the great pleasure he felt in meeting any one to whom he could speak English;—this he said in a mixture of English, Danish, and French. I replied in English of course; but as my new acquaintance did not seem to have carried his acquisition so far as to understand English when spoken to him, the conversation was necessarily at an end, and I soon afterwards left the room.

Next morning, the rays of a most brilliant sun called me from my bed before six o'clock. I walked down to the beach, and treated myself to a dip in as calm and beautiful a morning-sea as I ever beheld; and in about an hour afterwards, having first breakfasted, and discharged my bill, which, for two days and a half good living and accommodation, amounted to something less than five shillings English, I walked to the pier, attended by all the household, to take my seat in the boat I had hired to carry me to Christiansand, and for which I had at first agreed to

pay 10*s.* English; but this sum had been reduced one half, in consequence of my having given permission to the boatmen to take three persons as passengers. The boats used for coasting voyages within the rocks, are something like an English pinnace,—only the masts are extremely high; the reason of which is, that otherwise, the air at sea could not reach the sails of boats in the channel. The sea beyond the rocks was slightly curled, but within, it was perfectly smooth, excepting opposite to the openings. Nothing could be pleasanter than our manner of travelling; the sails were sufficiently filled by the air which came over the rocks, blowing from the south-west, while the water through which we glided with a little gurgling noise, was like a mirror. The sun shone upon us through a thin film of clouds, and the air might have been the air of France. Sometimes, when the rocks towards the sea were very lofty, so as entirely to intercept the breeze, the boatmen took to their oars;—and at other times, when we passed an opening, and when the wind, light as it was, came freely upon us, we shot through the water with extreme velocity, the boat's lip almost touching the surface.

The scene was, altogether, one of extraordinary novelty and beauty. The rocks on the mainland were of the most fantastic and picturesque forms,—generally of great altitude, and every where dipping in the water in which they were distinctly reflected. The clefts were filled with shrubs, and trees hung

where the roots seemed to grow to the solid stone. In some places, a deep ravine, dark with fir, separated two frowning precipices, chasms, and caverns, from some of which little streams gushed, seeming like silver threads hanging among the rocks, were every where visible; and now and then the rocks opened into a creek, winding some miles inland, among stupendous precipices overhung with wood. On the side towards the sea, bare rocks, many of them covered with seafowl, hemmed in the channel, —while through the openings was seen the swelling ocean, bounded by the horizon, and now and then a ship in full sail, gallantly bearing on its way. Add to all this, the smooth blue water around us, the mild air, the mellow sunbeams, a goat looking over the rugged height, the fish leaping on every side, their scales glancing in the light, and the birds skimming the surface, the tip of their wings occasionally dimpling the pure mirror; and I think it will be admitted that a happier assemblage of pleasant and striking images have seldom delighted the eye of a traveller.

I have been so much occupied with the scenery, that I have omitted any mention of my travelling companions. They were not particularly interesting; two of them were men, shopkeepers of Mandahl,—one a general dealer, the other a corn and flour dealer,—and both going to purchase stock in Christiansand; the woman was the wife of the former, and accompanied her husband to assist him

in his choice of female apparel, such as ribbons, caps, bonnets, gown-pieces, and other articles in which there is a fashion,—for Mandahl, as well as its betters, has its tastes and fashions,—which the purveyors are obliged to consult as attentively as if they had to minister to the caprices of May-fair. The fashions, as I learned from these persons, do not in Norway emanate from one acknowledged source only, as is the case throughout France and England; for Norway has in fact three capitals, Christiania, Bergen, and Drontheim,—and as the intercourse which these have with each other is much less than that which each carries on with some foreign town, the fashions, and I might almost say the customs, at least such of them as are dependent upon fashion, differ entirely in each of the three. While to Christiania, Copenhagen gives the law, Bergen imports from Hamburg its fashions, along with its corn; and with the cloth and wine which Drontheim brings from the ports of France, the Netherlands, and Holland, their customs also are brought and adopted. Ask an inhabitant of Aggershuus which is the capital of Norway, and he will directly answer Christiania; ask the same question of a resident in Bergenhuus, and he will as readily reply Bergen; and there is not a Norwegian residing north of the *Dovne Field*, who will hesitate a moment in adjudging the same distinction to Drontheim. Before the duties were laid so heavily upon Norwegian timber, all the towns of the south, including Christiania, had more intercourse with

England than with any other country, and consequently copied the fashions and customs of Britain; but it is now otherwise; and besides, the annexation of Norway to Sweden—which, from the events of past history, the Norwegians considered to be an unnatural alliance—was at first so repugnant to the general feeling in Norway, that England has been less a favourite, and her fashions and usages less in vogue, than, before that event of doubtful justice, they were wont to be.

A few miles before coming to Christiansand, the channel opens, and we pass the island of Flekkeroen, which forms a fine road with the mainland, of several miles in length. This island, as every body knows, was taken possession of by the English at the same time that the Danish fleet was seized at Copenhagen, and the fortifications upon it blown up.

It was a little after one, when turning a point, Christiansand was seen before us, rising out of the water, at the distance of about two miles. I almost regretted the near termination of so delightful a landsman's voyage as mine had been; but wind and tide soon bore us rapidly to the entrance of the harbour, which is accounted one of the finest and most secure in Europe.

A curious spectacle presented itself as we approached the quay; the water seemed indued with life, from the myriads of fish which leaped and frolicked on the surface. The quay itself seemed scarcely less animated, for it was heaped with fish of

every description, still alive, among which hundreds of lobsters might be seen crawling among their less gifted neighbours. The fish-markets of Norway are certainly the finest in the world,—the most varied, the most abundant, and consequently the cheapest. I have seen turbot sell at Christiansand at one half-penny per lb. Lobsters at something less than two pence a piece, and salmon, at Christiania, at about three half-pence English. It is a common opinion, and I think a just one, that the northern rivers produce the finest salmon. It is difficult, however, to carry with one so precise a recollection of a taste, as to be able to decide with certainty upon the precedence due to the salmon of different latitudes,—though I have little doubt that some will pretend to this power of discrimination.

One of the boatmen offered to show me a respectable house for travellers, and I willingly accepted his offer. I had no intention of remaining in Christiansand longer than was necessary for the despatch of my business, being anxious to see the woods and wilds in the interior; but I had yet to fix the plan of my future route, and I trusted to be directed in this, by the persons to whom I meant to apply respecting my money matters. I had at all events a good map of Norway, which I afterwards found the most serviceable guide.

The house, to which the boatman conducted me, hardly merited the character he gave it. It was dirty and comfortless, and full of tobacco smoke; but

I was assured it was the best the town afforded; and as I had made the heroic resolution, before leaving England, to despise comforts, I carried my portmanteau into a bedroom, and ordered dinner; and supposing I could not choose a better place for a fish dinner, I begged that fish might be the staple; but here I fell into a mistake. In Norway—on the coast especially—fish is so cheap, a circumstance which every traveller is supposed to know, that any one who asks for a fish dinner, is presumed to be actuated by economical motives, and he finds a consequent diminution in attentions paid to him: for dinners are not charged in Norwegian inns at so much a head (whatever may be the dinner); but the charge is entirely regulated by the intrinsic value of the articles of which the dinner is composed. In England, a traveller would be charged equally for a boiled haddock, or a boiled capon, though the one might cost 3d., and the other 1s. 6d. But in Norway, a percentage is laid upon the real cost of the articles. To this general rule, the principal inn in Christiania is an exception, the charges being uniformly exorbitant.

Many an epicure would have envied me the dinner to which I seated myself at Christiansand. The whole funds of the corporation of London could not have commanded its equal in the London tavern; and I believe I considerably redeemed my character in the eyes of the landlord, by calling for a bottle of port wine, of course a rarity there. When it was brought, it proved to be roussilion, which, by the by,

more resembles port, and is far more wholesome, than the red liquid which is sold as cheap port in England. I would recommend roussilion to those port drinkers who travel in France, and who find difficulty in obtaining their favourite beverage.

The moment I had dined, I waited upon the firm to which I had been recommended, and no sooner explained the circumstances under which I took the liberty, than I immediately received an offer of whatever sum I stood in need, and in whatever form it might be most acceptable; and to this civility was added, an invitation next day to dinner. I could obtain but very little satisfactory information respecting my future route. The only road to Christiania lay along the sea-coast; but as it was the interior of the country through which I was desirous of travelling, it was necessary to chalk out another route. I knew that almost the only part of the interior respecting which we have any late and accurate account, is that which lies between Christiania and Drontheim; and that the country to the north and north-east of Christiansand had scarcely been visited by the traveller: and from the report of those mercantile men who had gone from Christiansand to Bergen, I understood that nothing could surpass the romantic beauties of the country in that direction. I determined, therefore, upon proceeding due north as far as the mountains, and then striking to the east, to make the best of my way across the country to Christiania.

The afternoon I passed much in the same way as every traveller does who finds himself in a strange town without any business to transact,—in walking about the streets, loitering on the quay, staring at the people, looking in at the shop-windows, and standing in front of the churches and other public buildings. It requires longer time to walk through Christiansand than is needed to perambulate many larger places, owing to the great space occupied by gardens, which do not, as in most other towns, lie behind, or before the houses, but at the sides of them, so that the length of the street is quite disproportioned to the number of the inhabitants. It can scarcely be supposed, that the shops in Christiansand should exhibit any thing very striking; many articles I saw recommended as being English, particularly cutlery; and in the window of a tavern, I saw a card with Edinburgh ale inscribed upon it. The harbour seemed to me, as far as I was able to judge, a model for security, and I believe indeed such is its general character. There were eight vessels in it, five of them Danish, and another arrived from Lubeck while I remained. In the evening, I employed myself examining my map, and laying down my route; and I know few occupations more agreeable to a traveller than this; a great part of my labour, however, afterwards proved to be in vain, for I had calculated upon roads where there were none, and upon accommodation where I was unable to find any.

When one has seen every thing that is to be seen in a strange place, time becomes very leaden-paced, and so I found it next morning at Christiansand, between breakfast and one o'clock, the hour at which I was invited to dinner. The environs of Christiansand present nothing interesting, and I had exhausted the town-novelties. I resorted, therefore, to the sea-beach,—picked up shells,—smiled at the exertions of the young crabs,—climbed among the rocks and watched the fishermen, who, with their great slouched hats, weather-beaten faces, and monstrous boots, were wading in the water, and loosing their boats from their moorings. Among them were many women, whose strength and exertions seemed little inferior to that of the men, and whose perceptions of delicacy were scarcely more acute; the women did not confine their aid to launching the boats, they accompanied their lords to sea; and I could perceive, that they were equally active in managing the boats and drawing the nets, as they had been in the preliminary operations of preparing them for service.

The dinner hour having arrived, I hastened to the house of my hospitable entertainer. The party, which consisted of the family and three guests, was assembled in a kind of lobby, in which, during the hot weather, it is usual for Norwegian families to pass the greater part of the day; and if they be all as agreeable as the lobby of my entertainer, opening as it did into a fine large garden, full of fruit-

trees in all their beauteous drapery of white and pink blossom, and abounding in many varieties of sweet-smelling flowers, the custom is creditable to the taste of the people. Before dinner was announced, all the gentlemen of the party were conducted into an anti-room, where bread, salt, cheese, anchovies, cogniac, and Kirshwaser, were laid out upon a table, intended as whetters to the appetite. As I make it a rule to conform to customs whereever I am, I partook with the rest; but I cannot say that I found my appetite improved by the provocative. In Norway, as in England, I presume it is considered unfeminine for the fair sex to eat cheese, or taste spirits; for if not, I must attribute the forbearance of the ladies, upon this occasion, to the presence of strangers, but in the interior I have not always found them so scrupulous. A dinner of the most varied and abundant kind was waiting our *devoirs* in the dining-room, where we found the ladies assembled, though not seated. I shall not give the reader a bill of fare, but only say that my entertainment conveyed to me a very favourable idea of the manner in which the middle ranks live in this part of the country.

In Norway, the hostess is scarcely ever at rest; she is every moment rising from her seat to attend to the comforts of the guests. This creates an unpleasant sensation in the mind of one who is unaccustomed to it, and somewhat disturbs the comfort of the dinner-table; but apologies, or entreaties

to sit still, would be misplaced, as the lady of the feast considers it her especial duty to watch over the comforts of the guests; and to rise from her seat, and superintend the operations of the servants, is nothing more in Norway than inviting a guest, to eat, and serving him, are in England.

Cooking in Norway is execrable; every thing swims in cream or butter; meat and vegetables are alike spoiled by this disagreeable addition; and I believe every traveller in Norway will admit, that for some time after arriving in the country, the digestive organs become deranged, and that, in most instances, a bilious attack is the consequence.

I was not impressed with a very favourable idea of female beauty in Norway, from the specimens at table; the ladies were all extremely fair, with rather inexpressive features, little in stature, and somewhat *embonpoint*. They were affable and good-humoured, however; and, as far as I was able to judge, from the spirit with which they conversed, the sentiments I could not comprehend, as the conversation on the part of the ladies was in Danish, they did not appear to be deficient in natural parts and mental acquirements. Most of the gentlemen spoke a little French or English; and possibly it was timidity that prevented the ladies from displaying an equal store of accomplishments.

Most people who have heard any thing of the state of manners among the Northern nations, assign to them the vice of drunkenness. For my own part, I

am constrained to admit, in a great degree, the truth of this imputation. All ranks drink freely, and the lower orders to excess. I do not think, however, that the use of strong liquors is either more universal, or carried to greater excess here than in most parts of the Highlands of Scotland. The wines generally drunk at the tables of the middle classes in the Norwegian towns, are French; and of these we had a great variety, besides Madeira and Malaga. In short, the afternoon was agreeably spent; coffee, a drive to my entertainer's villa, three miles out of town, where I found a pleasant house and a charming garden, and a game at whist on our return, brought us to the supper-hour, by which time several gentlemen had formed an addition to the party, that now promised to be a merry one. Immediately after supper, the ladies retired; and a large bowl of hot-spiced claret, or Burgundy—I forget which—was placed in the centre of the table.

It has been my lot to visit many lands,—some of them celebrated for nationality,—but in that enthusiastic love of country which is irrestrainable when countrymen are assembled together, every nation must yield to Norway. A Norwegian loves, reveres all that belongs to, and distinguishes his native land,—his mountains, his rocks, his forests, he would not exchange for the richest plains of the south. To a Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé* (old Norway), have a spell in them immediate and powerful; they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard in an in-

stant repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained; not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus, "*For Norgé!*" the national song of Norway. Here, and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamlé Norgé*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted; and one might suppose, for the moment, that the party was a party of patriots, assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom. The northern nations are accused of being cold; but there is, at least, no evidence of this in their feelings of patriotism. I speak, however, of Norway only; the same cannot, I think, be said of Sweden; and as to Russia, I have had no opportunities of making personal observations. In Norway, love of country is the same enthusiastic passion that love of music is in Italy. In England, there is no toast which stands in the place of *Gamlé Norgé*, unless, perhaps, it be the Wooden Walls of Old England; but this is rather the defence of England, than England herself. In Scotland, "the Land of Cakes" is nearly an equivalent to *Gamlé Norgé;* but then, how do Scotsmen drink it? they drain their glasses indeed, but they remain upon their seats if they be sober; but let *Gamlé Norgé* be the toast in Norway, and every Norwegian starts to his feet, and a burst of enthusiasm follows, which no circumstances have power to restrain. The same feeling is, indeed, less or more, the patrimony of the inhabitants of all

mountainous countries; but there are reasons why Norway should be more distinguished for this virtue than others. Norway is more isolated than any other country in Europe; and her political history, too, is less interwoven with that of other nations. Incorporated, by its own act, with Denmark, since the middle of the fourteenth century, she yet retained the name, and many of the privileges of an independent kingdom; and has a right to consider the long line of her hereditary monarchs unbroken. Her population has remained unmixed; her language, in the interior, untainted; her soil has never been the theatre of war; nor has it ever been trodden, save rarely, by the feet of strangers; her laws are almost coeval with her mountains. On three sides, she is surrounded by a boisterous ocean, and girded, too, by a barrier of rocks; and, on the other, mountains, rugged, and snow-capt, shut her out, like the valley of Rasselas, from the rest of the world; and add to this, the legends of a mystic and stupendous system of religious belief, which are handed down by tradition, and which tend to preserve in the minds of the people a veneration for all that ever belonged to them, and to nourish a pride in the antiquity of their nation; and it is not difficult to credit the assertion, that, to a Norwegian, his country is the object almost of his worship. Recent events have indeed cast a damp upon the enthusiasm which *Gamlé Norgé* inspires; and I have been told, that, for some time after the annexation of Norway to Sweden, the toast was rarely

drunk ; but, if so, the feeling has subsided. Norway is *Gamlé Norgé* still ; and so attentively has the new sovereign cultivated the esteem of his subjects ; and, by all accounts, so fully does he merit it, that, as far as my observation entitles me to speak, Bernadotte is never named but in terms of respect.

CHAPTER II.

Journey into the Interior—Manner of Travelling—Expense of Travelling—The Horses of Norway—Appearance of the Country—Stupidity of the Natives—A Dilemma—Traits of Character—The Torvis Elv—Enchanting Scenery—Another Dilemma—Sublime Prospects—Invitation to a Gentleman's House—The Mountain Airs of Norway—Its Legendary Poetry—A Norwegian Church and Minister—Minerals—Heat of the Weather—Extraordinary Fertility—New Features of Nature—Patriarchal Families—Bykle—Bears and Wolves—A Midnight Walk—Sunrise.

The feast, and Norwegian nationality, have prevented me from informing the reader respecting my arrangements for my journey. My route, I have already said, I had determined upon, with those reservations of course, which must always be made in chalking out a course through a country in which there are scarcely any cross-roads; but a traveller who is willing to ride, drive, walk, sail, and, even upon a pinch, swim, has certainly an advantage; and the deviations which circumstances may compel him to make, are not likely to be either frequent or great. There is a road, part of the road to Bergen, as far as *Bykle*, in the direction in which I wished to go. Bykle is upwards of a hundred miles from

Christiansand, and the road to it lies, for the most part, along the banks of the Torris Elv and the Odderen Elv, and the narrow lakes formed by these two rivers. As far as Bykle, therefore, I resolved to travel at my ease, and had accordingly made purchase of a *Carriole*, the usual conveyance in this part of Norway, for which I paid something more than 5*l.* sterling. These are strange little vehicles, very unsociable, as they contain only one person, but extremely easy and convenient. They are not hung upon springs, but the elasticity of the shafts, which are extremely long and thin, about six inches broad, the broad surface of course facing the ground, and which are made of a supple and tough species of wood, answers the same purpose as springs; indeed these carriages seemed to me to be easier than if they had been hung in the most approved mode. The little carriages are extremely low, an almost indispensable quality in any vehicle intended for Norwegian travelling, because the roads are so precipitous that the traveller is very frequently obliged to alight, both for his own security and to ease the horse; and it is an advantage to be able to do this, without being under the necessity of stopping the horse. Wherever there is a road in Norway, there are stations upon it or post-houses,—generally small farm houses —at which the owners or tenants are obliged to procure horses for the traveller at a certain rate, and a person to accompany them, who goes to the next station, generally running by the side of the vehicle,

unless a piece of level ground occurs, when he occasionally mounts behind. The charge amounts to about three half-pence an English mile, and a third in addition to the driver; so that one may post with two horses a hundred miles for 33*s.* instead of upwards of 10*l.*, which posting the same distance in England would amount to. In Sweden, posting is equally, or even rather more reasonable. I ought perhaps rather to say, unreasonable.

I was advised to carry my money in small coin and notes, as, owing to the extreme poverty of many parts of the country, especially in those parts lying remote from the high road, I should find it impossible to procure change, even to a very trifling amount; and this statement I found amply verified by facts. Money is indeed of little service to those living either as proprietors or occupants, in places far remote from towns or villages. A great part of their food consists of fish, which is always to be had in Norway for the trouble of throwing in a net. Rye or oats, and potatoes sufficient for seed and domestic purposes, are grown by them. The birch-tree furnishes a species of wine; a few domestic animals are reared; and implements of husbandry, and even many articles of dress, all of the most primitive description, are fashioned by themselves; and taxes, which are trifling, and rent, in the few cases in which occupiers are not proprietors, are paid in kind, or in timber, which can always be sent gratis to market, from the many streams which intersect

the country, and fall into the great rivers, at the mouths of which a town and a market are invariably found.

Out of most of the large towns, the rule is, that the traveller must take two horses, for the obvious reason, that labour and time being more valuable in these, the remuneration would otherwise not be adequate; or the traveller may, if he pleases, take only one horse, and pay for two, the choice is in his own option. For my own part, I left this to the person who was to furnish me for the stage; and next morning, at the early hour of half after five, my carriole and two horses, upon one of which my conductor was mounted, drove up to the door.

As there was room in the carriage for more than my small portmanteau, I had taken the advice of my host, and provided myself with a loaf or two of white bread, two salted rein-deer tongues, some tea (which by the by I had some difficulty in procuring even in Christiansand) and sugar, and a capacious bottle of brandy, I mean French brandy, for the spirit of the country is to be obtained almost everywhere; and the hospitable merchant with whom I dined, sent his servant, at the early hour of five, with four bottles of the same fine Bourdeaux which I had partaken of the day before. I was soon seated in my little carriage; and in a few minutes we had cleared the pavement and the houses, and had entered upon the coufltry.

In no journey that I have ever made through any

part of Europe, have I experienced an excitement of mind equal to that which I felt on the morning of the 17th of June, seated in my carriole, my face towards the interior, and with the conviction of being in Norway, and with the certainty of exploring a country which had ever from childhood been present to my mind, as the *ideal* of solitary grandeur and savage sublimity. I think there is no state of the mind so joyous as this; none in which we are so loosened from all the drags that pull us earthward. We soon passed the enclosures which mark the immediate neighbourhood of a town, and descended into one of those dells, which was a faint promise of the charming scenery through which the route should conduct me. It was a glorious morning; the sun had been risen many hours, and shone unclouded. The river, which we had not yet left, flowed swiftly along, bordered by deep foliaged trees, which stood in thick masses, and motionless, except only the aspen, which is almost every where found in Norway, and whose gentle trembling seemed to acknowledge the reviving influence of the morning.

A few miles from Christiansand the road diverged from the Torris Elv to the left, and entered upon a rugged country of short hills and small valleys, in which houses were scattered here and there; wood of various descriptions grew every where plentifully; and pasturage, on which both sheep and cattle were feeding, lay under and between the trees, and was in some places partially enclosed. As I proceeded, I

could not but admire the pace and eagerness of the little coffee-coloured steeds that whirled me along; and I had soon an opportunity of admiring their sure-footedness. After ascending a tolerably long hill, I reached the summit of a very steep declivity on the other side, the road descending in nearly a straight line, and covered with stones, and intersected by water-courses. I was about to pull up and alight, with the intention of walking down what seemed almost a precipice, as any one would have done in England in similar circumstances, when my little mettlesome horses set off at full speed down the hill, over stones and water-channels, at a pace far beyond that of an English post-coach. I was at first alarmed, and tried to check them, but that I found to be impossible; the road was much steeper, and more rugged, than any that are to be met with in England, either in Westmoreland or Derbyshire; and there was, besides, no parapet between the road and a break-neck precipice; but the event proved, that, in such cases, the traveller has nothing to fear; the horses descended at the same, or rather a constantly accelerated pace, with the utmost confidence, never made a false step, and brought me and my carriole in perfect safety to the bottom. I would advise the traveller in Norway to trust implicitly to his horses —give them rein—and it will scarcely ever happen that he will find his confidence misplaced. I had left, or rather my horses had left, the conductor far behind; but he now came running down the hill,

calling loudly to his horses to go more leisurely, a call which they seemed very well to understand; for at last they stopped altogether, until he overtook us. The conductors are extremely troublesome to the traveller, in regulating his pace whether he will or not. Sitting in your carriole, with your whip in your hand, you seem, indeed, to be master of your horse and his pace, but it is not so in reality; the horses will obey their master's voice, rather than your whip; and unless you can, by some *ruse*, get the start of him so far that the horses cannot catch the well known call, in which case you can easily keep it, your pace will always be regulated by the degree of love which he bears his horses. An Englishman travelling in any of the northern nations, including Germany, cannot fail to be struck with the greater tenderness evinced by the natives for their horses, than he has been accustomed to see in England. An Englishman, although he uses his horse *well*, does not use it *kindly*. There is a great distinction between these two terms; he will give it its hay and corn, but he will not, as a Scandinavian will, divide his loaf with it. An Englishman will see his horse made comfortable in the stable; but a German, a Swede, or a Norwegian, will sleep beside it. They seem, by their behaviour towards their horses, to acknowledge a common nature. No lazy carters, overburdening an already burdened horse, are to be seen in the northern countries; nor have I ever, north of Paris, seen one instance, in which a law

against cruelty to animals would have obtained a single conviction for maltreating a horse. I should be glad to have it explained, upon phrenological principles, how the virtue of benevolence happens to show itself among the northern nations towards horses only; for I have not discovered that their humanity is more abounding towards their fellow-men.

Our road, for several miles before reaching the station, which, as near as I could ascertain, might be ten miles from Christiansand, had much the appearance of an avenue through a gentleman's pleasure-grounds. It was not fenced on either side; green slopes, dotted with wood, lay every where around, and as yet, nothing of the character of Norwegian scenery was visible. The heat began to be incommodious, and the gadflies cruelly annoyed the horses; and as I felt disposed to break my fast, I was not sorry when we stopped at a house, which my conductor announced to be the station. A traveller in Norway must not look for the obsequiousness which he may have been accustomed to find in England from the landlord of a posting-house, when he calls out "a chaise and pair." Generally speaking, the traveller in Norway will meet with no sulkiness and ill humour, but neither will he find any very apparent readiness to supply his wants. I mean, with respect to horses,—he will sometimes be under the necessity of practising the useful virtue of patience, the horses not being forthcoming for an hour or two. The excuse generally is, that they have to be sent

for to a great distance, though it often happens, that they are engaged in some kind of labour close at hand. A peremptory demand, however, will generally shorten the term of trial, and produce the cattle.

Here I was in no particular haste; I made breakfast, and congratulated myself on my foresight in having brought tea; and before I had finished, the horse (for this stage I had only one horse) was in readiness, and having paid the posting charge in bank notes of the value of less than sixpence each, and given a trifle to the conductor for *snaps*, a custom, however, which I did not intend to continue, I was again carried forward as before. When you pay a Norwegian his due, he will always ask something more for *snaps*. Very little, however, will content him; and indeed so small a sacrifice is repaid by the reflection, as you journey onward, that you have left a poor countryman contented.

Shortly after leaving this station the country began to assume a different appearance; the dells were deeper; the country worse, or rather, less cultivated; fir began to take place of other wood; goats, instead of sheep, browzed on the heights, and the cottages were less frequent, and of a ruder construction; and as we gained the summit of an occasional elevation, hills were seen, apparently at no great distance, rising to a considerable elevation.

I had an instance, on this stage, of a remarkable deficiency in the most ordinary exertion of ingenuity on the part of the Norwegian peasantry. In ascend-

ing several very steep acclivities, the conductor seemed to think it necessary that the horse should be now and then indulged with a few moments breathing, but in place of adopting the obvious mode of placing a stone behind the wheel, (for hundreds of all dimensions were scattered upon the road), he always placed himself in the rear of the vehicle, and held it forward with his hands, or supported it with his back.

About half way between the last station, and a place which I think is called Hegeland, we stopped to water our horse, and rest a few minutes, as the stage was a very fatiguing one. I took the opportunity of alighting, partly to assuage the thirst which some slices of salted tongue I had eaten at breakfast had caused, and partly to see the interior of the house at which we baited. It was, like all the houses of the peasantry of both Norway and Sweden, constructed of pine trunks and mud, and this was, as many of them are, covered with small pebbles on the roof, among which various green plants, and some flowers, were growing. The interior was wretched enough; the furniture, which was indeed as scanty in quantity, as rude in its construction, was the manufacture of the proprietor, who was also the owner of some little land adjacent, sufficient for the nourishment of a few domestic animals,—winter potatoes, and rye for bread. The labour of his little estate was all performed by himself, and I should think did not occupy half his time.

In about a quarter of an hour we started again; and within two miles of our next station, upon reaching a considerable height, a fine stripe of water winding northwards, and losing itself among wooded hills, lay below; and the greater elevation of the country, deeper woods, and altogether wilder aspect, showed that I was speedily to recognise those features of external nature, and realize those conceptions which I had previously formed of Scandinavia. It was nearly one o'clock when we reached the station, which is a small village situated very near to the Torris Elv, the river we quitted shortly after leaving Christiansand, and not far from the foot of that narrow lake, which is in fact part of the river.

The question here arose, whether I should travel farther, or remain for the remainder of the day. My conductor advised me to proceed, urging privately as a reason that at Hordnœs I might probably find a bed,—a reason which determined me, as it implied a doubt whether that accommodation could be found where I was,—though an old man, whom I then understood to be the proprietor of what seemed a kind of miserable inn, strongly contradicted the other and brought out of the house a wooden trencher, upon which lay half a dozen fine-looking fish, as a temptation, no doubt, to make me acquiesce in his arrangement. I afterwards learned that he was not the owner, but only a zealous friend.

A difficulty also occurred here, respecting the charge for my horse. The coins in this part of the

world are so multifarious, that a stranger will always find great difficulty in readily understanding their value for some time after he arrives in the country; and this ignorance or misconception on my part was the frequent cause of altercation, especially at this station, where it was a considerable while before we could come to an amicable arrangement. In these cases, however, the best way is to make a trifling sacrifice. The Norwegian peasantry I have invariably found to be greedy, but little matter contents them. I have often seen the most violent dispute calmed in an instant by the sacrifice of less than an English penny.

And now having resolved to go forward, a horse was wanted. At the regular station I was told I could not have one for at least an hour; but a man who overheard this, addressed himself to me, and with some difficulty made me understand, that if I would consent to take two horses, *he* would furnish me with them instantly,—and he contrived to show that the next stage was extremely hilly, by pointing forward, and then moving his hand in a waving motion from side to side, as a reason why I should find two horses an advantage. As I had yet only come about twenty miles, which was too short a journey, I nodded assent, and the man almost immediately returned with two stout little horses, which he assured me would carry me to Hordnœs in four hours,—a distance, I understood, of about eighteen miles. A violent altercation immediately arose between my volunteer conductor,

and the regular post-master, which I of course conjectured to be a complaint on the part of the latter, of improper interference with his rights;—but when I saw my horses harnessed, I jumped into my carriole, and trotted away at such a pace, that my conductor found it necessary to make the best of his way after me, leaving the man of office to state his grievances to the little group which had been collected by so unusual an occurrence as the arrival of an Englishman.

I always found the intelligence, that I was travelling merely to see the country, excite surprise, and to this was generally added, a visible accession of respect. Nothing flatters the vanity of a Norwegian so much, as admiration of his country—of *Gamlé Norgé;* and he looks with greatly increased respect, and with some feelings of kindness, upon the stranger who has travelled far from home, for no private interest of his own, but with the sole object of visiting those mountains and rivers and lakes, which the Norwegian considers the peculiar characteristics, and the distinct glory of his country. I always found my conductors anxious to make known the purpose that brought me into Norway; and I generally perceived that this announcement was followed by wondering looks, and not unfrequently by a step back, and a doffing of a cap. It is not impossible, however, that in a country so seldom visited by travellers, and where money is so scarce, the simple natives may imagine that no one would, or could travel for mere curiosity without being possessed of ample means; and there-

fore, a part of the deference which is paid, is perhaps, rendered to wealth. In France or Switzerland, respect is paid to the traveller only for value received.

Shortly after leaving the station, we approached the precipitous banks of the Torris Elv, over which it was necessary to pass by boating, an operation in which there is always some difficulty, and frequently danger, in Norway. The river was broad, deep and strong,—and from the steepness of the banks, it was the work of considerable time to lower the carriole, and get the horses on board. Generally speaking, the boatmen, whether on the coast or in the interior of Norway (where boatmen are almost as much in requisition as upon the coast), are skilful and trustworthy. Such, I believe, is their character,—and I have always found it supported upon every occasion upon which I had an opportunity of judging. In about seven minutes, we safely reached the opposite bank, which was somewhat lower, and where, therefore, the difficulty of disembarking our dead and live stock was less formidable.

The road now wound along the side of the long narrow lake which I have already spoken of; and the country every where presented the most romantic prospects. A road along a lake, in many countries, is tolerably level; but in Norway it is otherwise. Sometimes we climbed several hundred feet above the water, then immediately descended to its margin, —and occasionally our path lay through a creek in the lake itself. The road never continued level above

a few hundred yards at one time. Wood of all descriptions, including some oak, a great deal of hazel, birch, aspen, and fir, covered the banks, and hung over the cliffs above; and beneath the trees, the thortle-berry was every where to be seen in profusion. The road strikingly reminded me of that which skirts Ulleswater; only that by the bank of the Torrisdals, we see no gentlemen's villas, nor meet any smart post-chaises with parties of tourists. The hills in the neighbourhood of Ulleswater are higher than those surrounding this expanded river, but the cliffs on the latter are more precipitous, and the wood more extensively spread; and for the most part fuller grown.

I had not proceeded far along this road, when I found sufficient reason to congratulate myself upon being seated in the rear of two horses in place of one. I frequently walked up the hills, which, owing to the excessive heat, I could willingly have spared myself; and I think it questionable, if with my burden, one horse could have drawn the carriage up some of the ascents. The weather, however, bating the heat, was so delightful, the scenery so enchanting, and my own spirits so full of elasticity, that it would have required some more powerful drawback than the necessity of walking up hill, to neutralize my enjoyment.

The promise of my conductor, that we should reach Hordnœs in four hours, was but imperfectly fulfilled. The road was so precipitous, and the heat so great, that our progress was extremely slow, and it was eight o'clock before my companion, pointing to a few

houses below the height upon which we stood, told me that this was our station. In order to reach this station, it was necessary once more to cross the Torris Elv, which here again we found in the form of a river, before it expanded into the lake along whose shore we had been travelling; at the head of which, and in a most picturesque situation, stands the few ill-shapen houses and hovels of which Hordnœs consists. The ford is here extremely rapid; but a rope, attached to the rocks, and stretched across, rendered the passage safe and expeditious.

The whistle of the conductor stopped the horses at the door of what he said was the station. No one, however, appeared to greet me on my arrival; and upon entering, and going first into one room, and then into another, I found no one within. The fire, in what I supposed was the kitchen, was out, and I therefore returned to the door to take the advice of my conductor; but he was nowhere to be seen, neither he nor his cattle. But as I had not paid him, I was tolerably secure of his re-appearance. When I re-entered the house, and stood listening for some sound, I thought I heard a noise like that of a person snoring,—and soon the trumpet of sleep became very audible. Upon looking round, I discovered something between a ladder and a stair, which seemed to lead to an upper chamber,—and I softly ascended, when behold, the mystery was solved; the good people of the house had gone to bed; there they lay in two beds, four in one, and two in another, all fast asleep,—and, owing to the

heat of the night, not overburdened with clothing. Having cast a hasty glance at the comforts and accommodations of the apartment, which I presumed to be the only one, I crept down as noiselessly as I had ascended; in fear of being mistaken for a midnight assassin or violator, and with no very strong inclination to dispossess any of the sleepers of their accommodation. The height of the sun above the horizon had deceived me. I could have known indeed, by looking at my watch, that it was then half-after nine; but seeing the sun so high, the possibility of the village having gone to rest did not occur to me, although, if I had judged by the hour only, I might easily have guessed the truth, as nine is not an uncommon bed hour among the peasantry in many parts of England. In the northern countries, it is besides more necessary to retire early to rest, and rise early, than in England, because the heat of the sun is too intense for several hours every day during the summer months to permit of active labour.

I took my seat in the kitchen, and was employed with my rein-deer tongue and bread, when my companion returned from watering his horses; and two or three loud shouts soon brought one of my sleeping friends,—a youth about seventeen years old,—down the stair; and when he saw company, he lost no time in reascending, and awaking the rest of the family. The house was soon all commotion; the conductor wanted his supper, and I wanted a bed,—and of these two wants, mine seemed to be the more easily

supplied; for I was soon directed to follow the youth up stairs, which I did with some misgivings as to the nature of the bed prepared for me, and perhaps even of the companions who might share it with me. My fears, however, were ill grounded. I followed the young Norwegian through the apartment I had already visited by stealth, and where his brethren and sisters, who had again dropped asleep, still lay, unconscious of any intruder upon their slumbers. I was conducted into a small room adjoining, clean looking and airy, and strewn, like my bed-room at Mandahl, with the shootings of young firs.

My window faced the north-west; and the gorgeous sun, yet an hour and more from its setting, threw its blazing rays from behind a range of dark hills, upon the deep stirless woods, and the glittering river, whose steady murmurs, unbroken by any other sound, showed the general repose of nature, and invited me to join its worshippers. The call was not to be resisted; and in a few minutes the river murmured no more for me.

I had made no arrangements for my journey on the morrow, and it was after seven next morning before I was able to obtain a horse; and when it did make its appearance, I felt some doubts whether I should not be able to make more speed without its assistance. I was mistaken, however. From this station, for several miles northward, the river is narrow, about the width of the Tweed at Melrose, or the Trent above Nottingham; and again for sixteen miles farther

north, it is in the form of a winding lake, of various breadths; and at the head stands the next station, the village of Custad.

Oh, what a morning it was when I left Hordnœs! As Coleridge might say, "beautiful exceedingly." A curtain of gray light clouds canopied the sky; there was no sunshine, but you might see where the sun was shrouding himself—all was still—the beautiful river flowed dimpling along, sweeping round the green knolls and fantastic rocks that by turns rose from its bed. The morning smoke of the few cottages I had left, mounted like a thin column, up almost to the sky; while the mountains to the north and west stood dim in the distance, the light mists hanging upon their sides,—

> Like bright uncertainty they lie,
> Like future joys to fancy's eye.

After leaving the station, the road proceeded, sometimes close to the river, and sometimes receding from it, for about four miles, when we reached a ferry over the narrow part of the lake, which began to expand to the northward; and after crossing the ferry, the views upon which are in the highest degree picturesque, we proceeded along the east bank of the lake towards Aardal, another little cluster of habitations, standing close upon the water. Here, however, we only watered the horse, continuing our journey towards a station about eight miles farther. It could not have occurred to me then, because I had not visited France,

how much it is to be regretted that the lover of nature should so often make choice of the uninteresting plains of France, and the comparatively tame scenery of Germany, in place of hieing to Norway, where Nature has not one charm which she does not display. Soft and multiplied beauty, richness and fertility, lie on every hand around Christiania. The very perfection of picturesque beauty, verging upon grandeur, is spread over the country through which my route now lay; and in a hundred directions, north and west, savage sublimity appears in its hundred forms. As I walked up the acclivities, and gazed around me, so ravishing was earth and sky, that I laughed aloud, and felt as if I could, like the Hartz demon, tread from one mountain peak to another. Pines, gigantic as those which once shrouded the Druid rites, shaded the hill-sides; streamlets of the purest crystal glittered down the broken banks, and fell with a tinkling song into the calm blue lake, watering into fragrance the wild flowers that hung upon their brinks; and rocks, their rifted sides rich in foliage, hanging wild and fantastic, rose in pinnacled confusion upward from my path; while across the lake, and before me, the sunlit peaks of mountains lifted themselves against the sky, and

> ——— like giants seemed to stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land.

As we approached the next station, the beauty of the scene was much heightened by three or four

little boats leaning on the surface of the water, and the picturesque figures of the fishermen drawing their nets; and before we alighted, one of the boats had put to the shore, and a net, in which were some fine live fish, was spread out before the door at which we alighted. Among these was a well-sized salmon, of which I made purchase, at the price of about fourpence English; and the owner seemed well pleased to find so ready a market for it. I was thus provided with an ample supper; for I had forgotten to put into my carriole, at the last station, the provision I had brought from Christiansand, and was now, therefore, obliged to rely upon the stock of native commodities. At this station I was detained a full hour, waiting the arrival, not of a horse, but of a conductor. I took the opportunity of making my way up one of the narrow dells between the rocks, through which tumbled a noisy torrent. In the deep pools which occasionally occurred in the stream, there were hundreds of fine large trout; and I almost wished I had my fishing-rod, and an hour or two to spare. The varieties of wild flowers were great, and many of them beautiful; among others, I found mazereon, and a species of ranunculus.

When I returned, the carriole was still standing unhorsed; and, to pass the time, I ordered a bowl of milk, which I soon drained to the bottom; and it is perhaps worth mentioning here, that the farther we travel northward, milk will always be found the richer. This observation has been made by others,

and I can add my testimony to its truth. I recollect, in particular, of reading in "Henderson's Iceland," that milk in that country is as good as cream in England. This is certainly a curious fact; it proves that rich pasture does not produce rich milk. The fact stated is therefore owing, in all probability, to some common herb that grows throughout the Northern countries.

At length the conductor arrived, and I proceeded on my journey. The lake now began to contract, and the country to assume a wilder aspect. We were rapidly approaching the gorges of the mountains; and all the wood, excepting only aspen, had given place to the Norway pine, which darkened the valleys, and stretched up the hill-sides. Before arriving at Cusud, we had to ferry across the lake, and again at the head of it, across the river. The lake now narrowed extremely; and at the last ferry, the river, which poured into it from the mountains, was impetuous, and the passage across considerably hazardous: it was about five o'clock when I reached Cusud, which, encompassed on three sides by pine-covered mountains, and having the lake on the other, can boast of as wildly secluded a situation as any one could desire.

I had paid my conductor, and was standing in a musing mood at the door of the wretched little place where the night was to be passed, when a gentleman-like man walked up to me, and addressing me in French, said he understood I was an Englishman

travelling from curiosity ; and as the accommodations for travellers were of the worst description, it would be doing him a pleasure if I would make use of his house while I remained. It was an offer not to be rejected, and I therefore willingly accepted it. He was the proprietor of large property in the neighbourhood, and of extensive saw-mills on the river, by which he was enabled, at small expense, to float his timber to Christiansand in a state fit for embarkation, and without danger of stoppage from shallows, and those other obstructions which prove a great hindrance to the quick transportation of timber from the interior. His house was a neat modern-looking house, built of timber indeed, but of so perfect and substantial a construction, that it possessed all the advantage of houses built of more expensive materials ; it lay sheltered on every side, except towards the river, and surrounded with a well-sized orchard, in which the apple and pear trees were loaded with fruit, already giving promise of an abundant crop.

I was introduced to a pleasing-looking woman, the wife of my entertainer, and her sister, rather an engaging young person about twenty : there were no children. I spent the remainder of this, and all next day, with this hospitable family, and received from them the greatest kindness and attention. The family was Norwegian, but both of the ladies spoke French tolerably well, and the gentleman a little English also. The name of the family was Johansen.

It was here that I heard, for the first time, that ancient national music, of which Norway, like all other mountainous countries, can boast. The mountain airs of Norway are, however, of a wilder and more uncommon character, than those of any other of the mountainous countries which I have visited; some of them, in their sudden transitions, and strange melody, reminded me of the breathings of the Eolian harp. The character of these airs is, with but few exceptions, that of melancholy. They are simple in their construction, but ranging over a compass of notes, occasionally even of two octaves. The poetry to which they are sung is also of a melancholy cast, chiefly legendary, and often verging upon the terrific. Some of it is, however, apparently the mere poetry of imagination, though still preserving the same character. Several of the airs have a martial effect; and a few hunting and drinking songs are of a gayer cast, both in their music and poetry.

The lady who sung these airs did them great justice, and seemed often to feel their power; and was well able to communicate that feeling to the listener. The words were in high Norse, not Danish. Both at this time, and subsequently, I have been at some pains in collecting the airs, and the words to which they are sung. Some of these are in manuscript, others I learned by ear, and have had set since returning to England, in the idea of publishing the whole, with English translations of the words, as Scandinavian melodies.

The poetry of which I have been speaking, as coupled with the ancient mountain airs, forms part of that body of chivalrous poetry, once the only literature of the European nations; and which we may still look to as a curious interpreter of ancient habits and feelings. The minstrel songs of former days, although they may possibly have had one common origin, have been modified by the character of the different nations among which they have been found. Those relics of chivalrous poetry which we find in the North, possess a character in some respects unlike that which is impressed upon the poetry that sprung up among the Southern nations; and I shall, perhaps, be pardoned for advancing an opinion which, although, as far as I know, involves a new doctrine, appears to me to be nevertheless a sound one; it is that we ought to refer the distinctive mythology, character, and poesy, of every nation, to its geographical position. This opinion, I think, receives strong confirmation from the character of the mythology and poetry of Scandinavia.

The terrific imagery of the mythology of Odin, one cannot conceive to have been engendered elsewhere than amid the sterile mountains, the dark valleys, the gloomy forests, and the desolate and dreary coasts of the Northern Continent. There is *there* a pervading spirit of sadness and desolation, that embodies in imagination images of majesty, terror and power: and these are again expressed in histories and legends accordant with the tone of nature. There seem to be

certain hidden sympathies, which mysteriously connect the soul of man with the external world. So perfect an accordance is there between the mythology of Scandinavia and its external aspect, that in travelling through the gloomy valleys, or by the sea-beaten shores of Norway, so irresistibly are associations with the mythology of Odin awakened, that I have fancied I heard, in some deep dell, the departed heroes at their work of death; and have paused beneath some gigantic ruin, as night began to shadow it, to listen for the sound of their ghostly revelry. Accordant with these images, and with the character of the mythology of Scandinavia, is the poetry which has there originated; but the legendary songs of southern lands are impressed with a very opposite character. Those of the most southern nations are imbued with the spirit of luxury, which accords with the burning soil whence they sprung; while the minstrel songs of France are full of grace, gaiety, and gallantry; suiting well the smiling skies, and the bright earth that fostered and ripened them.

But, to return from this digression.—The second day of my abode in the house of my hospitable friend was a Sunday; and I accompanied the family to church, in which service is performed each alternate week. It was a lowly house of God, and, to all appearance, not a neglected one. Many of the parishioners, I was informed, came even fifteen miles to join in the public worship of God, and by far the greater number from six to ten miles. I counted

ninety persons, and that number almost filled the building. The sermon was in Norse, and the preacher spoke with great fervency, and was listened to with the profoundest attention. The congregation was respectably dressed, many of the women with red handkerchiefs tied round their heads; their petticoats extremely short, and the waists of them all corresponding in length with the shape of the body. Round the little church lay a burial-ground; here, as in many parts of the Continent, little wooden crosses painted black stood upon the resting-places of the dead. The age of the tenant of the tomb was in most cases rudely cut upon them; and I remarked, that there was a great preponderance of old persons. After the service was concluded the clergyman returned with us to dinner. As he was unacquainted with any other language than his own, I could not have any direct conversation with him; but I put some questions to him through the lady beside whom I was seated. I learned that Bibles were extremely scarce, and that few were able to purchase them. Elementary education was not neglected, there being but few who could not read and cipher a little. Crime in this district was rare; there was scarcely a tradition of a murder; and thefts were also very unfrequent. There had not been an illegitimate child born in the parish for more than seven years. My informant readily admitted, however, that his parishioners would overreach one another in transactions of trade or barter, as readily as in

more enlightened climes; and that there were instances within less than seven years, in which illegitimate children would have been born, had timely wedlock not prevented it; but such instances, from all I could learn, were rare. The simple-minded and, I believe, pious pastor of this parish had never been farther than Stavanger, at which place he received his education. After a sober cup of wine, he took his leave, as he was obliged to ride some distance to spend the night where he was to perform the right of baptism on the morrow. My host furnished me with a horse, and mounting another himself, we accompanied him about five English miles on his way. It was a mountain-path, and we caught some magnificent glimpses of towering mountains, with snow-capt summits, some of which did not appear to be more than twenty miles distant. We parted from the pastor at the summit of a hill, at the foot of which, on the other side, he pointed out his destination, a small solitary house beside a little lake, and environed by forests; but within, he assured us, there was much happiness; and he could promise himself both abundance and welcome. We returned very leisurely by another path, over some hills, where a good deal of heath was growing, mixed with juniper; lower down there was abundance of barberry, and occasional specimens of Dianthus superbus (fringed pink). Boxwood, a shrub which is not mentioned as indigenous to Norway, I also met with, though not in the same proportion that I have subsequently

seen it on the rough heights in the neighbourhood of Namur in the Netherlands. I saw no game of any kind, nor any bird, excepting a few plovers.

In Mr. Johansen I found a purchaser for my carriole. Beyond Bykle, in the direction in which I had resolved to journey, there was no road; and there it would consequently be necessary to leave my carriole. I was more fortunate in finding a better way of disposing of it here. I was offered the same sum which I had paid for it, but insisted on being paid a fifth part less for wear and tear, to which my hospitable friend with great difficulty consented. The breakfasts to which I sat down in this house strongly reminded me of a Scotch breakfast; we had excellent honey, pickled salmon, and oat-cake. We had also (in compliment to me, I suspect,) a little wheaten bread, and plenty of excellent rye-bread. I was assured, that there is very little foundation for the prevalent notion, that bread mixed with bark is generally made use of by the peasantry; and that if I travelled from one end of Norway to the other, it was unlikely that I should meet with a single loaf in which there was any of this ingredient.

Having parted with my carriole, but there being still, as far as Bykle, about forty miles farther north, a passable road, I resolved upon proceeding thither next day upon horseback. Farther than Bykle, my host could give me no directions as to the route which I ought to pursue; but he thought it probable, that, with the assistance of a guide, I should find a

foot, or perhaps even a horse road, towards the *Mios Vand* and the *Tind Soe*, by which lakes I proposed to find my way to Christiania.

The day upon which I was to take my leave, or on some early succeeding day, a gentleman from Bergen was expected, who passed this way twice every summer, to look over the accounts belonging to some public office which he held in Christiansand; and I suspected, from the bashfulness of the young lady, when spoken to respecting him, that she was connected with his visits, and that her present seclusion was shortly to be exchanged for the busier, and somewhat gayer scenes of Bergen. I felt gratified in thinking, that one who seemed calculated to adorn society was not destined to pass her life in single blessedness, and in this remote solitude. I have never been at Bergen, but I understand it is the most lively and most flourishing of all the towns in Norway; and that to reside in Bergen cannot be considered as banishment.

Anxious to reach Bykle, I was mounted upon a little chocolate-coloured horse, the handsomest make of any I had yet seen in Norway, as early as six next morning; and, with the kind adieus of all the family, who, as well female as male, were assembled to wish me a good journey, I trotted off, attended by the proprietor of the house I rode, who was mounted upon another; and for this I had also to pay; so that it is more economical to travel in Norway in a carriole than on horseback. The road to Bykle

follows the course of the river (which, although still the Torris, is here often called the Odderen Elv) up towards the mountains; but it does not proceed along the margin of the river, the nature of the banks not admitting of this, but is quite as precipitous as the roads which follow the shores of the lakes.

Even so early in the morning I felt the air extremely warm, and was glad to find that the road wound along the east bank of the river, above which the high rocks and deep foliage prevented the rays of the sun from being troublesome. After about two hours' riding, I had reason to congratulate myself upon having parted with my carriole; for it was necessary to ford a rapid and tolerably deep stream, which flowed through a narrow valley into the river upon our left, and which I do not think could have been accomplished in any other mode than on horseback. I was carried safely to the other side; but was obliged to wait some time for my companion, whose horse obstinately refused to enter the stream.

The farther I advanced the more thoroughly Norwegian the country became. Norwegian pine, fir, mountain-ash, birch and aspen, had now taken the place of all other kinds of wood; and many among these were magnificent trees, particularly the fir and the birch, neither of which I have ever seen grow to equal perfection in other countries. The channel of the river was not now a chasm among rocks, but a deep valley among mountains, which rose in long sweeps to the height, I think, of between

three and four thousand feet. I was now, too, in a land of squirrels, which might be seen in scores, running up the bare trunks of the tall trees, and frisking from branch to branch.

It was near noon when we reached the station,—a single house, round which were several fields of oats, already bursting into ear, although the grain had not been sown more than six weeks; and in six weeks more, I was informed, it would be ready for the reaper; of such extraordinary rapidity is vegetation in this climate, when, during several months in summer, the earth has never time to cool, from the shortness of the nights, and when the thermometer frequently stands between ninety and a hundred in the shade.

The family which inhabited the house I now entered was quite patriarchal; there was a grandfather and a grandmother, and their children and their children's wives, and their children's children—all living in peace together. Well do I recollect the placid smile of the silver-haired old man, as he bade me welcome; and the smile and blush of the blooming grand-daughter, when I called her my pretty Norwegian girl in ill-pronounced Norse; for even in the wilds of Norway the feminine ear is a sensitive thing—and the matronly look of the mother, as she spread the table with simple fare; and the exulting face of the chubby-cheeked boy, as I put a small silver coin into his dirty little hand. Such scenes as these are worth remembering. Having made a

meal of goat-milk cheese and bread, and drank some delicious water, my horse was ready for me—there was only one; and I was made to understand that I might go on, and that a lad would walk after me; and that if I did not lose sight of the river, I could not lose my way. I hardly know any thing that sharpens one's wits more than travelling where one has little or no knowledge of the language. It is wonderful how soon the mind becomes familiar with the language of signs, and to how narrow a vocabulary the necessities of mankind are limited.

It was a matter of no difficulty to keep the road; the difficulty would have been to leave it, a thing indeed that would have been possible only to a bird. On the left, was an impetuous torrent, and on the right, high shelving rocks, the lowest ledge of stupendous hills, rose perpendicular from the path. Nothing could be wilder than the opposite bank of the river; it rose in an inclined plain, steeper and steeper, terminating in a mountain-ridge at least three thousand feet high, and over the whole of this long steep were scattered immense fragments of rock, some that already seemed to have fallen, and others hanging, as if an eagle lighting on them would have thrown them from their balance.

As I walked my horse leisurely along, full of pleasant fancies, I heard a footstep behind, and looking round, saw that I had been overtaken by the youth whom I left at the last station; and during the three or four miles which yet lay between us and the next

change, he had no difficulty in keeping up with me, although, wherever the road was tolerably level, I trotted briskly on. The Norwegian peasantry are remarkable for their strength and agility,—a fact rather unfavourable to the opinion of those writers on diet and regimen, who contend for the nutritive qualities of meat, and the negative virtues of a fish diet. The Norwegian peasantry live almost exclusively upon fish, with some rye-bread; and in feats of either strength and agility I should back a Norwegian peasant against any beef or bacon eater in England, and with every probability of winning my wager. When walking up the steeps, the youth jogging by my side, I was much amused by his constantly talking to me, without ever seeming to suspect that I did not comprehend him; and when I contrived to make him understand my deficiency, he seemed half inclined to pity me, smiling, at the same time, as conscious of his own advantage. He seemed to think it the drollest thing imaginable that I should not be able to speak his language, and I believe he more than once half suspected I was dumb.

At the next station, the last before reaching Bykle, I had only a very few minutes to wait for a horse, and I had little more than seven miles to ride. The road was more level than it had been, although constantly ascending, so that I made good speed. The river was now but a stream, such as the Derwent at Matlock, or the Dee in Mar Forest; and in proportion as the other species of wood became smaller, the fir

became taller and finer. I reached the station about eight in the evening.

Bykle, the farthest point of my present journey due north, and from which I was now to diverge to the north-east, towards the *Mios Vand*, lies in a wide valley between two ranges of lofty mountains. Three roads branch off at this place; one continuing due north, leading to the Hardanger Fiord, by which the traveller may reach Bergen; another nearly due east, leading to Konigsberg and Christiania; and a third in a westerly direction, to the various small fishing stations and villages on the west coast north of Stavanger. Here, however, my intention was to leave the roads, and make my way across the country to the head of Mios Vand, and thence to Tind, from which I should find a road to Christiania.

At Bykle, I could find nothing for supper, not even a *fiska*. The good people had already supped, and eaten all the provision in the house; and as a search among the few other houses which composed the place was equally fruitless, I was obliged to be content with some rye-bread, and excellent cow's-milk, upon which, however, I could scarcely contrive to satisfy my appetite, owing to the sourness of the bread —a fault universal throughout Norway.

I was not able to obtain much information here respecting my route, either from my imperfect pronunciation of places, or because of the real ignorance of the natives. I could find no one who appeared to know any thing of the country to the north-east. I

had an excellent map, however; and with a pocket-compass, which has been a constant companion in all my mountain rambles, and without which no one ought to travel in such tracts, I knew that I had nothing to fear. Norway, although thinly inhabited, and covered with forests, and intersected by lakes and mountains, is not like the wilds of the New World, where one might travel in the same direction for days together, without finding a habitation. In a country such as Norway, where in the summer season there is nothing to apprehend from wild beasts, and when there is constantly light enough to see one's way, it is a delightful change, and causes a pleasing excitement, to make one's way over untrodden tracts without a guide, without any other object that present enjoyment, and with no other spur than the mind's buoyancy. I have just said there is nothing to apprehend from wild beasts. A stranger will, however, be told differently by the inhabitants; but I never yet have travelled in any country, where I did not find among its natives a disposition to magnify the dangers of travelling. In Norway, as well as in other countries infested by wolves, whose character is pretty much the same wherever they are found, I have made many inquiries respecting their habits and character, and I suspect they have got a worse name than they deserve; for although they will undoubtedly make a meal of a sheep or a horse, if these should fall in their way, yet they are utterly harmless towards the human race; and with respect to the bear, the only other savage animal

which inhabits Norway (I speak of the brown, not the Polar bear), I believe I may also allow it a character equally favourable. A bear is not wholly carnivorous. In summer it is never in great want of food ; and a traveller need be under no apprehensions, if perchance Bruin should cross his path. In winter, indeed, I should not be inclined to trust him ; hunger then renders him savage, and it is best to get out of his way. The same cause changes the character of the wolf in winter; yet, even then, the traveller in his sledge has nothing to apprehend from the troop that follows him over the ice, if he but adopt the simple precaution, probably familiar to the reader, of attaching a long rope to the sledge, terminated by a piece of notted wood, which, dancing upon the ice, keeps the timorous animals at a distance.

It was impossible to leave Bykle next morning, because I could find nothing eatable in the place to take with me; but I was assured, that if I chose to pay for a whole kid, I might have as much of it as I could carry away. As there was no other mode of providing against the chance of having nothing to eat for a day or two, I was obliged to assent to the offer, and to make up my mind to remain at Bykle all next day.

I went to bed a little after nine, but was unable to sleep. I therefore got up about ten, and opened the window of my little chamber, which was upon the ground-floor. The sun was shining brightly on the neighbouring heights; and, as I knew there was not

much more than two hours' interval between his setting and his reappearing, I resolved upon walking to the summit of a neighbouring hill, which, as far as I could judge, might be about 1500 feet high, to witness both his setting and his rising. I therefore leaped from my window into the little garden beneath, and made my way towards the hill that seemed the most accessible. I passed through some small fields of rye, some patches of oats, and some scanty pasturage, clear of the houses, and immediately found myself commencing the ascent of the mountain. It was then not quite eleven; the sun hung trembling on the verge of the horizon, which, to my vision, was a bounded horizon, owing to the mountains which rose to the north and west, so that the summit was illuminated a considerable time after the steep I ascended was left in gloom. It was a laborious ascent, more so than I had anticipated; but I was in no disposition to rest; and, anxious to have a view over Norwegian wilds, in the twilight of a northern midnight, I proceeded vigorously on my way, now and then pausing to look back upon the difficulties of the ascent. It was a few minutes after midnight when I reached the summit of the hill, the height of which I had not duly estimated. It was a solemn and impressive scene. The dead stillness of midnight was over all; earth and air were reposing in it. No living thing was visible; no bird was on the wing; there was no cry of any animal. The sky was unclouded, but curtained by a pale film, through which the larger stars were faintly glimmering. The

dark pine forests, darker in the shadows of the hills, threw a deeper shade over the sombre scene. The gray mountains, dun and majestic, were piled against the calm midnight sky; silence and solitude sat on the hills, and all the pulses of nature were at rest. Long, very long, I could have remained lost in the contemplation of the solemn scene; but soon the mountains and the valleys and the woods were disrobed; their twilight veil dissolved in air; warm tints of light streamed up the sky; and earth stood revealed in the rosy garniture of morning. At length a rim of glory emerged from the horizon, and the broad sun sprung up into the clear azure. In a few moments the seeming of night was no longer visible: it was morning; and as I descended from my elevation, I heard the chirping of the early bird, and saw the goats rise up and begin to crop the herbage.

CHAPTER III.

Maxims for Locomotion—An error of the Travelling English—An Anecdote—Curious Trait of Norwegian Character—Departure from Bykle—Magnificent Scenery—Burke's Doctrine of the Sublime—Scarcity of Birds—Interior of a Cottage—A Ruin—Desolate Scene—A Forest—Character of a Norwegian Forest—Interior of a Farm-house in Tellemarken—Costume—Sporting—The Cock of the North—Flavour of the Game—Household Furniture—Scotch Pedlar in Norway—Norwegian Notions of Britain—Marriages—Garden Productions—Manner of cooking Peas—Abundance of Cherries—State of Agriculture, and Natural Capabilities of Norway—Indolence and Prejudices of the Natives—Corn Brandy—Longevity of the Norwegians—Marriage Scene on a Lake—Norwegian Festivals—Another Minister—An Anecdote—Wild Lily of the Valley—A Scene among the Mountains—Cheese-making on the Mountains—The Mios Vand—Lake Prospects—A fatiguing Journey—Tind—The Louven—Approach to the Capital—Christiania.

NEVER do I recollect to have slept more profoundly, or to have been blessed with a more refreshed awakening, than after my midnight walk. The whole of this day was to be spent at Bykle, and a considerable part of it was necessarily occupied in preparation for my journey on the morrow; for, as my route lay through an almost unfrequented country, and as I had made up my mind to be a pedestrian, several preli-

minaries were essential to my convenience. I disposed of the greater part of the contents of my small portmanteau, reserving only a change of linen and foot-gear; and this is all that any pedestrian requires.

It may not perhaps be altogether useless to inform the reader, what dress I have always worn on the pedestrian journeys I have made, and what articles I have carried with me. Among maxims for locomotion, no one can be laid down with greater certainty, than that which limits the traveller's wardrobe to articles that are really needed. The travelling English are very prone to err in this. An Englishman may be any where known by the quantity of his luggage. I once gained a dinner and a bottle of *Chambertin* by this test. I was standing with a friend on the quay at Marseilles, when a vessel arrived from Naples; and I offered a wager, that I should name the country of two out of the first three passengers who stepped on shore. The first was fortunately a Frenchman; and a Frenchman may be distinguished any where by his gestures, and the skirts of his coat. The second was a sallow thin-visaged man, with black eyes, enormous *moustaches*, and rather a shabby surtout. Him, I immediately put down as an Italian; but while waiting the appearance of the third passenger, I saw trunk follow portmanteau, and boxes and packages of various dimensions follow each other, and all follow the steps of the supposed Italian. This, said I to myself, is no Italian, notwithstanding

his sallow cheek, and black eye, and great *moustaches*, and shabby surtout. No Italian ever travelled with two large trunks and three portmanteaus; and so it proved,—the man of luggage was a sallow Englishman, with a shabby surtout. I had already won my wager; but had it not been for the luggage, I should have lost it. The third passenger I guessed to be a Portuguese, from his dirty linen; but that has now ceased to be a distinction on the continent; the man was a Sicilian. But to return to myself and my wardrobe. In pedestrian journeys made during summer, I wore strong woollen stockings, as soft as might be consistent with strength; shoes square at the toes, and made sufficiently wide in the fore-parts, the soles about one-third of an inch thick; trowsers of grey cotton, of the description usually called jean; waistcoat and jacket of blue fine camlet, and a cloth cap with large glazed front. Many pedestrians wear a coat with large pockets; but a long journey will be performed with less fatigue, if clothes and provisions are put into a leathern case or canvas sack, slung upon the back, than if carried in the pockets of a coat. The contents of this sack ought not to exceed one change of linen, one pair of stockings, one pair of shoes, made slighter than those which are worn, a razor, and a bit of soap; pins, strong thread and needles, a little cord, and a pocket compass. A tourist to the lakes may probably not be contented with this meagre outfit; nor is it neces-

sary he should ; but a pedestrian, in a wider range, will find himself sufficiently provided. My example is not of course any guide for the scientific traveller, who requires his distinct apparatus, nor for the view-hunter, who needs his sketch-book *et cætera*, but to him only who travels through strange countries that his senses may be gratified, and possibly his mind informed. I must not omit to say, that when I have mentioned linen, I ought to have said, fine calico, which is to be preferred ; both because of its absorbing quality, and because it occupies less room. As to provision of another kind which the pedestrian must carry with him ; this depends upon the country where he travels. Meat of every kind is objectionable for a long journey, because, if fresh, it will become tainted, and, if salted, the traveller will be inconvenienced by thirst ; biscuit is the most eligible kind of provision ; and a small flask, with a little good brandy, ought upon no account to be omitted. The unpleasant sensations to which every one is occasionally liable, may often be removed by this precaution, and a wonderful energy is sometimes communicated to the sinking traveller by a *soupçon* of Cogniac. I have more than once experienced the good effects of this cordial ; once, in a snow storm, when I had sunk, perhaps never to rise again, a small quantity of brandy sent an instant glow to the extremities, which the moment before had been lifeless ; and communicated so sudden and powerful an impetus to the

vital powers, that I shall always have reason to bless the providential remedy which saved me.

I have said, that at Bykle, I disposed of the surplus contents of my portmanteau, reserving only the articles which I have just mentioned as indispensable to the pedestrian. I let it be known in the village, that I would give a coat, waistcoat, trowsers, stockings and shirt, to those who most needed them, and naturally expected to have many ragged applicants; but the difficulty I found to be, not who needed my gifts the most, but who needed them the least. Many came to me, but all with whole coats, and some with better coats than I had to give. In England, such an announcement as mine would have collected a crowd of ragged suitors, because each would have put on his worst coat; but the villagers of Norway would not appear before a stranger in a garb that should disgrace their country; they left their ragged coats at home, and came to me in their holiday clothes.

My inquiries respecting a road were as fruitless this day as they had been the day before. All I could learn in answer to my interrogatories was, that the direction in which I pointed led to the mountains; and this I already knew. I was certain, however, that in keeping nearly north-east I should reach the head of the Mios Vand in two or three days, and that another day or two would lead me to Tind. It was doubtful, if, during these two days, I should meet with any house; but that was of little

consequence, if I carried a few days' provisions with me, and if the weather continued dry. My provision, which consisted of about three pounds of fresh meat, some bad bread, and about a pint of corn brandy, I stowed in a haversac, which I manufactured of some cloth I obtained in the village, and retired to bed with the sun shining brightly through my chamber-window, and not without some desire for another midnight walk. I sunk to sleep long before the sun, and he was up long before me, although I awoke between five and six.

I entered upon my unknown, and almost untrodden path, with a light step and a buoyant mind. I implicitly obeyed the direction of my compass, and immediately upon leaving the few houses which constitute Bykle, entered upon a narrow valley, which soon, however, branching to the right, forced me to take a slanting direction up the acclivity. The morning was not one of that grey hue, which gradually brightened up into a brilliant day; it was a morning of dazzling splendour, from which the traveller is apt to draw a less favourable augury, especially if whitish vapoury clouds float upon the horizon.

It was now that, for the first time, I felt I was in Norway; it was now that I knew the land of my early visions; I had gained the summit of the ridge, which on one side bounded the valley, and Norway, with all her attributes of sublimity, burst upon me. Forests, whose vastness and shade, and solitude

and silence, banished in an instant from the mind all associations with song of bird, and bower, and gay sylvan scene,—lakes, whose deep seclusion put to flight images of mere grace and beauty,—valleys, which from their depth and gloom, we might fancy to be the avenues to abodes of a more mysterious creation,—mountains, whose dim and rugged, and gigantic forms, seemed like the images of a world that we might dream of, but never behold. Could any man, gazing upon such a scene, refer his emotions to the origin pointed out by Burke? Burke, had he looked more upon the face of nature, and less upon that of society, would never have promulgated his doctrine,—or if he had, he would have published his recantation. But I cannot dismiss the doctrine of Edmund Burke in a single sentence, nor can it be considered out of place, to devote a moment to the origin of the sublime, in a journey through a country in which the emotion is excited at every step.

I cannot believe that terror is the source of the sublime, because experience teaches me otherwise. Many objects inspire terror, which do not produce the emotion of sublimity, and a thousand in which there is nothing terrible, produce that emotion. If this be true, the doctrine of Burke is disproved by the most satisfactory evidence—the evidence of feeling. If terror be the source of the sublime, then a venomous reptile, a mad dog, a nest of hornets, a man roused by passion, on the first twinge of the gout,

are all sublime; while, on the contrary, the starry heavens on a winter's night,—the rainbow spanning the sky,—the calm ocean,—a vast Gothic cathedral, or the ruins of former ages, are not just objects of sublimity, because they have nothing terrible in them. It has always seemed to me more rational to refer the source of the sublime to POWER,—power either active or passive. Wherever an object awakens the emotion of sublimity, it will be found, either that the object *can itself exert power*, or that *it bears the impress of power*. All those objects which inspire sublimity through the medium of terror,—those, in short, which Mr. Burke seems to have had in view when he propounded his doctrine, are referable to the first of these kinds of power; such as, the stormy sea, lightning, a great hostile army;—but to those objects which awaken sublimity without inspiring terror, and which Mr. Burke seems to have overlooked, the latter definition may be applied—*they bear the impress of power*. The starry sky bears the impress of power, even that of Omnipotence; so does the rainbow; for though it be the result of the laws of nature, we mount from nature "up to nature's God." The vast temple of devotion, or any gigantic work, such as the Pyramids of Egypt, bear upon them the impress of the power of man who has reared them; while the ruins of former ages tell of the power of time, the destroyer. It was while looking upon the midnight scene, described in the last chapter, that I first suspected the soundness of Edmund Burke's theory;

and every subsequent day in which I pursued my journey, more and more confirmed me in the belief, that power is the more true and universal source of the sublime.

The traveller in Norway will be struck at the great scarcity of small birds. In England, or in the southern countries, and in such a morning as that upon which I left Bykle, the air would have been vocal with larks,—the blackbird would have been tuning his pipe in every dell,—and the chirping of smaller birds would have filled up the intervals of song; but for several hours after leaving Bykle, I neither heard nor saw a bird of any kind. This universal silence strongly impresses the traveller. It adds greatly to the feeling of solitude, and tends to increase the emotions of sublimity which he experiences.

Towards mid-day, and when I had walked about sixteen miles, having frequently been obliged to diverge from the direct line on account of torrents, and thickets, and lakes, and other obstructions, I unexpectedly found myself close to a small house, or rather a hut, erected at the edge of a very little lake. The heat of the weather, together with my breakfast, had made me extremely thirsty, and I knocked at the door to ask for a cup of water. The latch was lifted by a little girl, the only person within, who did not seem at all alarmed by the sudden appearance of a stranger. The cottage consisted of one room

only, which a blazing wood fire had made intolerably warm. Thin cakes made of rye, were, as I have often seen in England, hung upon cords, stretched from wall to wall. I saw no furniture whatever, excepting three stools, and a mattress laid in the corner of the room; but yet the little girl was neither dirty nor ragged. She was watching a pot which stood on the fire,—what may have been its contents, I cannot tell. The little Norwegian did not understand what I said to her; but I easily made her comprehend that I wanted something to drink; and she instantly fetched me some water in a wooden bowl, and presented me with half a cake. Who will say that the heart is all wicked? there are many generous seeds in it, let them but grow. I was evidently a stranger in these parts, and was offered meat and drink in a lone cottage among Norwegian wilds, by a mere child, who dreamed of no recompense, and probably did not comprehend the meaning of one. I drank liberally of the water, and tasted the cake, patted the child upon the head, gave her a little silver coin, which she seemed not to understand the value of, and then went on my journey. I saw three goats, and a pig,—only the second or third I had yet seen in the country,—but in what way the inhabitants lived, or how and where they were then employed, I had no way of ascertaining, as I could not make the little girl understand any other language than that of signs.

Shortly after leaving this cottage, my road lay over an elevated ridge, from which I had an extensive view to the north-west. A sweep over several miles of bare and rugged country lay before me, studded with amall liquid mirrors; and about three miles distant, an extensive building—whether a ruin I could not then determine—stood upon a rocky eminence, which seemed to have been separated by some convulsion of nature, from the opposite precipice that formed the side of a hill. A few miles farther, a forest stretched from north to south, and cast its sullen hue over the whole eastern horizon; while farther to the north, mountains piled in magnificent confusion were mingled with the clouds. The building lay almost directly in my way, and I therefore made towards it. The sky had been lowering for some time, and now became so threatening, that its shelter might be acceptable; and I was yet at some distance from it, when that pause of nature which usually precedes a storm had commenced, and some big drops of rain began to dimple the surface of the pools.

As I approached the building, I saw it was a ruin; and with difficulty I climbed the almost perpendicular steep over which it frowned. A wall, yet in good preservation, surrounded a square court, and was flanked by four square towers,—and beyond this, the ruins of other walls indicated the former extent of the building. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more solitary and sombre scene, than the

interior of this court. Ossian's most celebrated picture of desolation scarely comes up to it. No ranker grass ever waved around the fox's head in the hall of Balclutha, than grew within that desolate court. Some dark firs had taken root there, and overtopped the surrounding walls, proving how long had been the reign of desolation. There was no ivy upon the walls, but they were thickly matted with moss—and on one spot I gathered some roots of wall-flower, "grey ruin's golden crown," as fresh and fragrant among "the wrecks of time," as it blooms on the gay parterre, to charm the living sense. It is still one of my favourite mementos of Norwegian solitudes. I am not learned in ruins;—I love their silence and solitude, and luxuriate among the dreaming fancies that fill the mind, while standing in their desolate courts; but I am only an indifferent interpreter of their history. I gaze upon the arches, and search among the vaults, and can admire the structure of the roof,—but I gather little knowledge from my scrutiny; nor perhaps is my enjoyment less than his, who fancies he can read that history in every mouldering arch and sculptured pinnacle. The solemnity of the scene within the silent court of this ruined pile, was much heightened by increasing symptoms of impending storm,—the dead stillness—the black sky, and twilight darkness. So threatening were the appearances of nature, that I had already made up my mind to make it my night's quarters;—but after one heavy

shower,—and some distant rolling thunder, the sky began to brighten,—and before I left the ruin, the sunbeams were streaming through the rents, and gilding with a yet richer lustre, the golden wall-flower that hung in them.

I was now approaching the forest I had seen from the height; it was scarcely three o'clock. I therefore calculated upon getting through it before nightfall, supposing it not to extend more than fifteen miles in this direction; but even should I be mistaken, a forest bed was not worse than any other, for I had little expectation of finding covered quarters. I therefore struck into the forest, which was wholly of fir; and although there was no path, I found little difficulty in pursuing a direct course. In forests of fir or pine, this is seldom difficult, both because the branches shoot at a greater elevation than in other trees, and because there is less underwood.

Those who have never been in any other than woods of small extent, and adjacent perhaps to the abodes of men, have no conception of the silence and solitude which pervade the greater forests. The former are full of little birds, in whose very aspect there is gladness, and in whose chirpings and clear notes there is no touch of melancholy; and being associated too with gardens and lawns, and with our very parlour windows, mirthful rather than gloomy images are awakened by their presence: but no images like these, nor any such associations, belong to the forests of the North. There no little birds

hop from spray to spray,—no gay melody is in the air,—the rustling among the bushes does not denote the presence of the tuneful thrush, but of some wild and solitary animal, with which man has no associations. An eagle or a heron rising from a dell, or soaring above a lake, augment, rather than detract from, the feeling of solitude, because they are birds of solitude, and never visit the habitations of men.

In the outskirts of the forest I saw a few squirrels, but as I got farther into the interior I lost them. I observed none of the deer tribe, nor indeed have I ever chanced to see any species of deer in the Norwegian forests. In one part of my route, there were evident marks of an extraordinary tempest, though not of very recent occurrence. Many trees lay prostrate, broken about ten or twelve feet from the ground, and large branches were strewn to a considerable distance. The trees had all fallen one way,—and from this circumstance, as well as from there being no marks of fire, I concluded that a hurricane had been the cause of destruction.

My journey was in one sense fatiguing; for although I was seldom obliged to swerve from a direct path, it was frequently necessary to climb very steep and rocky acclivities; and then to descend into deep dells; indeed, the whole of the forest was a succession of hill and valley, which, in obedience to my compass, I traversed almost in a straight line. I noticed some gigantic trees, not less I am sure than 120 feet high, and of extraordinary dimensions

in other respects. No stream of any magnitude intersecting this forest, the worth of the timber is probably not equal to the expense of carrying it to market; and from this cause, I found the trees of greater dimensions than in most of the forests which I afterwards passed through.

I had walked, as nearly as I could guess, about twelve miles, during the last four of which I had been constantly ascending, when I emerged from the forest, and found myself in a range of hills, the lower part of which I had been traversing, and which rose on either side to a considerable elevation. It was not necessary, however, in obeying my compass, to ascend higher, as the pass in which I found myself ran north-east. It was now past seven, and as I had walked upwards of thirty miles, through a rugged country, I determined, in another hour, to stop for the night, if before that time I did not reach any habitation. The valley soon began to descend, and at the first open point I saw a river beneath, about two miles distant, with a road along the bank. Every traveller, be his zeal what it may, prefers a bed within doors, to the softest moss that ever carpeted a hill side; and thinking it not unlikely that some house might be at no great distance, if what seemed a road should prove to be one, I mended my pace, and soon reached a rapid and tolerably large stream, skirted by a road on the opposite side. Here I deviated from my compass, proceeding up the bank of the river, and after

another hour's walk, I was rewarded by the sight of a few houses upon the opposite side, to which I soon made my way, by wading across the river, which was scarcely knee-deep. It was then not quite nine o'clock, so that the inhabitants had not retired to rest, and they were soon made aware of the approach of a stranger, by the loud barking of several dogs, one of which I had some difficulty in coaxing into forbearance, until his master's authoritative voice restrained his zeal. An old pleasant-looking man welcomed me, addressing me first in high Norse, and then in Danish, which I knew sufficiently to convey in it the simple information whence I came, and where I was going, and that I was an Englishman, with a few lesser et cæteras. I was conducted to a comfortable chamber on the ground floor, in which a very old woman was seated in a high-backed chair, apparently in a lethargy. I soon discovered that she was blind; but when the old man informed her that a stranger had arrived, she held out her hand to me, and called to Wilhelmina, whom I afterwards found to be her granddaughter, to get something for me to eat. A tall fair girl immediately entered, who having received direction from the old woman, left the room, and soon returned with a plucked fowl, which was instantly popped into a kettle; a table was then laid, and the fowl, when ready, was placed before me. I presume every one knows, that a fowl is as tender, if boiled the moment it is killed, as if it be kept the regular

time laid down in the culinary authorities. My entertainer was a a substantial Tellemarken proprietor; he and his aged wife, and this grand-daughter, resided in one house; and his son and daughter-in-law, with their children, excepting Wilhelmina, resided in another house close by. The natives of Tellemarken are considered to be the least polished of the Norwegians, and are said to have preserved, along with their ancient costume, much of their ancient manners. Their dress is indeed sufficiently grotesque; but I saw nothing in their manner different from that of any other people who have mixed little with the world, and who, upon that very account, exercise the virtue of hospitality more freely because with less suspicion. The road into which my journey had led me was a cross-road from the southern coast to Bergen. The Mios Vand, I was informed, lay not more than twenty-four miles from this spot; but if I wished to double the north point, or head of the lake, the distance would be considerably more, and there was no house of any kind in that direction, the country being entirely uncultivated, the head of the *Mios Vand* running into the mountains which separate Tellemarken from Bergenhuus. I had a great desire to penetrate still farther into this range, both because of a tradition (at present, I believe, it can be called nothing better) of a waterfall 900 feet high somewhere in the Hardanger Field, and because the range, comprising the Fille Field, the Sogne Field, and the Lang Field, I had always understood to be

more characterized by sublime scenery, than the better known and more travelled Dovne Field. But my entertainer told me, I had no occasion to go farther than the head of the Mios Vand, which would sufficiently satisfy my curiosity. Of the waterfall he had never heard. It may easily be believed, that, after the fatigues of the day, it was a welcome proposal to retire to rest;—and it was not long before I was, in fancy, among the gorges of the Hardanger Field.

Next morning, on descending to the room in which I had supped, I found the son of the hospitable Tellemarke accoutred for the chase; and as I might gain some information, and at all events find amusement in accompanying him, I did not hesitate to accept an invitation to pass a day with the family. A substantial breakfast of excellent hung beef, with coffee, and rye-bread neither hard nor sour, armed me against approaching fatigue; and we immediately set out, the young farmer with a long-barrelled gun, and a boor with another, attended by two tall shaggy dogs. I had, of course, been also offered a weapon; but the heat of the weather did not make any additional burden enviable; and I therefore preferred being a looker-on.

Our course diverged a little to the left of the river I had skirted the night before, and which we now recrossed. This, I learned, was only a stream tributary to the Nid, which flowed about two miles to the right, and which I should be obliged to ford on the

following day. The principal game we went in search of, was the cock of the forest, a bird indigenous to Norway, and rarely found elsewhere. It was also probable, I was told, that we should see a bear, and perhaps a wolf. For several miles we saw nothing, excepting one or two hares, which were allowed to pass. We then entered a deep forest dell, where my companion seemed to expect something; and immediately after, a large black bird, as big as a turkey hen, rose over our heads. The farmer brought it down in an instant; and upon inquiry, I found that his gun had been loaded with five small bullets. The bird was at least a hundred yards distant, and the tops of the trees, besides, seemed to me to intercept the view of it. The farmers of Norway are wonderfully expert in the use of fire-arms; and, indeed, both during winter and summer they have constant practice, as game forms no inconsiderable article of food. The present was not the usual season in which the cock of the forest, or the cock of the north, as it is sometimes called, is pursued; but, as I afterwards learned, the day's sport had been determined upon in compliment to me, and as an inducement to protract my visit. The cock of the forest is rare now even in Norway, and only upon one other occasion have I seen it killed; though two or three times I have heard the noise of its wings escaping, and its cry, which cannot be mistaken. I was informed by my companion, that the bird is more plentiful in the district of Osterdal than in

Tellemarken. He had never been in Osterdal; and those which I subsequently saw were not in that district, but near the *Miosen Soe*, in Aggerhuus. Our chase led us into many beautiful and sequestered spots, green amphitheatres, and sylvan solitudes, worthy the pencil of Hobbima. We saw much less game, however, than I expected to have seen. My companions shot a number of birds, of a species somewhat larger than a lark, which, when cooked, tasted bitter, like moor game; and one bird, about the size of a pigeon, speckled somewhat like a Guinea fowl, the name of which I could not ascertain, or at least translate. Of quadrupeds, we saw none but hares and foxes, and a few squirrels. Wolves are not often seen in summer; and I was informed, it was more probable I should see a bear on the morrow's journey, than on the route we pursued to-day. It was about five in the afternoon when we returned; and we soon afterwards sat down to an abundant table.

I have elsewhere spoken of the excellent flavour of mutton in Norway; let me now include game in the commendation. Game, in no other European country, possesses the same *gusto* as in Norway; and I fancied, while eating mutton at the table of my Tellemarken host, that, independently of the flavour of mutton, I could trace in it a slight *game* flavour; and it is not perhaps unlikely, that, from the scantiness of the flocks, and the very wide range of walk, and great choice of pasture, that something

of this flavour may be acquired. Dinner was served on a large fir table, round which we sat upon square stools. The dishes, plates, and spoons, were all of wood; but I neglected to inquire of what species. The handles of the knives and forks were also of wood; and, in short, every article was of wood, where wood could either answer its usual purpose, or supply the place of other materials. All these articles were manufactured by the different members of the family; and, upon inquiry, I found that only one single article in the room—a clock—was not produced from the wright's shop, or smithy in the farm-yard. The tablecloth was grown and spun upon the farm; and even the jacket of the old man was made of cloth (such as it was), the work of his own hands. The spirit, too, which we drank, was distilled in the house; and during the time I spent there, I neither ate nor drank of any thing which was not produced upon the farm, with the single exception of coffee, and the sugar which sweetened it. The year before, a Scotch travelling packman had found his way into these wilds, and from the contents of his knapsack the females of the house had amply provided themselves with showy prints, which were made into frocks and petticoats, for high days and holidays; and these were worn to-day, in honour of the stranger. I should not think the Scotch merchant gained much by his Norwegian journey, because, in the interior, there is scarcely any money; but he would, at all events,

save the whole amount of his sales, as no one need pay any thing in the interior for food and lodging. The geographical knowledge of the simple natives of Tellemarken I found to be very limited. They had heard of both England and Scotland; but they did not know that there was either neighbourhood or connexion between them. England runs no risk of being forgotten by the Norwegians. Even in this remote spot, England was blamed for the evils which oppress Norway; but whether it was the King, the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Castlereagh, my host seemed to have not definitively settled.

The family which we left at home, had dined long before we returned from our sport: but, in compliment to me, they seated themselves at table again—no bad specimen, I thought, of Norwegian politeness. The old man's daughter-in-law was of the party, and another grand-daughter, besides Wilhelmina. In Norway, the females look very young for their age. The wife of my sporting companion seemed scarcely thirty, and yet she was almost forty; and Wilhelmina, who seemed not more than fifteen, was turned twenty. Marriages, in the interior of Norway, are not contracted from *convenience*, as they are in France, nor from affection, as they usually are in England; but from necessity. A native of an interior district in Norway seldom travels twenty miles from home, unless it be once in the year, to the winter fair at Christiania, or Drontheim; and consequently there is but a narrow sphere for the contraction of alli-

ances. If two neighbours (which in Norway means persons residing within ten miles of each other) have, one a son, and the other a daughter, it is understood that they shall marry; and in no country have I ever seen so few members of the republic of celibacy.

When we had concluded our repast, I expressed a wish to see the grounds belonging to my entertainer, and accordingly we walked out. I was first conducted into a garden lying in a sheltered situation, exposed to the south, and entirely screened from the north by a ledge of smooth rocks. The situation was certainly a most favourable one to the growth and ripening of fruits; yet, in this latitude, and in a part of Norway which is not considered one of the most fruitful and best cultivated, the display of fruit and vegetables was most striking to a stranger, who has been taught at school, in his geographical treatise, that Norway produces little corn, and no fruit. Every kind of fruit-tree gave promise of an abundant crop; and, with the exception of strawberries, which are not much cultivated in any part of Norway, there was no species of fruit-bearing tree or bush that I did not see. Of vegetables there was equal abundance; and of these it was easier to judge than of most of the fruits, because many of them were ripe. The peas, in particular, were delicious. Of them I had eaten at dinner; and it may be worth while, for the information of the pea-eater, to mention the differ-

ent manner in which the vegetable is cooked in Norway, from that which we are accustomed to in England. Instead of boiling the vegetable in a quantity of water, and straining off the water, the Norwegians stew the peas with only as much water as prevents them from burning, and with a little butter and salt, and a few young carrots cut in slices. Nothing is strained off, the whole being served up in one dish. This mode of preparing green peas, I prefer either to the English mode, or to the French *petit pois* sugared. But to return to the garden; —the most abundant, the most favourite, and one of the most useful fruits in Norway, is the cherry. The crop of cherries is scarcely ever known to fail; and in proof of the abundance of this fruit, I may mention as a fact, obtained from the Bishop of Drontheim, that a farmer in that neighbourhood (64 north lat.) sold in Drontheim market 16*l.* sterling worth of cherries. The Norwegians preserve this fruit in great quantities, and use it in many culinary preparations, particularly as a condiment to most kinds of roast meat.

From the garden we passed into the fields, where oats and rye were both fast approaching maturity; but the crops were thin, and in many places almost choked by weeds; and upon examining the surface of the soil, it was easy to perceive in how slovenly a manner the operations of agriculture were conducted. The poverty of Norway is to be attributed neither to the climate nor to the defi-

cient capabilities of soil, but to want of energy among the natives. They are certainly indolent in mind, and, particularly in the interior, remarkably obstinate, and averse from every species of improvement, or rather, they despise it. The crops are bad, not I believe from the nature of the soil, but from want of energy in the husbandman. Weeds are not of themselves any proof of a bad soil; the richest soil, if left to nature, will produce the most abundant crop of weeds; in proportion, in fact, to the energy of the soil, will be the productiveness. It is only by the labour of cultivation, that the useful are substituted for the useless productions; but this labour, the Norwegian farmer does not employ; indolence and prejudice together stand in the way of improvement; he will neither take the trouble to clear the ground of stones, nor to clear and sift the seed which he throws into the ground; so that it would be a miracle were his grain crops better than they are, or his crop of weeds less. I am acquainted wish an English farmer, who attempted in the neighbourhood of Drammen, to introduce a better system of husbandry; but the greatest, or rather indeed insurmountable difficulties were experienced in the obstinacy and prejudice of the country people. It was in vain to speak to them of improvements, or tell them how things were managed in other countries; they would say, "O yes, such things may do very well in other countries, but they will never do in Norway;" and if asked

why, they would assign as a sufficient reason, that things have always been managed thus, their fathers did so before them, and it would never do for them to be making alterations. This is the language of the peasantry every where, and of the farmers *almost* every where. That the soil and climate are not of themselves sufficient to account for the poverty of the crops in Norway, but that this is mainly owing to the want of a spirit of industry, and a disposition to despise improvement, is evident from the fact, that wherever these obstacles have not existed, results quite different have been produced. There is in the neighbourhood of Christiansand a Mr. Mark, whose estate is managed by a man of his family from Scotland, from which country the instruments of husbandry were brought. The sons of this gentleman have now taken farms in other places, and conduct their farming operations upon the Scotch system; and the return of all those farms are quite disproportionate to those of all other Norwegian estates managed upon the old system. But this disposition on the part of the agricultural labourers to resist improvement, is not confined to the natives of Norway, though in that country it is more fatal in its results than elsewhere, owing to the greater imperfections of the system pursued in it. In England also, prejudice, though not coupled with indolence as in Norway, stands much in the way of improvement. I know an instance in which a great Devonshire proprietor, Sir A———t M———th, attempted,

upon his estates, to introduce the system of Scotch husbandry, but was, in the end, obliged to relinquish the attempt, from the obstinacy and prejudices of the southern peasantry, .

There is another practice very adverse to the prosperity of the Norwegian landowner, that of distilling a great quantity of corn brandy, which wastes the produce of the land without creating any return, excepting one that is positively prejudicial to health. Were it not for this wasteful consumption, the farmer or landowner might often have corn to send to market, for the quantity of corn brandy distilled and used is almost incredible. Scarcely any part of this estate consisted of wood; rye, oats, a little flax, and potatoes, namely, four times as much rye as potatoes, three times as much oats as potatoes, and twice as much flax as potatoes, formed the proportions of the growing crop; the live stock had all been sent to the mountains for summer grazing. Besides the small horse which is generally met with in Norway, there is also a larger breed, chiefly of a brown colour, and much esteemed for its swiftness. Of this breed I saw three. Pigs formed no part of the farm establishment, and indeed, generally speaking, these animals are rare. Upon the whole, I should say, that the establishment was respectable, the outhouses were numerous, and, according to their notions, convenient. It is evident, that where wood can be procured at no expense

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there is little advantage in substantial buildings, as they can be at any time renewed.

At half-after eight we were called to supper, which, from the dishes that composed it, might have been mistaken for dinner. We had fish, flesh, and fowl, vegetables and pancakes. This last dish is eaten in Norway with preserved cherries between each layer of pancakes, which are made as thin as wafers. There is great difference in the corn brandy that is made in different parts of Norway, both in flavour and strength. That which I drank at supper was as strong as the best English gin; and it was truly surprising to witness the quantity taken by the male branches of the family. The old man drank three cups of it, each holding more by at least one half, than a claret glass. Few things indeed strike the traveller in these parts more forcibly than the vast consumption of this spirit; and, however expensive, or however unfavourable to moral habits, the excellent health which the people enjoy, and the great age to which they in general live, scarcely bear out the physiologist in his denunciation against spirituous liquor as injurious to the constitution. This old Tellemarken farmer was seventy-four; and although he seemed that age, yet he was what we should call a healthy and hale old man. He said he had all his life enjoyed good health, and he ascribed this in a great measure to his excellent corn brandy. The old woman had seen her seventy-eighth year, and although blind, she enjoyed good health, and did not

decline her own more moderate share of the *elixir vitæ*. Blindness is more common in Norway than in England. I have subsequently seen several instances of deprivation of sight among persons whose age would not, of itself, have led to this in England; and I have always found, upon inquiry, that the deprivation had been gradual, and had not begun until late in life; generally upwards of sixty; from which one might perhaps be entitled to conclude, that the white sparkling snow, upon which the eye must rest during seven months in the year, is a principal cause. If this supposition be correct, the same result must follow similar causes in the northern parts of Russia and America. Whether this be the case I cannot tell, never having visited either of these two countries.

Next morning, after a refreshing sleep, I was ready to set out by six o'clock. My host mounted me upon one of his best horses, and his son mounted another, to conduct me across the Nid ford, and as far as a lake, which he mentioned as about a Norwegian mile long (seven miles English), and lying about two miles farther than the river, and parallel with it. After a few minutes' ride, we reached the bank of the river, which, even at this distance from the sea—certainly not nearer than 130 miles—I found deep and rapid. Without the kind attention of my Tellemarken friend, I should have found some difficulty in crossing it,—an attempt which, even at the ford, and on horseback, required some nerve. It could not properly be called a ford, because, in the middle of the river, it

was necessary to swim. We passed, however, in safety, and continued our ride due east to the lake I have spoken of, which we came in sight of in about half an hour. Before coming in sight of the lake, we had heard the report of one or two guns, and something like the distant roll of a drum; and upon arriving at the height which overtopped the lake, we discovered the cause of these sounds. Two rowing boats were gliding over the water, not far from the bank where we stood, full of gaily-dressed country-people. My companion immediately knew it to be a wedding party; and a loud halloo turned the boats' heads towards shore, while we trotted down the bank to meet them. The party was going to a church higher up the lake, and on the opposite side; and, as I was told I should save two hours' walk by taking a seat in the boat, I willingly accepted the proposal, more from a desire of seeing how these things were conducted in Norway, than from a wish to shorten my journey. The first thing that struck me was, the gilded coronal upon the head of one of the women. She was the bride; and in almost every part of Norway, if the marriage be among the country people, the bride invariably wears a gilded crown, made of some kind of stiff paper. This is, as far as I could learn, meant as a symbol of chastity; and I have since heard of instances, in which the crown has been torn from the head of a bride, who was know to have no just title to wear it. The boat in which I was seated took the lead;—in it were the crowned bride,

the bridegroom, and six persons, four women and two men, whom I understood to be the nearest of kin; three fiddlers, a drummer, and a person with a kind of pan-pipe, were seated at the prow. In the other boat were eight persons, also relatives, and another drummer. One person also in each boat had a gun. The stillness of the morning, and the quiet repose of the water and the surrounding scenery, was in strange contrast with the noisiness of the bridal party. The orchestra played, and the party sung alternately, and sometimes both exercised their powers at once. The drum kept up its never-failing accompaniment; and every two or three minutes, a *feu-de-joie*, and then a loud shout, drowned for a moment the other testimonies of rejoicing. All the men were dressed in the Tellemarken jacket, girdle, and breeches, and, with their short knives stuck in their girdles, looked rather like a party of pirates, than of "wedding guests." The crown was the only distinction of the bride. All the women were dressed neatly and cleanly; and it was evident that the whole party was less or more under the influence of corn-brandy. I must, however, do the bride the justice to admit, that she was almost, if not altogether, an exception; the bridegroom, on the contrary, seemed to be the most intoxicated of the party. In Norway, a perfectly sober bridal party among the country people was never known. Their marriages invariably take place on Sunday. The party assembles on the Saturday, and the whole night is spent in feasting and dancing, until the time ar-

rives for setting off to church; nor does the feasting end with the marriage ceremony, but is continued one, two, or three days afterwards, according to the circumstances of the parties. As many of the guests sleep in the bridegroom's house as can be accommodated, and the rest are distributed among the neighbours, to be in readiness for a renewal of the feast. Every bridal guest in Norway brings the bride a present; in many parts of Norway, a keg of butter is the usual present; and if the marriage takes place in the winter season, salted or frozen meat is also considered an acceptable gift.

We had not farther than three miles to row, so that we were not an hour in accomplishing the voyage. I was, of course, obliged to return the civility shown to me, by joining in the festivities as far as I was able, now and then tasting the corn-brandy, and joining in the songs, which, by the way, were a strange medley, some of them being drinking songs, and others hymns and psalms. How simple and beautiful a scene would this have been—a happy bridal party gliding over the calm Norwegian lake on a summer's evening—had not inebriation disfigured the picture!

When we reached the shore, where a small church, and some houses were scattered at a few hundred yards from the water, the party immediately disembarked, and, placing the music at their head, walked to the church-door, where the violin, the pipe, and the drum kept up the serenade all the time of the ceremony. In the ceremony itself, there was nothing

extraordinary. The bride continued to wear her honourable crown; and when it was concluded, the party returned in the same order in which it arrived; and long after the boats pulled from the shore, the sounds of music and mirth were borne over the lake. I have since had opportunities of seeing many country marriages, which were all conducted nearly as the one I have described, with the difference only, that if the journey to church be a land journey, it is performed, if in summer on horseback, and if in winter on sledges. The Norwegians seize every opportunity of feasting, and among these opportunities marriage takes the lead. There is a smaller festival connected with marriage, which is called in Norway *Festeröl*, the day upon which two young persons plight their troth, and declare their intended marriage. This publicity of plighted love must sound oddly in the ears of the sensitive damsels of our isle.

I had walked down the water, and was loitering on the bank, half expecting an invitation from the officiating clergyman to the hospitalities of his house, and almost resolved, if I should be disappointed in this, to introduce myself, when I saw my wish about to be gratified. He walked from the church towards me, and begged I would accept some refreshment. I of course followed him, and finding me somewhat slow in my answers to the inquiries he made in Danish, he then spoke to me in Latin. This accomplishment I have found not unfrequent among the priests in Norway. Such of their num-

ber as have been educated at Drontheim, have more or less acquaintance with the Latin tongue. This was a different specimen of a pastor from him to whom I introduced the reader in a former chapter. The good things of this life appeared to occupy the principal place in his mind. He told me he expected soon to be a dean, a distinction to which he assured me he was well entitled from his attainments. A pastor's pittance, he said, was but poor; and in illustration of this, pointed to the fee he had just received from the bridal party, a small barrel, filled with some kind of sausage in bladders. I was not disposed to think so lightly of the fee, when I had better acquaintance with it. One of the bladders was opened, and I found it to contain a highly-seasoned mince of different kinds of meat; and this, with a glass of French brandy, formed no unsavoury repast: it was not the quality which the minister complained of, but the quantity; possibly the excellence of the former might be the reason why he complained of the latter. I remained in the house of the minister about two hours, almost the whole of which time he entertained me with a detail of his grievances, consisting of scanty remuneration, poor fees, and the disuse of funeral-sermons, which he said were now scarcely ever required; and, without any expression of disapprobation, he related a stratagem devised by a brother minister who held a cure on the west coast, by which he had succeeded in restoring in some measure the usage of funeral-

sermons,—a service for which, it seems, the minister is generally well paid. This minister having got a number of crabs, and having contrived to fix small candles on their backs, put them one dark night into the church-yard, where they wandered about, crawling over the graves and beneath the tombstones. He then called together a number of his superstitious parishioners, and, pointing to the appalling spectacle, told them these were the souls of the dead, who could not get rest in their graves until those services should be performed that had been neglected at the time of their burial. The anecdote may be true, or it may be false; but such a story could never have been invented, if there were not ministers wicked enough so to deceive the people, and people sufficiently superstitious to be so deceived. On these grounds the story is worth recording.

It was scarcely noon when I took leave of the pastor. From the nearest point of the Mios Vand, he informed me, I was scarcely ten miles, but from the head of the lake I was at least twenty. There was only one route from this place by which it was possible for me to reach the Mios Vand; and to find this route, I had to rely upon my own ingenuity and my compass. It was described to me as a series of mountain-passes, branching in various directions, but for the most part inclining east and west. It was possible to reach Kongsberg (from which there are direct conveyances to Christiania) by the foot, as well as by the head of the Mios Vand, and this with-

out any formidable obstacles from either mountain or river; but when I fix my mind upon a plan of a journey, I never deviate from it, because it may be attended with some inconveniences; and besides, I was now in Bradsberg, the district in which the great waterfall is reported to be. Immediately upon leaving this place, I was enclosed among the mountains, which rose around me to the height of at least 4000 feet; and several whose summits I saw before me, must have been from one to two thousand feet higher.

I here saw for the first time, growing in a wild state, that most lovely of flowers, the Lily of the Valley. It stood every where around, scenting the air, and in such profusion, that it was scarcely possible to step, without bruising its tender stalks and beauteous blossoms. I have not seen this flower mentioned in any enumeration of Norwegian plants; but it grows in all the western parts of Norway in latitude 59° and 60°, wherever the ground is free from forest, in greater abundance than any other wild flower. In this day's walk, I could not avoid again remarking the exuberance of vegetation which summer calls forth in the 60th degree of latitude. Flowers of every description enamelled the earth; the wild fruits, strawberries, raspberries, and many other species of berries of which I knew nothing, clustered the bushes, and were fast advancing to maturity. Trees, too, and various shrubs, hung in every crevice of the rocks; and upon examining the spot, it was

impossible to discover whence they derived their nourishment. Had it not been for the extreme heat, my walk would have been full of enjoyment. The views were sometimes magnificent, always picturesque and ever changing. Little mountain tarns occasionally gleamed through the openings. At times, the noise of a distant cataract coming and dying away, filled the silent valley; then all was hushed again. Now and then, a sparkling, tuneful spring, welled, bubbling in your path. Sometimes a wandering cloud, sailing in the deep azure above, threw a momentary shadow on the sunny acclivities. Once an eagle, seeming a speck in the heavens, soared unutterably high, and then, with majestic swoop, sunk below a towering pinnacle; while at short intervals were heard, far upwards, the tinkling bells of the flocks, which were now enjoying their summer grazing among the mountains.

I had walked full five hours without having seen any thing of the lake, which, according to the information I had received from the minister, I ought to have reached two hours sooner. I therefore felt a strong conviction that I had mistaken my way; and, indeed, so many gorges and valleys crossed each other, that the wonder would rather have been if I had gone right. From the louder tinkling of the bells, it was evident I was not far from some flock or herd, and therefore I struck off in the direction of the sound. I soon found myself among a small herd of cows, twenty-two in number; and at a little distance

stood the tent where the herdsmen live while the cattle are at mountain grazing. It is the universal custom in Norway, for all landowners and farmers to have their cattle, especially cows, driven to the mountains in the summer season; and there the best butter for keeping or for exportation, and the best cheese, are made. Indeed, the principally esteemed cheese—which, besides being in great repute among the natives, finds a ready market in Copenhagen—could not be made, unless the cows were sent to pasture upon the mountains; because in the months of June and July, these are covered with a certain yellow flower, which the cows greedily eat, and which affects both the richness and the colour of the milk in a singular degree; and it is under these circumstances only, that it is possible to make the *Gammel* cheese. Of all this I had personal proof. I found two persons in the tent employed in the operations of the dairy, and surrounded by all the implements of their labour, which they had brought with them. The cows had come from the neighbourhood of Christiania; and I was told that there were more than twenty herds on these mountains from the lower parts of Aggerhuus.

When I left the house of the Tellemarken farmer in the morning, I had no expectation of finding a covered habitation for my night's quarters. But now that I had accidentally found a tent, and two honest Norwegians, I thought it unnecessary to pursue my journey farther until next day, but determined rather

to take advantage of the opportunity, by learning something of Norwegian grazing, &c. It was now the hour for calling the cows together to be milked, and to enclose them for the night. They were small cattle; and the quantity of milk which they afforded was much less than we are accustomed to expect from cows in our island. The average quantity did not, I think, exceed two quarts. I had another instance of what I remarked in a former chapter, the much greater richness of milk in the northern than in the southern countries. That which I tasted here, more resembled their cream than milk, and it had a bright saffron tinge. The taste was not, however, agreeable, owing to the yellow flower I have spoken of being so abundant in the pasture. I witnessed the processes both of butter and cheese making, and also tasted the butter which had been already made. It tasted very salt, though rich, and it looked dirty; but this I ceased to wonder at, when I saw the quantity of coarse, dirty-looking salt which they mixed with it. The *Gammel* cheese requires long keeping, and is generally eaten scraped, like Parmesan; but even then its flavour is not agreeable, until habit reconciles one to it. It is made altogether of whey, the curd being taken away. The whey is mixed with sweet cream, and the vessel containing it put upon the fire. It is stirred constantly until it becomes thick; and when taken off the fire, is still stirred until it be cold. It is then put into a form.

I ascertained that I had diverged considerably

from the path I ought to have pursued, and that I was still a Norwegian mile from the Mios Vand. It wanted two or three hours of the usual time of rest, and I employed the interval in walking slowly to some of the neighbouring heights. Nothing was to be seen from them but the rugged or rounded summits of mountains, too elevated for wood, for the most part lofty enough for snow, excepting in some of the shaded clefts, where sprinklings of it were visible. Some of the more distant summits, however, were crowned with their everlasting diadem. These mountains form the outworks of the great chain which intersects Norway. *Hardanger Field* must, I think, have been among the visible mountains, for it could not have been more than thirty miles from this position. Tind Field, which is about a thousand feet lower than the other, seemed close at hand. Although in the district of Bradsberg, the mountain scenery is more magnificent than in any other part of Norway, the mountains within it, and those also which separate it from the Hardanger Fiord division, are less elevated than that part of the range on which are situated the Fille Field, and the Dovne Field. The latter of these rises to the height of 8000 feet and upwards. Sogne Field is 7000 feet high, while the altitude of Hardanger Field and the mountains in its immediate neighbourhood does not generally exceed 5500 feet. The beauty, nay even the sublimity of mountain scenery, does not altogether depend upon the height of the mountains; it depends more

upon their forms; and besides, it scarcely ever happens that, on travelling through mountain scenery, a summit higher than six or seven thousand feet is visible, unless some particular point be chosen for a prospect. The diversities of precipice and pinnacle, the deep valley, the dark ravine, the crowning woods, the tumbling cataract, the rock-girt lake, and the natural phenomena of lights and shadows, clouds, mists and rainbows, are all seen to as great advantage, among mountains ranging from five to seven thousand feet, as among those that are twice that height. I returned to the tent about nine o'clock: the herdsmen were fast asleep; and after making a visible diminution in the stock of my provisions, I lay down on a mat upon the ground, making a pillow of my arm, and was speedily as fast asleep as my companions.

The tinkling of the bells, as the cattle were driven out, awoke me at a very early hour; and as I had no preparations to make, I set off immediately in the direction pointed out to me by the herdsmen, as that leading to the lake. It is almost needless for the traveller in Norway, at this season, to say that the morning was fine, the day charming, or the evening lovely. During the few summer months, every day is beautiful; there is then one series of unbroken weather. Sometimes, as the reader has seen, there are appearances of impending storm; but they disappear on a few head drops, and are almost immediately succeeded by sunshine. I need not tell the

reader, therefore, that the mountains were bathed in sunbeams; and that, round and round, there was not one cloud to speck the serene expanse of heaven. As I proceeded on my way, I saw occasionally, at some little distance, other flocks and herds spreading themselves over the sunny sides of the mountains; and the grotesque figures of their attendants standing on the elevations, and the tents here and there scattered among the more sheltered places, was altogether a novel and picturesque scene. So cheerful was my journey, so short my way, that it was quite unexpectedly that, after having descended one or two slopes, and passed through a deep gorge, or rather a chasm, I found myself upon the bank of the *Mios Vand*. A lake is most beautiful in the morning, when

> The mountain shadows on its breast
> Are neither broken nor at rest;

because it is more beautiful to watch the blushing waters disrobe themselves, than to see them veil their beauties. In the morning too, the shadows lie more beautifully among the surrounding hills than at noon; for, before the sun has mounted high, one ridge throws its shadow upon another, and there is a constant succession of sunny prominences, and shaded clefts; and it was in this aspect that I reached the shore of the lake. I was evidently not far from its head; for it was narrower and narrower towards the north, and completely embosomed in the lofty mountains which rose on either side of its northern extre-

mity—the Tind Field on its right bank, and another on its left, the name of which I do not recollect. This latter mountain rose immediately from the shore where I stood, and I felt some doubts whether it left room for a path along the bank. The head of the Mios Vand bears some resemblance to that of Ullswater; with this difference, that the woods which stretch up the hills around the former are fir, and also that the mountains are higher. One of the peculiarities of the Mios Vand is this, that the highest parts of the mountains are next to the lake, and their topmost summits seen from the opposite bank. The effect of this is, that the views are grander, and that the lake seems to be environed by mountains of greater altitude than these really are. It most usually happens, that "summits on summits rise" backward from a lake; so that in standing upon its shore, or in a boat upon the water, we are unable to see any surrounding ridge or peak, more elevated than four or five thousand feet. This peculiarity, therefore, of the Mios Vand, puts it upon an equality with many of the Swiss lakes; and in point of picturesque form, the mountains which environ this lake cannot be exceeded. The Mios Vand is the *ideal* of seclusion and repose. No house upon its banks, no boat upon its bosom, no flocks straying upon its slopes, no voice of herdsman, no tinkling sound of bells; nothing but the small ripple, the occasional plunge of a fish, the cry of some bird of prey. The lake sleeps in the bosom of the hills, calmly mirroring their woods and pinnacles;

and even the little wandering cloud, that is imaged on its depths, seems to have paused above it.

I was anxious, if possible, to reach Tind before night, and therefore was glad to find no obstruction in my way up the bank, which every moment approached nearer to the opposite shore, till at length I reached the gorge of the mountains, from which the stream that formed the lake issued. It was not a formidable enterprise to cross it; it was turbulent, but not deep, and I soon reached the eastern bank of the lake. It occurred to me, that by following the stream upwards, I might possibly discover the cataract, said to be somewhere among the mountains of this district; but this was so mere a possibility, that after walking up the valley a little way, and hearing no roar of waters, I retraced my steps. I feel a pretty confident belief, that whoever may seek for, and ultimately find a cataract in this district, 900 feet high, will be disappointed in the attainment of his object. He may be rewarded indeed for his search, by the many sublime and picturesque scenes through which he would be led; but as, in this district, there is no river of great magnitude, from the short course which they must all necessarily have, owing to the vicinity of the Hardanger Field chain in which they take their rise, a fall of 900 feet could not of itself present any thing very striking, because a mere stream falling from so great an elevation could not reach the bottom a collected body of water, but would be converted into the form of rain long before it had accomplished its de-

scent. Of this I am quite certain, from repeated observations. I have frequently, and all who have travelled in mountainous countries have seen cascades two and three hundred feet high, formed by mountain brooks; and unless when the water has fallen all the way in a natural groove, of course reached the ground in the form of vapour.

My object now was to reach Tind. Tind Field lay directly betwixt me and the *Tind Soe*. I might retrace my steps along the east shore of the Mios Vand, and so round the mountain, or obey my compass, and steer my course across the mountain. I adopted a middle plan, which was to walk down the lake, and turn into the first valley that should present itself running in an easterly direction. About three miles down the lake, a valley opened to the south-east; it gave little promise indeed, being confined, and gently ascending, but I resolved to make trial of it. The air in this narrow valley was cool and agreeable, for it could scarcely ever be visited by a sunbeam; and this enabled me to pursue my way the more vigorously.

My walk was not diversified by any thing worthy of relating. The valley turned sometimes in one direction, and sometimes in another; was sometimes wider and sometimes narrower; and after more than two hours' walk, during which I had mounted six or eight hundred feet above the level of the lake, it began to descend towards the south; and a small rivulet that accompanied my path, was a welcome companion, because

I knew that it must eventually lead me through the mountains. Southward was not, indeed, precisely the direction which I should have selected; but there was no choice. I saw nothing to arrest attention, excepting occasionally small rills hurrying down the steeps to join the brook that gamboled beside my path, and once an eagle, hovering in front of a bare precipice, where I suppose it found its home. Frequently I paused, and sometimes rested for a while upon one of the large stones that lay in the bed of the stream, whose musical tattle somewhat encroached upon the silence and solitude that, but for it, would have reigned in these mountain depths. I travelled nearly seven hours through these valleys without any diminution in the height of the surrounding mountains, or any opening presenting itself by which I could obtain a view beyond them. At length the valley widened, and I found myself in the neighbourhood of a road running east and west, which I had no doubt would lead me to the *Tind Soe*, and by which, the clergymen informed me, I might reach Tind without going round by the head of the Mios Vand. So, indeed, it proved; but I did not at all repent having taken the circuitous route which had shown me the herds at their summer pasture, and had led me along the banks of so enchanting a lake as the Mios Vand. I had probably not walked much less than forty miles, and therefore felt noways disinclined for a cessation from my labours; but, still acting upon the maxim, that it is better to sleep in a

bed than in the open air, and certain that the road would lead me to a house or a village, I walked on; and although it was long before my expectations were fulfilled, they were fulfilled at last. First, I came in sight of a lake, which I felt assured was the *Tind Soe*, and then, of several houses, which I arranged in my own mind, constituted Tind. In this latter conjecture, however, I was mistaken, though I was correct in the former. Tind was yet half a mile distant, and I therefore walked forward. I obtained a bed and some fried fish at the house of a schoolmaster, and was too much fatigued to profit by the learning of my host, who, during the time of supper, of which he did not partake, continued to talk in an almost unintelligible jargon of Danish, and High Norse; the burden of which was to convince me, that no other person in the neighbourhood than himself could have placed before me so good a supper, and such excellent brandy; and concluding with a hint, that some consideration would be acceptable. I was glad to find him inclined to be rewarded for his hospitality, because such a thing being rare in the country, I had made scarcely so free with his Gammel cheese and his brandy as appetite prompted, fancying he looked as if he could ill afford to perform the duties of hospitality; but the hint changed my tactics, and both he and I were the better for his frankness.

I learned here, that my best route would be to the river Louven, only two Norwegian miles dis-

tant; from thence two hours' ride would bring me into the great road from Bergen to Christiania by Drammen. Horses were now to be procured all the way, and possibly even a carriole by-and-by. A tolerably good bed received me, and after a sound sleep, I was ready, at six o'clock, to pursue my journey. My host mounted me upon his own horse, and walked by my side; and his sedentary pursuits did not appear to have at all impaired his powers of activity. A schoolmaster in Norway is not, however, fixed to his chair as in England; his scholars are not congregated all in one place. Several little schools are under one master, and these are situated many miles from each other. The schools are taught on different days, and the master has no reason to complain of want of exercise. In little more than two hours we reached the Louven,—even at this distance from the sea, a large river, dark-coloured, and rapid. The Louven is the same river that flows through Kongsberg, about fifty miles lower down. Here I took leave of the schoolmaster, after having obtained another horse to cross the country to the post-road to Drammen. I passed the river by boating, and immediately set off as fast as the nature of the path would permit, for it was merely a track, distinguishable only by the grass being less vivid than that which grew around. The country in which I was now travelling had lost its mountain features,—hills still lay around, but the mountains I had left behind; and on the

right, towards Kongsberg,—Blee Field in particular, towered above all its compeers. The country now began to exhibit signs of cultivation; and, indeed, all the way from Tind there had been occasional enclosures and fields of rye, oats and potatoes. We soon reached the post-road; and at the first station, I was glad to bargain for a crazy vehicle to carry me to Drammen, which was yet more than thirty miles distant, and which I proposed reaching before night. This intention, however, was disappointed through the stupidity of the countryman who accompanied me; he either did not know the road, or chose to deviate from it. In place of taking the road to Drammen, he directed me to follow a road more to the left. At first, for several miles, this road continued broad and tolerably good, so that I had no reason to suspect my error; but it gradually became narrower, and at length degenerated into a mere horse-track, obstructed every now and then by brooks and hillocks, and other obstacles. It was now evident we had mistaken the road; but having left the post-road, at least a Norwegian mile behind, it was useless to turn back, if it were possible to proceed, for in this part of the country we might depend upon meeting with a road or some house before proceeding very far. Soon, however, the road became utterly impassable for a vehicle of any kind. I was, consequently, under the necessity of sending back the carriage and horses, and was once more left alone and a

pedestrian. I had not walked more than three or four miles before I reached a cluster of houses, situated upon a post-road, and near to a river which forms lower down the Drammen Fiord. I ascertained here, that I had left Drammen considerably to the right, and was now near the Tyre lake, and still upwards of four Norwegian miles from Christiania. It was therefore necessary to pass the night here; the nearest post-station was distant only a quarter of a Norwegian mile; and the owner of the house where I lodged, who was both a farmer and an innkeeper, undertook to have a vehicle and horses in readiness for me next morning to carry me to Christiania by good cross-roads. To this arrangement I assented, though it would oblige me to return again from Christiania to Drammen, in the neighbourhood of which I intended passing some time, in the house of a family with which I am nearly connected.

After a sleepless night, owing to the noisy mirth which followed the celebration of a christening, I found myself on the way to the capital at an early hour; and by a succession of cross-roads, about noon I reached the great post-road from Drammen to Christiania, which skirts the Fiord. As I drove at a rapid pace along the road to the capital, I was struck with the cultivated fertility of the country, and more and more convinced of the great capabilities of Norway. Luxuriant pasturage, and crops giving each promise of an abundant harvest, lay

on every side ; wood was no longer the great staple of the land, but was scattered over a charming undulating country, only in such quantity as served to shelter the fields, and beautify the landscape. Nor was it now confined to fir, but included all the variety of trees which we are accustomed to find in the temperate latitudes. The Christiania Fiord, spotted with its islands, and seemingly environed by its finely wooded banks, forming innumerable bays and creeks, lay calm and pellucid beneath the warm rays of a noonday sun. As I approached the capital, cottages and farm-houses were more thickly scattered; and pleasant country-houses gave indications of taste and luxury. The city itself soon rose into view, and I entered it at three in the afternoon of the 2d of July.

JOURNEY

THROUGH

NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK.

II.

CHRISTIANIA. JOURNEY TO OSTERDALEN,

AND RESIDENCE THERE, WITH

A NATIVE FAMILY.

JOURNEY

THROUGH

NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK.

CHAPTER I.

Christiania—Miscellaneous Observations—The Christiania Fiord, and its Environs—The City—Decline of its Trade—Country-Houses of the Citizens—A Hint to Landscape Gardeners—The Seasons in Norway—Their Peculiarities and Changes—The Climate of Norway—Erroneous Notions respecting it—Comforts of a Norwegian House in Winter—A Descriptive Sketch—Norwegian Hospitality—Usages of Society—The Theatre—Morals—State of Religion in Norway—Obstacles to the Progress of Religious Knowledge—Franz Neilson, and his Sect—The Norwegian Diet or Representative Assembly—Ludicrous Appearance of the Members—A Public Ball—Political Reflections—Difference of Climate in Christiania, Bergen, and Drontheim—Recollections of a Winter's Residence—Winter Travelling—Transition from Winter to Spring—Prices of Provisions, &c. in Christiania—The Prison—Convicts—The Asylum for the Insane—A Curious Case—The Burial-grounds—Some Errors of Dr. Clarke—Manner of Living among the Lower Orders—Resumption of the Personal Narrative—A Visit to Drammen—The Valley of Lier—The Vale of the Drammen—A Party to the Country—Return to Christiania.

I HAVE said, in a former chapter, that Norway has in truth three capitals; but Christiania, partly be-

cause it is the seat of government, and partly because it lies in the best peopled and most fruitful part of Norway, is generally considered the metropolis. Christiania, although the smallest of the capitals of Europe, is certainly one of the most interesting to a stranger; and, in situation, far exceeds them all in the romantic beauties by which it is surrounded. The *Fiord*, upon which it stands, is so dotted with wooded islands, and forms so many curves and indentures, that it has more the appearance of a fresh-water lake than an arm of the sea, especially as the heights, which enclose four-fifths of its circumference, preserve its surface unruffled. When large vessels in full sail are seen threading their way among these islets, it may easily be supposed that the effect is singularly novel and beautiful. I have never seen, nor do I believe there exists, a happier combination of images than that which is presented on a summer's day from the heights above Christiania. If a stranger could be conveyed by magic, and placed on the height of Egeberg on an evening in July, and were asked in what part of the world he supposed himself to be, he would more probably name Italy or Greece, than the icy region of Scandinavia. The bay itself, with its romantic promontories and wooded isles, may vie with Como; and in the country which stretches on every side of the town, we are struck with the extraordinary combination of rich, *riante*, and picturesque beauty. Corn fields, copses, gar-

dens, lawns, cottages, and villas, lie beautifully blended beneath as warm a sky as canopies more southern lands. Below lie the blue waters of the Fiord, reflecting the fantastic and wood-crowned heights that environ it; while, every now and then, tall masts and white sails appear and disappear among its leafy isles; and beyond, to the north and west, heights rise into hills, and hills into mountains; while over-topping them all, ridges of snow, purpled in the light of evening, form the majestic boundary of this wondrous amphitheatre.

I am the more minute in my description of the environs of Christiania, because they have not been sufficiently eulogized by the traveller, and because, therefore, the extraordinary beauty of this part of Europe is not generally known. For my own part, I went to Norway, prepared to worship its sublimity and grandeur; but I was not prepared to expect that picture of charming variety, and gay and laughing fertility, which is spread around the capital of Norway.

The city itself is, for its size, one of the neatest, I might perhaps say the handsomest, I have ever seen; the streets are spacious and straight, and the houses, for the most part, built of stone, there being a strict prohibition against the construction of wooden houses, a prohibition that has been the means of preserving Christiania from those devastating fires which have, from time to time, almost entirely destroyed other Norwegian and Swedish towns. In

the outskirts, however, where wooden houses are permitted, the alarm-drum is frequently heard,—so difficult is it to sacrifice a present advantage to a contingent evil.

Christiania, when I visited it, was a declining town; and, as well as Drammen, had been on the decline ever since the alteration in the duties upon Norwegian timber. It is a pity to find an industrious people reduced almost to bankruptcy, from a commercial regulation which confers no benefit on the nation imposing it. I found only one ship from a British port in the harbour; the others, amounting to twelve or fourteen, were Danish, French, and Hanseatic.

There is certainly no town of even much greater dimensions and population than Christiania, around which are scattered so many country-houses. One would almost suppose, that the inhabitant of so small a town as Christiania, so free as it is from smoke, and from which ten minutes' walk will carry him into the midst of the beautiful scenery and pure air that surround it, would scarcely consider a country house a very essential luxury; but the fact is otherwise; the requisition of a country box is the first proof of a citizen's independence; and indeed this mania has so much affected the price of land in the immediate vicinity of the town, that some steps towards independence require to be made by the citizen who distinguishes himself in this way. No where is there so great choice of situations as

round Christiania—and all beautiful: every house may have its separate prospect,—its own green knoll, its own slanting field,—its own woody isle and vista of the Fiord. Among the villas of a superior description which lie near to Christiania, may be mentioned that belonging to Mr. Collet, and them agnificent residence of the Baron Auken at Bokstad. I may here notice, although the observation was made at a later season, that in laying out the grounds at Bokstad, particular attention has been paid to the different hues which different trees assume in autumn. So judiciously have they been grouped and disposed, in reference to their autumnal shades and colours, that the most surprisingly beautiful effect is produced. I am not aware that the autumnal tints of trees are considered, in laying out grounds in this country; and I regret that I did not obtain such information, or make such accurate observations, as might have enabled me to communicate more than the mere fact I have stated. I am inclined to think, however, that any rules upon this may be acted upon in Norway with greater certainty than in England; because in Norway, the sudden frosts which come early in the season, sometimes so early as during August nights, change the hue of the woods, while they are yet in their perfect summer foliage; whereas in England, the high winds of September, and the earlier part of October, strip the trees of many of their leaves, and when the frosts arrive, there is not the same breadth of foliage to colour as in Nor-

way. The hint, however, is worth keeping in sight, and is the more easily acted upon, since almost every tree that flourishes around Christiania will grow in England,—such as the sycamore, the elm, the oak, the lime, and every kind of fruit-tree, with the exception of the peach.

There is one respect in which Norway possesses an advantage to the traveller over every other country in Europe; it is this, the variety of season in Norway, and, consequently, the various aspects under which Nature presents herself in these seasons, may all be witnessed by the traveller in the course of four months—June, July, August, and September. The spring in Norway does not extend beyond one month; summer occupies two, and autumn about six weeks. There are, indeed, spring skies and spring air for a longer period that I have assigned to that season: but the earth does not harmonize with these; and the mild weather, from the middle of April till towards the middle of May, serves only to melt the snows. The traveller, therefore, who arrives in Norway in the middle of May, and remains until the middle of September, has an opportunity of seeing the country under the influence of these seasons, in less time than suffices, in most other countries, to witness the effect of two. This advantage, possessed by the traveller in Norway, is greater than the reader may at first sight be disposed to admit, because the change from one season to another is more striking, and more extraordinary in Norway, than in any other country

in Europe. The change from winter to spring is like the work of enchantment: for the disappearance of snow is not as it is in England, followed by weeks of gradual growth, but rather seems to be but the lifting up of a veil, beneath which earth's green and flowery carpet has been concealed. From spring to summer, and from summer to autumn, the change, though not so apparently miraculous, is yet infinitely surprising. The fruit-trees bud, blossom, and bend beneath the burden of fruit, all within three months; and the corn springs up, and waves a golden harvest, in considerably less time. From autumn to winter, the transition is as rapid as from winter to spring. September is generally calm, and its frosty nights change the hue of the trees, and wither the stalks. One day the woods stand in full foliage, changed in nothing from their summer aspect but in their hues; the next, a rushing wind comes from the north, strips them of their leafy glories, and perhaps even changes their summer vesture to the raiment of winter.

The aspect of Nature also, during the different seasons, is more remarkable in Norway than it is elsewhere. In spring and summer, vegetation being confined within a more limited period, is more varied and abundant. The flowers and fruits of one season are not past, before those of another season are mature; and during the months of July

and August, the garden and the orchard thus present a variety and prodigality, which the native of more favoured climes has never beheld. In summer and autumn, too, the great breadth of foliage, green, or clouded with the many hues of decay, presents a richer picture than is to be seen in any of the southern countries of Europe.

But while I speak of the aspect of nature in Norway in different seasons, let me not omit winter. The traveller cannot, indeed, include winter among the seasons which a four months' residence will exhibit to him; but no one can be said to have seen a northern country, who has not seen it under the dominion of winter. The journeys which occupy the present volume were made during the summer and autumn; but a subsequent residence in Norway in the winter, at the house of my nearest relation, resident in that country, enables me to speak of it in that season also; and indeed, to add considerably to the information which can be acquired by a stranger merely travelling through the country.

In England, we are apt to form very exaggerated notions of the degree of cold which is experienced in the northern countries. When there is little or no wind, intense cold is scarcely felt to be an inconvenience, provided one be suitably clothed; and during by far the greater part of winter, the weather is calm, so that even when the thermometer stands considerably below *zero*, one is able

to move about comfortably, and even to enjoy the fine weather which so generally attends intense frost. Many an Englishman who walks abroad on a raw winter's day, dressed nearly in the same manner as in summer, suffers infinitely more from cold than he would in Norway attired in his fur-cloak and eared-cap, and warm foot-gear. For my own part, I can safely aver this of myself. I have suffered ten times the degree of cold travelling on a stage-coach in England, in the face of a north-east wind, than I ever suffered in a sledge in Norway, when the thermometer has been forty-seven degrees below the freezing point, or fifteen degrees below *zero*. Sometimes, indeed, the frost is accompanied by wind, and then it is scarcely possible to stir out of doors; but in the southern parts of Norway, the combination of a very intense frost, and a scarifying wind, is scarcely ever felt. It is true also, that in the depth of winter, the shortness of the days does not allow many hours of clear bright sunshine; but then the houses are not built like summer-houses, as many are in England; and stoves in the towns, and great wood fires in the country, and sometimes both, effectually oppose the power of the elements. There is not, in fact, a more comfortable abode than that of a substantial landowner or a thriving merchant, on a winter's day in Norway. There are no cross airs blowing through the house as in many of the un-

substantial dwellings in England; nor does one know what it is to have one part of the body scorched with the fire, while the other is suffering under the influence of cold; and I scarcely know any thing which can be compared with the luxury of sleeping between two eider-down beds.

But, independently of the in-door winter comforts of Scandinavia, the appearance of the external world, by day and by night, is beautiful and wondrous. Enter a forest when the sun breaks from the mists of the morning upon the snows of the past night. Beautiful as a forest is in spring when the trees unfold their virgin blossoms,—beautiful as it is in summer, when the wandering sun-beams, falling through the foliage, chequer the mossy carpet beneath,—beautiful as in autumn, when the painted leaves hang frail; it is more beautiful still, when the tall pines and gnarled oaks stand in the deep stillness of a winter's noon, their long arms and fantastic branches heaped with the feathery burden that has never "caught one stain of earth;" then too, the grey rocks, picturesque even in their nakedness, assume a thousand forms more curious still, dashed with the recent offering. And when night comes—and who ever saw the glories of night save in a northern clime?—out burst the stars, countless and burning, studding the deep blue sky. Perhaps the Borealis, with its pale yellow light, streams over half a hemisphere; or, perhaps, the winter moon, full and high, looks down from the brow of night, spangling with ten million stars the

beauteous net-work thrown over the lower world. Something approaching to the appearances presented by a northern clime in summer may be witnessed in other countries, but the splendours of a winter scene belong only to the higher latitudes.

In summer, you travel in Norway as in other countries. In winter, the reader knows that the mode of travelling is by sledges, drawn in the northern parts by reindeer, and in the southern by horses. Sometimes, however, during the great winter fair at Christiania, in January, a reindeer may be seen in the neighbourhood of the capital, but south of the *Dovne Field* it is looked upon rather as a rarity. It is impossible, in any kind of carriage, or even on horseback, to see Norway to the greatest advantage. It is necessary at times to walk,—many objects of curiosity may be attained by the pedestrian which must be passed by even on horseback; for although the little Norwegian horse will do more to assist the traveller than the horses of other countries, yet, to the explorer who wishes to scale a rock, or pass a deep gully, or penetrate a thicket, a horse will be found a great incumbrance. In making his arrangements for a journey through Norway, the traveller must not allot to it any part of the month of April, or even the early part of May, for travelling is then not only disagreeable and difficult, and sometimes impracticable, but dangerous also, from the half-frozen state of the lakes and the impetuosity of the rivers. Of this fact, the reader has already been informed by *Von Buch*.

The hotel (the only one I believe in the place) at which I resided when at Christiania, is one of the most execrable in Europe: but, fortunately, the extraordinary hospitality of the inhabitants rendered me almost independent of its comforts. I dined in town and dined in the country, and had pleasure-parties contrived for me, so that my life in Christiania afforded a sufficient contrast to the solitude which had attended my steps for some weeks before. The hospitality of Norway, I believe, indeed, to be without a parallel. It is, in fact, looked upon as a national duty; and I believe, that he who should omit to practise it would be regarded by others in the same light as that in which a man is looked upon in England who commits an offence against the established proprieties of life. I am very far from desiring to underrate the hospitality of my own country. Britain, the northern part of it especially, has long been celebrated for the abundant exercise of this virtue. But the hospitality of even the Highlands of Scotland will bear no comparison with that of Norway,—the cities and towns of Norway I mean,—for in the interior, I believe a stranger might soon cease to be a stranger. His arrival in a town makes universal holiday; and the subject of deliberation is not, "When shall we invite Mr. ——, for of course we must invite him," but, "What contrivances can we fall upon to make this stranger recollect his stay in our town as the happiest time he has ever passed." To his Britannic Majesty's Consul, Mr. Durie, to

Mr. Ploen, and to Mr. Major, I have great pleasure in recording my gratitude for the many kind attentions I received at their hands.

The tone of society in Christiania is certainly quite equal to that which me meet with in towns that, from their geographical position, enjoy many advantages over it. I may instance Hamburg, Liege, Glasgow, and most of the manufacturing towns of England. It is as invariably a rule in Christiania not to appear at a party in which there are ladies, unless in full dress, as it is in the first circles in England; and one is not disgusted in Christiania, as in most German towns, and even among the mercantile society of Paris, by the gentlemen spitting on the floor or in the fire. There are certain usages in all countries which appear vulgar to the unreflecting traveller, merely because he is not accustomed to them in his own. Such is that of *hobbernobbing*,—touching with yours the rim of the person's glass with whom you drink wine. This is in place of bowing,—a ceremony which follows the emptying instead of preceding the tasting of the glass as in England. In Norway, the inclination of the head accompanies the act of placing the glass on the table. Precisely the same ceremonies in drinking wine are followed in the houses of the nobility in the remoter parts of the Netherlands. Another custom, which at first seems to a stranger scarcely accordant with a refined state of society, is that of every guest, as he rises from the table, saying, as he bows to the lady of the mansion, *Tacke for*

maden,—thanks for your entertainment. And if any circumstance should have prevented the guest from making this acknowledgment, it is not forgotten by him a week or weeks afterwards,—the first time, in short, he may happen to see his entertainer, and is received as a thing expected. Besides the many private houses which were hospitably thrown open to me while at Christiania, I twice visited the theatre, and attended a public assembly. To the theatre an invitation is required, because the actors are not comedians by profession, but respectable inhabitants of the town. The love of theatrical entertainments is, indeed, universal in Norway. Every town has its company of amateur players; and, as far as I was able to judge, the acting is, in general, spirited.

It might perhaps be imagined, that this familiarity with dramatic scenes, and the intercourse which the performance of them necessarily occasions among the actors, might tend to the demoralization of society; and I am partly inclined to believe, that such is in a certain degree the fact. The cities and towns of Norway, from the geographical position of the country, and the little intercourse with strangers, ought certainly to be able to boast as pure a morality as Sweden, a country more connected with surrounding nations; but I have reason to believe, that the standard of morals is considerably higher in Sweden than in Norway. And with respect to the comparative attention which is paid by the inhabi-

tants of Sweden and Norway to the public ordinances of religion, and to the observance of Sunday (no bad criterions of the morals of a people), I can state with certainty, that Norway is very far behind the sister country. I judge by the usual attendance in the churches, and by the confirmations, which I have seen in both countries, as well as by the general indifference which is manifested for religion in conversation, and the practice of having theatrical representations on Sunday. I confine these observations entirely to towns; for in the interior, zeal is occasionally to be found among the pastors, and a disposition to profit by it on the part of the people. Pity it is, that there should be so many obstacles to the indulgence of this disposition. The parishes are so large, that duty is performed in different parts of the parish on different Sundays; and sometimes more than one parish is served by the same minister; and many are hardly served at all, there being no fewer than forty-six parishes in Norway without ministers. The parishioners have, therefore, few opportunities of public edification. Add to this, that the mountains and lakes and rivers which the peasant must cross to reach the church, are often impassable from storms and floods; and that that book which might in a great measure supply the want of public instruction—the Bible—is in few hands, and difficult to be obtained; and the cause of surprise will rather be, that so much than that so little religion is found in the interior of Nor-

way. In the islands, which are scattered in hundreds along the western coast, the obstacles to the religious improvement of the inhabitants are still greater, and religion is accordingly at a lower ebb. Many islands are within one cure, and are so far separated, that the parishioners must go as far as thirty miles to the parish-church—an undertaking evidently impossible in the winter season; so that the inhabitants of many of these islands are almost without religious instruction. On the west coast of Norway, a church that is visited by the pastor four times in the year, is not considered to be neglected; and in some places, the price of a Bible (when one is to be got) is one pound.

The progress of genuine religion, in this part of the Continent, has been slow. The Catholic faith, introduced by Olaf at the point of the sword, had a long and arduous struggle with the relics of paganism, whose superstitions even now continue to have a strong hold upon the minds of the people, especially on the western coasts, and in the inland districts. The Christianity that existed in Norway down to the middle of the last century, was merely nominal, combining the vices of ignorance and the delusions of an erroneous worship, with the idolatries of a hideous mythology. About this time, some attempts were made by certain teachers, to apply the remedies of a sounder doctrine and purer morality to the prevailing diseases of ignorance and vice; and some little progress had been made, when their endeavours

were frustrated by the interference of the Government. These teachers yet retain in Norway the appellation of the Seven Stars. But about the year 1778, a young man not then twenty years of age, named Franz Neilson, arose, professing himself a reformer of the irreligion and vice that prevailed in Norway, and travelled through almost every part, preaching more scriptural doctrines than those either taught or professed, and denouncing the immorality of both the pastors and their flocks. Considerable effects followed the progress of the reformer,—a name that, in those days, was dreaded by absolute kings as much as it is in ours,—for Neilson was summoned to Copenhagen, to answer for the offence of teaching men to be holier. But, while preaching against the doctrine taught, and the morality practised, he had contrived, by his own irreproachable life and holy zeal, to conciliate the esteem even of his opponents; and found no difficulty in producing, after he had been condemned to the galleys, the certificates of two hundred clergymen of Norway in his favour, owing to which, his sentence was commuted into some trifling expiation of his error. Subsequently to this, and until his death, which took place about fifteen years ago, he prosecuted his design with more discretion, but not with less success. He wrote many volumes on theology and morals, during his life; and these are prized by his followers as highly as they prize the Bible. Some even go so far as to prefer the works of Neilson. It is supposed,

that there are at present between twenty and thirty thousand persons in Norway, dissenters from the establishment, and professing the doctrines of this sect.

While I remained in Christiania, the Diet assembled, and I of course attended one of its sittings, which was conducted in quite as orderly a manner as in the British House of Commons, or in the French Chamber of Deputies. But the dress and appearance of the members was somewhat different. In England, the respectable inhabitants of all the provinces dress nearly alike, and might assemble together in the metropolis, without exciting any wonder from the diversity of costume. But it is otherwise in Norway. Every division has its distinguishing costume; and this assembly of delegates presents, therefore, a very motley, and almost a ludicrous appearance to a stranger. Several of the deputies wore jackets and girdles. These I recognised as the natives of *Tellemarken*, through which I had recently passed. Others, whose coats were as much beyond the length of an ordinary coat, as the jackets of the former were shorter, and who might be seen walking to the hall, their heads covered with something of the shape and colour of a Kilmarnock nightcap, I was informed were the deputies of *Gulbrandsdalen*, the mountainous district bounded on the north by the *Dovne Field*, and its range. The appearance of the assembly altogether, was not superior to that collected at a second-rate cattle-show in England,

but infinitely more grotesque. Among the number, however, were several wealthy landowners, chiefly from the country skirting the *Miosen*, and from the districts lying on both sides of the Christiania Fiord. They seemed to conduct their deliberations with temper and decorum, although there were neither wigs nor black rods; and I will venture to say, they stood in less need of reform than some other deliberative assemblies.

On the occasion of opening the Diet, a public ball was given, which I attended. The wives and daughters of a few of the deputies had come to Christiania, and were present,—their home-spun and home-made dresses singularly contrasting with the more fashionable attire of the belles of the metropolis. There were nearly two hundred persons present, of whom about one half were ladies; and here I had additional confirmation of the unfavourable opinion I had before conceived of the exterior of the *fair Norwegiennes*. Fair they certainly are; and, upon this occasion, the presence of two handsome Swedish girls, dark-eyed, and raven-haired, was rather unpropitious to the display of Norwegian charms. The Norwegians are indefatigable dancers. The rooms were large, and almost the whole of the company were on the floor at the same time, and seemed never to require an instant's rest. For my own part, I had the misfortune to be placed in a dance in which there were no fewer than sixty couple; and my partner, a fair Norwegian, danced me to the very

foot, giving me an opportunity of whirling a few turns of a waltz with every one of the sixty ladies. The music was tolerably good; it consisted of two violins, a bass, and two flutes, which were better played than we are accustomed to hear in an English provincial town. An excellent cold supper was twice spread in an adjoining room; and, as is invariably the case when a number of Norwegians are assembled together, *Gamlé Norgé* was drunk, and the national song sung in full chorus. God save the King was also played by the band, in compliment, as I was informed, to me, and the King of England given as a toast. English is very generally understood in Christiania, and I thought myself obliged to say a few words, thanking them for the compliment paid to my country, and assuring them that, whatever act of injustice England might have committed towards Denmark (I thought it best to say nothing of the more recent annexation of Norway to Sweden), it was the act of the Ministry only, and had been reprobated by the people. Loud applause followed this assertion, which I believe to be the truth; and after the dancing had concluded, many bowls of *bishop* were filled and drained.

In Norway, I have always found the proper distinction made between the people of England and the Ministry, which acted in opposition to public opinion. An Englishman who receives hospitality in Norway, has more than common cause for gratitude; because Norway owes nothing to his country.

When England committed that act of egregious oppression and injustice, which has weakly been attempted to be justified by necessity, Norway was united to Denmark, and therefore felt the injury Norway had long been happy in her union with Denmark, which is the mildest of all absolute monarchies, and therefore naturally revolted at the act of tyranny which dissolved that union, and annexed her to Sweden: and besides this political cause of enmity towards England, the commercial tie, which might have gone far to neutralize the other, has been broken by the imposition of new duties upon Norwegian timber, and the consequent equalization of duties upon the deals of Norway and those of the Russian and Prussian ports of the Baltic; by which the export timber trade of Norway is almost annihilated, the country greatly impoverished, and many industrious and enterprising men reduced to bankruptcy.

These causes of hostility towards England do not now operate with equal force upon the minds of the Norwegian people. The alteration in the commercial duties, as it will continue to influence the condition of Norway, will continue also to keep open the breach. The violation of the laws of nations committed upon the fleet of Denmark will never be forgotten or forgiven; but the new alliance with Sweden is every day becoming less irksome. Sweden and Norway are more naturally allied by nature than Norway and Denmark, and better able to resist the

designs of other powers; and as Norway discovers that her laws and religion and constitutional privileges remain inviolate, she relaxes in her dislike to an arrangement by which she is in no respect a sufferer. I would fain hope, that some alteration may again restore to Norway the benefit of her English trade, which was, in 1807, more than four-fifths of the tonnage of her whole exports.

The climate of Christiania is better than that of any other part of Norway. Christiania lies in latitude 62 degrees north of the most southerly part of Norway, and is neither subject to the winds which assail the southern coast, nor the rains which are prevalent along the whole of the western coast, from Stavanger to Drontheim. The Fiord, at the head of which Christiania stands, and which is about sixty miles in length, has a considerable effect in moderating the extreme severity of winter, without adding more to the moisture of the climate than is sufficient to increase the fertility of the land. By comparative observations made at Bergen, Drontheim, and Christiania, it appears that the cold is more intense during winter, and that the winter is of somewhat longer continuance at Christiania than at Bergen, which lies nearly in the same latitude; but upon the North Atlantic Ocean, and that at Christiania, the thermometer generally falls as low during some part of the winter, usually in January, as it does at Drontheim, which lies two degrees and a half farther to the north; but that the winter at Drontheim is of longer

continuance than at Christiania. During at least two months in the year, the main branch of the Fiord is frozen about one-third of the distance from Christiania to the sea; and all the smaller branches which stretch from the sides, are frozen for a considerably longer time. The harbour of Christiania is locked up generally between three and four months; and the ships are still ice-bound, when the country around Christiania has begun to exhibit strong appearances of spring. Stoves begin to be lighted in Christiania about the middle of September, and cannot be dispensed with until the middle of May.

Of the summer climate of Christiania I have already spoken; and it will perhaps be acceptable to the reader to annex a statement of the thermometer at noon, during the fifteen days I remained in Christiania.

July	6.	76°
——	7.	78
——	8.	74
——	9.	73
——	10.	77
——	11.	79
——	12.	82
——	13.	78
——	14.	71
——	15.	75

Before finally dismissing the subject of climate, I

shall throw together a few recollections of the winter residence I have alluded to.

In that year, the snow began to fall on 25th October, and continued upon the ground without the least indication of thaw, until after the 15th of April. Betwixt the 25th of October and the middle of November, there was a preponderance of snowy days, but from that time, during nearly four months, the days upon which snow fell did not average more than one in fourteen; the intermediate days were uniformly cloudless. This was considered a remarkably long winter, some appearances of thaw being usually observable about the middle, or towards the latter end of March. During the whole winter I made a practice of walking out daily, when the state of the ground permitted this kind of exercise; and although the thermometer often stood considerably below *Zero*, I never found any difficulty in keeping myself warm by quick walking, and frequently overheated myself by running backwards, or by leaping, or running in the usual way. The air meeting the face cannot be borne during the more intense frosts.

Excepting while the snow is falling, and for a very short time afterwards, foot-exercise need never be interrupted from the state of the ground; because, immediately after the snow has ceased, the snow-plough is used. This implement, I presume, the reader already knows the nature and purpose of. It is used not only in the neighbourhood of houses to form a foot-way, but upon the main roads, to cut a

passage for sledges. An ordinary-sized snow-plough is worked by nine men, and it is considered a very laborious occupation to work it; but as the force is applied behind, a greater number cannot act effectively. Without this machine, it would be impracticable to travel in Norway during the winter, nay, even to stir out of doors. The operations of the snow-plough contribute in some degree to heighten the temperature, owing to the walls of snow which it throws up on both sides, screening the path it leaves in the middle.

Although I have never found any difficulty in keeping myself warm by exercise on foot, during the coldest of the bright days of a Norwegian winter, I cannot extend this admission to any other kind of exercise. In a sledge especially, the traveller may wrap himself up as he will, but all his precautions will be ineffectual against cold; the piercing air will search him out through all his coverings, and the greater the velocity with which he travels, the keener will the cold be felt. There is one thing indeed, a constant attendant upon sledge-travelling, that in some degree helps to keep the traveller warm—he is every now and then overturned. When the snow has lain for some time without a new fall, the roads get extremely rough, the hollows formed by the vehicles and the horses' hoofs, growing gradually deeper, and from the extreme swiftness with which the sledges fly over the snow, it is impossible to avoid the inequalities; but no traveller complains of being thrown among the

soft snow; these little incidents only raise a laugh, and circulate the blood. As some little illustration of the degree of cold, I may mention, that if the traveller, tired with looking at the white snow, should shut his eyes, he will in a few moments discover that he is unable to open them without the assistance of his hands, the eyelids being frozen together.

When speaking in a former part of this chapter, of the splendour of night in the high latitudes, I omitted to mention the extraordinary brilliancy of the stars and planets. Jupiter seems like a little moon; and when the greater moon does not eclipse his light, he casts a very perceptible shadow.

The first winter one passes in Norway, the transition from winter to spring is looked forward to with dread. When we see around us the accumulated snows of winter heaped upon the earth; when we call to mind the quantity that has fallen, and recollect that not one flake has melted, we are apt to expect something like a second deluge, and to believe that weeks will scarcely suffice to clear the earth of its load. But in this expectation we find ourselves most agreeably disappointed. The snow totally disappears in a very few days, nor is there any thing to justify our fears of a deluge. The rivers and brooks, indeed, own the tribute of departed winter; but the land is seldom much flooded, either by the overflowing of the waters, or by the melted snow, unless, in some very low places, the snow has kept the ground beneath it warm, and is quite dry and ready for the reception of mois-

ture; for it will be recollected, that before the snows of winter fall, the ground is not saturated as in England, by the heavy and continued rains, that in the more temperate latitudes always follow the decline of autumn. I now return from my winter recollections; but of these I shall always avail myself incidentally, wherever they can illustrate or diversify the observations made during my present journey.

There are not many places in which one may live cheaper or better than in Christiania. The only article of luxury that will be found expensive, is the keep of a horse; but every kind of edible is abundant and cheap. The following are the prices of some of the most common articles of food. Mutton from 3*d.* to 4*d.* per lb. Beef, 4*d.* to 5*d.*; butter, 8*d.*; a capon, 8*d.*; a hare, 4*d.*; a pheasant, 1*s.*; a wild duck, 6*d.*; a cock of the north, 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.*; eggs, three dozen, 1*s.*; but the price of these necessarily varies with the season; salmon, 1*d.* and 1½*d.* per lb.; sea fish, still less; apples of the best quality, 8*d.* per 100; 5*d.* for those of an inferior quality. French brandy, 1*s.* per bottle; common brandy, 6*d.* The game in the markets (for they have no game laws in Norway) is always abundant, and one of the cheapest articles of food. They have many kinds of game which I have not mentioned above, because I am ignorant of their prices, such as woodcock, partridge, snipe, ptarmigan, &c. The varieties of wild duck are very great, and these are often so plentiful as to be sold at 6*d.* per pair. Vegetables, while in season, are as cheap as

every other article of food; but during eight months in the year, the vegetable calendar is reduced to the roots which are capable of being stored. House-rent is also reasonable, though, for the most part, persons reside in their own houses. An English gentleman holding an official situation, rented a house in Christiania, as large as one of those in Harley Street, London, for which he paid about 20*l.* There was also attached to it a large stable, a coach or gig house, and a garden of at least half an acre.

While in Christiania, I visited the prison, and also the asylum for the insane. In this metropolitan gaol, I found scarcely as many prisoners as may be usually confined in the county gaol of Rutlandshire, and none for offences against game laws, the most fruitful source of *our* crime, and the feeblest of our protections to property. I found three prisoners in solitary confinement for a long term of years; one for setting fire to 'is master's stack-yard; another, for a kind of piracy; and the third, for an extensive breach of trust —a crime which, in some countries, they have the good sense to consider quite upon an equality with robbery. A few prisoners for minor offences were also confined separately, and were without employment of any kind. For my own part, I am well convinced that no mistake can be greater than that of supposing, that labour, added to confinement, is felt to be any increase of punishment. Even in solitary confinement, the prisoner would rather labour than be idle. Employment breaks the tedium of solitude

and sameness; and, I believe, the conjunction of labour and society at the tread-mill to be one of the poorest inventions of modern times. I also saw ten convicts employed in the useful labour of assisting to *tile* a house. The manner in which the tiles were passed from the ground to the roof of the house was ingenious. The convicts were seated upon a long ladder; one upon every second step; a tile was handed to the person who sat lowest, he passes it with both hands over his head to the person seated next above him, and so on to the roof, so that ten tiles were making their transit at the same time.

Travellers have, in general, been loud in their expressions of horror, at the spectacle so frequently obtruded upon them in foreign countries, of convicts at labour, and have been apt to draw from this a contrast favourable to this country. It is far from my intention to refuse to England the precedence which her institutions have so justly secured to her; but I confess, that the spectacle alluded to has always produced upon my mind an impression precisely the reverse of this, because I have never seen convicts at labour without considering, that if the crimes which they are expiating, by contributing their labour to the public good, had been committed in England, some of their number must already have made their atonement on the scaffold, while others had been turned loose upon society.

In the asylum for the insane, I saw one curious case. The circumstances are these:—A fisherman

was about to be married to a girl residing in one of the villages on the shore of the Christiania Fiord; and the day before that appointed for the wedding, he took his boat to go to his bride's house, to spend the night in feasting, as is the usual custom in Norway. She, accompanied by her parents, came to meet him; and while the two boats were returning together, a sudden squall overset the boat which carried the bride, and she and her parents perished. But the circumstances are only remarkable, from the peculiar character they gave to the insanity of the fisherman. He sat from morning till night upon a small stool, which he fancied a boat, his arms and body constantly in the attitudes of rowing; and if any one appeared at the door, he warned his visitor to beware how he approached, as the water was deep.

The principal burial-ground belonging to the city lies about half a mile from it. There, as in *Père la Chaise*, I found the tombs strewn with flowers, many of them newly gathered. There is to me something consolatory in a visit to a cemetery, where I find at every step the record of existing ties between the living and the dead. In England, when we enter a churchyard, and see the moss-green tombs, and the long grass that almost conceals them, nor perceive any trace of a living footstep near the grave of the departed, we are apt to say to ourselves, "So shall it be with us. Death brings oblivion to the living, as well as to the dead;" but when we see the graves of those who have been many years separated from

the living, strewn with the flowers of yesterday, we have evidence that death has not altogether dissolved the ties of affection; and find a melancholy consolation in hoping, that we too may not sleep unremembered. In the neighbourhood of the burial-ground, there is one of those stone crosses, with a Runic inscription upon it, so frequently met with on the Norwegian coast.

Before concluding these miscellaneous remarks, I would notice one or two errors into which Dr. Clarke has fallen. Some apology seems to be necessary, for calling in question any statement made by that learned and most intelligent traveller; and I need scarcely say, that in nothing relating to science, or to matters that came under his personal observation, should I be justified in offering the smallest correction; but, in any thing wherein my own observation is at variance with what Dr. Clarke seems only to have gathered, I feel myself at liberty to make my own statement. I allude particularly to the information given by Dr. Clarke, as to the manner in which the lower orders in Norway live. The food of the better class of labourers, Dr. Clarke says, "consists of black rye-bread and salted butter, or cheese, for breakfast; and boiled barley and a herring, or some other fish, with beer, for dinner. Once a week, and sometimes twice, they have fresh meat. The common people, in general, live nearly in the same way, only not quite so well; instead of beer, they have sour milk." I might content myself, in refutation of this,

with quoting the following sentence from another page in Dr. Clarke's work, where he says, "By all that we can hear or see, the lower orders appeared to live as well as those in England." If so, the better kind of labourers in Norway do not live as Dr. Clarke states above; but as this is a thing that has repeatedly come under my own observation, I must be allowed to state what I know to be the fact. The lower orders certainly eat black rye-bread, but so do all ranks. Rye-bread is universally preferred to wheaten bread; and over the whole of Norway, and in Denmark also, black rye-bread is the bread generally used; and, besides cheese and butter for breakfast, the lower orders have fish and excellent milk. At dinner, the peasant has as much fish as he can eat, and not unfrequently game. In the winter season, the stranger will scarcely enter the cabin of a Norwegian peasant, without finding some part of a hare, either frozen or cooked; and, in the mountainous parts, ptarmigan and other wild fowl. But I am speaking of the very lowest orders. I now come to the better kind of labourers, or farm-servants, who Dr. Clarke says have fresh meat once or twice a week. The farm-servants in Norway are more dainty than they are in England;—fish they have once, sometimes twice a week, and this is great variety, and cooked in various ways, and always with a plentiful accompaniment of potatoes. I well recollect the housekeeper in a farming establishment (with the proprietor of which I was then residing) coming, one

Monday morning, into the breakfast-room, to consult with her mistress as to what the labourers should have for dinner. Fish and potatoes were proposed; but to this the housekeeper objected, saying, that on the previous *Friday* the farm-servants had dined upon fish and potatoes, and they would not be pleased at so speedy a repetition of the same fare. By Dr. Clarke's expression, "a herring, or some other fish," one would suppose, that the Norwegian labourers were stinted in quantity; but this is far from being the case; fish is too abundant to make the economy of it any object; and, besides the common modes of boiling or frying fish, fish-soups of various kinds, and of the most savoury description, always form part of a fish-dinner. Dr. Clarke seems to have received his information upon those matters which did not come much under his own observation, from the well-known Baron Anker; but when the Baron states that he is in possession of a horse which can trot seven English miles in a quarter of an hour, one is apt to receive the communications of the Baron with some little mistrust. I shall not enlarge here upon another error of Dr. Clarke's, with respect to the state of morals and religion, because I have already dwelt at some length upon this subject. Dr. Clarke speaks very favourably of the morals of the people, particularly of the lower orders, (without distinguishing between the inhabitants of town and country); and also states, that there are no sects in Norway dissenting from the establishment. Upon these points, I shall only refer

the reader to the observations in a former part of this chapter.

I have paused for a little in my personal narrative, in order that I might throw together, under the general head of "Christiania," such miscellaneous observations as I have made from time and time, upon the country and its inhabitants, particularly during the comparative leisure of a three weeks' residence in the capital, part of it prior, and part of it subsequent, to the journey into Osterdal, which forms the subject of the next three chapters. I now return to my narrative.

I left Christiania the morning after my arrival in it, with the intention of passing a week or two with a family, resident half a Norwegian mile from Drammen. I travelled in a hired cabriolet with post-horses, and left my hotel at six A. M. At first, the road skirts the Christiania Fiord, and gradually ascends, until it reaches the elevation called Paradise Hill, so named from the enchanting prospects that opens from it. The valley of *Lier* lies below, uniting in itself all that we admire in the richest of our English vales, with the picturesqueness of a Tyrolese landscape, and the cheerful tokens of living industry that distinguish the plains of the Northern Netherlands. The drive from Paradise Hill to Drammen is not to be surpassed. If the traveller had never seen any other part of Norway, he would imagine Norway to be the most populous, the most abundant, the most highly favoured of the

countries of the earth. I reached Drammen about two o'clock, and immediately proceeded to the house of a merchant to whom I brought a letter from England, for the double purpose of delivering my credentials, and of making inquiries respecting the road to my friend's house. Here, I received the intelligence that the family had left this part of the country to visit a relation in *Osterdalen*, and that they were not expected to return until the latter end of August. A little consideration convinced me that I had nothing to regret in this intelligence; for by following my friends to Osterdalen, I should have better opportunities of becoming acquainted with the domestic economy of the native families, and of observing the superstitions and other peculiarities of the country, than if my visit had been confined to the southern part of Aggerhuus. I accepted an invitation, however, to remain at Drammen the following day, and make one of a party to a salmon dinner, at the country-house of a gentleman to whom I was introduced.

This evening I strolled about three miles down the valley of the Drammen Fiord, and returned delighted with the charming country, and the striking prospects seen on either side of it. I inquired which was the house of my relative, and almost regretted, when I saw the enchanting situation in which it stood, that I had to make a journey into Osterdalen. The Fiord is from half a mile to a mile wide; the picturesque and wooded banks, rising about three hundred feet high, recede nearly an English mile on both sides of

the water, leaving two stripes of rich land, laid down in pasture and corn-fields, finely diversified with wood, and thickly scattered with farm-houses, villas, and cottages.

The reader probably knows, that Drammen is the common appellation of two towns united by a bridge, called separately Bragernaes and Stromsöe, but taking the name of *Drammen*, from the river which forms the gulf of the same name. The town contains about seven thousand inhabitants, and was formerly a place of some importance in the timber and iron trade. The same causes, however, which have destroyed the trade of Christiania, have injured the prosperity of Drammen.

The party to the country consisted of twelve, and was conveyed in two carriages, and four horses to each. The circumstances of this excursion have left little recollection behind; and when I tell the reader, that forty bottles of *Bourdeaux* made into bishop, were drunk by twelve persons, my forgetfulness may possibly be attributed to a wrong cause; and indeed, if I had taken my twelfth part of these forty bottles, it would scarcely have been consistent with the veracity of a traveller to have denied the accuracy of the conclusion. This was the deepest debauch I have seen in Norway. When the time arrived for returning to Christiania, there was not, with the exception of myself, a single individual capable of sitting upright, much less of taking the reins. Never did a more inexperienced coachman

than myself assume the guidance of four long-tailed mettlesome steeds; but there was no choice. My carriage took the lead, and the other, without a driver, followed close behind. To regulate the pace of the horses, I soon found to be beyond my power; but as the road was broad, and as we met no vehicle, it was no difficult matter to guide them. We galloped the whole way (nine English miles) to Drammen, and the horses stopped of their own accord at their master's gate.

Next morning after breakfast, I left Drammen to return to Christiania, where I arrived before dinner. I remained in the capital ten days, waiting a reply to a letter I had written to my friends in *Osterdalen;* and on the eleventh day, having received sufficient directions for my route, I prepared to leave Christiania.

CHAPTER II.

Journey to Osterdalen—Rapidity of Travelling—The Miosen Lake—The Fertility of its Shores—Stor Hammer—Amulet against Disease—Itinerant Doctors—The *Glommen Elv*—Its importance to Norway—The *Stor Soen Gaard*—Description of the House—Manner of Living in Osterdalen—Norwegian Cookery—Condition of the Norwegian Ladies—Distinctions in Rank—Details of the Domestic Occupation of the Females—Illustrative Facts—Female Acquirements—Visiting in Norway—A Sunday Party—Recollections—Norwegian Appetites—Boating—Skill of the Ladies in this Accomplishment, and an Example of it—Character of the Lower Classes—Norwegian Servants—Illustrative Anecdotes—Houses of the Peasantry—Extraordinary Ingenuity of the Natives—The Occupations of a Peasant—Education—Crops in Osterdalen—The Feathered Tribe.

From the inquiries I had made, as well as from the information derived from the map, I estimated the length of my journey to Osterdalen at about 140 miles: and I allotted four days to its completion. The instructions I had received were, to proceed along the shore of the Lake Miosen as far as *Vang*, and then to diverge to the east, until I should reach the *Glommen Elv*, up whose bank a road would conduct me to Elvedal, upon the skirts of Osterdalen, where I should be able to obtain further directions.

I left Christiania between five and six A. M., in a small post-chariot, with which the kindness of a friend supplied me, and which I meant to leave until my return, at the southern extremity of the Lake *Miosen*. The traveller in Norway will always find his advantage in commencing his journey at early hours during the summer season. In many of the more southern countries, the early morning chills are unpleasant, but in Norway such are unknown during the two or three summer months; for, as I have elsewhere observed, the interval between the setting and rising of the sun is so short, as not to permit the atmosphere to cool. The traveller who journeys post upon any of the great roads in Norway, and who sets out betimes, may, if he pleases, accomplish a distance of a hundred miles; or he may finish a forty miles' journey by noon, and thus secure one half of the day for observation. For my own part, I always feel elated when I have travelled forty or fifty miles by twelve or one o'clock, knowing that half the day is yet left to be occupied as fancy may dictate,—perhaps in climbing a neighbouring hill, perhaps in rowing upon a lake, or angling in a brook, or lying in a wood, or dancing at a village-feast.

From Christiania to the foot of the *Miosen*, the road lies the whole way through a fertile, well-cultivated, and well-peopled country, not quite so fully clothed with wood as most of the other parts which I had seen, but amply making up for this

deficiency in the greater quantity of land under tillage, and the indications every where visible of abundance and industry. Many of the valleys through which I passed, presented as rich harvest prospects as any that are to be seen in Wilts or Somersetshire.

It was scarcely yet noon when I reached the southern extremity of the Miosen, and stopped at a small place situated close to the bank of the *Vormen Elv*, where that river issues from the lake. The Miosen is the largest of the Norwegian lakes, extending nearly eighty miles from N. by W. to S. by E. and varying in breadth from one to ten English miles, but for the most part not exceeding from two to three miles. The Miosen varies much in its depth; but it is, upon the whole, shallower than most of the other Norwegian lakes. The depth in the lower part is not more than forty fathoms, often much less; but, in the upper part, it has been found to exceed a hundred fathoms. But even this is nothing in comparison with the depth of the other lakes, particularly of the *Famund Soe*, which is reputed to be unfathomable, —a distinction always allotted to the deepest lake in every mountainous country. The *Miosen Soe* is, among Norwegian lakes, what Winandermere is among the English lakes, the largest, the shallowest, the most beautiful, but the least picturesque. On many parts of the eastern shore, the banks slope gently backward, rich in fertile beauty, and

dotted with the habitations of the farmers and peasantry. The soil is of the finest kind; and the timber scattered over the fields is all of the most luxuriant growth, and includes every species of tree that is found in more temperate latitudes, with the exception of the beech. That part of Hedemarken which is bounded on the west by the lower half of the Miosen, is indeed one of the richest in Norway; and the traveller who journeys through it cannot fail to be surprised, not merely at the fertility of the soil, and the luxuriance of the crops under the sixty-first degree of latitude, but also with the comfort and competency that are every where visible in the dwellings of the peasantry.

From the southern extremity of the lake I might reach *Vang*, situated about forty miles above, on the eastern bank, by two routes; one across the *Vormen Elv*, skirting the eastern shore; the other up the western bank, across the lake to *Vang*. The latter road is practicable only to the horseman or the pedestrian. I resolved to go by this road, and to return by the other.

The remainder of the first day I passed at this place, which I think is called Minde, and found the station not wanting in comfort. Of eatables, indeed, there was at first rather a scanty supply. Dinner consisted of fish soup only; but at supper-time, some excellent broiled mutton was placed before me.

Next morning I left the station on horseback,

with a small portmanteau buckled before me, leaving the carriage in charge of the host until my return. My ride was charming; the breadth of the lake, in the earlier part of my journey, not exceeding two miles, permitted a distinct view of the beautiful and variegated banks on the other side, finely contrasting with the broken and more elevated shore along which I travelled; while the stirless water lay like a sea of silver between them. At one in the afternoon I reached a hamlet nearly opposite to an island, and at the widest part of the lake, where I found no difficulty in hiring a boat to carry me across the lake to *Vang*, a distance, as they said, of a Norwegian mile and a-half (10½ miles English). The lake, however, did not seem to me more than eight miles across; but Vang is situated at the head of a narrow bay or creek, which runs at least a mile and a-half back from the main waters of the lake.

As I had two rowers, I made rapid way, and soon reached the island, along the shore of which we coasted for more than a mile. This is the only island on the *Miosen Soe*, and is, I think, about the same size as Curwen's Island on Winandermere. In about three hours after leaving the western bank, we landed on the other side, after a voyage, which the enchanting views and the charming weather had equally contributed to render delightful.

On the banks of the Miosen, and not far distant

from *Vang*, we are told that the city of *Stor Hammer* formerly stood. It is said to have been more than a Norwegian mile (7 English) in circumference; and to have contained, besides a palace and a cathedral, many churches, monasteries, and other public edifices. It is now more than four hundred years since its site has been pointed out by any thing but tradition. It is said to have been first ravaged by disease, and finally to have been destroyed by fire in the fifteenth century. Being assured that no vestige of the city remained, I did not visit the spot where it formerly stood.

At Vang, I had an opportunity of remarking a strange superstition of the natives, respecting the prevention of disease. I observed, that a girl who waited upon me wore a piece of white paper of an oval form upon the breast, suspended by a string round the neck; and upon inquiring the cause, I was told that a contagious eruptive disease had been prevalent in the neighbourhood, and that this was considered an effectual preventive. But it is scarcely to be wondered at that people should rely upon fanciful remedies, where it is difficult to obtain any that are real. In Norway there are itinerant physicians, as in other countries there are itinerant merchants, because the wants of any particular spot could not afford regular employment to a medical man. These travelling doctors journey on horseback, and carry along with them a stock of drugs,

and other implements of their trade; and it is very rarely that one of them arrives at a remote village, without finding something to do in almost every house. The doctor's appearance is a signal for every one to consider what need he has of him; a few perhaps have disease, and the rest fancy it. Nor is it to the cure of disease only, that the doctor's power is supposed to extend; he is supposed to possess also some power over future events; and nearly as many applications are made to him in his capacity of seer, as in that of physician. It is not improbable that these drug-merchants encourage the belief that there is a charm in white paper, considering it perhaps one of the least formidable rivals of their own skill.

It was not much after sunrise when I left Vang. My road now diverged from the *Miosen*, my object being to reach Glommen, distant not more than twelve miles from Vang, and then to follow the road which skirts the river up to Elvedal, which I had reason to think was not more than ten miles from my destination. The road from Vang led me through a fine diversified country, mostly under cultivation, and not thinly peopled; and before seven o'clock I reached the Glommen, here a fine majestic stream, at least two hundred yards broad, although not less than two hundred miles from the sea. Finding, at the post-station on the east side of the river, that I might have a carriage, I resolved to attempt reach-

ing my destination that day, which, if not more than sixty miles, there could be no difficulty in accomplishing.

The road up the side of the Glommen I found uniformly excellent, and the views upon the river varied and picturesque. This is one of the great roads from Christiania to Drontheim, by way of Rooras. I was now in Osterdalen; the country was becoming more mountainous, more woody, and consequently less cultivated; and as I still proceeded northward, the river flowed between steep elevated banks, while before me, and to the east, I occasionally caught glimpses of snow-capped mountains, as lofty as any that I had yet seen in Norway. I travelled with three horses, and therefore whirled rapidly along, too much occupied with the hope of meeting those from whom I had been long separated, to pay minute attention to the objects around me. I trust the reader will accept this as an apology for passing rather hastily over this part of my journey, The Glommen does not, like the Rhine or the Danube, force upon the mind a crowd of historical and romantic associations; its waters have seldom been reddened by the blood of contending armies, nor do we see in it the disputed boundary of empires. But the Glommen is yet not without its claims. It is the greatest river in Scandinavia; its course is not less than three hundred miles. From the heart of this great northern continent, it opens an easy communi-

cation with the sea, and, through its means, the riches of the interior, the Norwegian fir, is borne from its native solitudes, to be applied in distant lands to the wants and luxuries of mankind.

I reached *Elvedal* between four and five, and had no difficulty in being immediately provided with a guide and a horse to the *Stor Soen Gaard*, i. e. the house of the Storlake, so called by way of distinction. The distance not being more than a Norwegian mile, there was ample time to finish my journey before nightfall. I therefore rode leisurely forward, with my guide trotting by my side: the sinking sun poured a flood of golden light upon the dark pine woods and pinnacled rocks that jutted out from among them, and crowned with a rosy glory the snowy summits of the eternal hills. As I rode forward a lake came in view, winding far among the forest glades, until it seemed lost among fantastic rocks that might be mistaken for ruins, towering majestically up, and leaning in fine relief upon the evening sky. In another half-hour I reached the *Stor Soen*; and just as the sun had left all to the sombreness of evening, save the spiral tops of the trees that crowned the heights, I found myself within a few hundred yards of the habitation where I expected to find a hearty welcome, and well-known faces; in five minutes more I had received the one, and recognised the other.

The house where I had now taken up my residence for two or three weeks, may be considered as a fair sample of those dwellings which are the ancestral abodes of the old Scandinavian families, and which are either inhabited by their descendants, or by those whom they have been transferred by purchase. The building united the convenience of a mansion, with the strength of a castle; it was irregular, though square; turrets reaching above the elevation of the roof, flanked the corners; and the windows, excepting one in the centre of the building, were narrow and deeply sunk in the wall, and each was surmounted by rude carvings in stone, intended to represent the heads of bears, wolves, stags, and other animals indigenous to the country. A high stone wall encompassed the building, comprehending a large court in front; and a gateway of the Saxon form—over which stood, with extended wings, an uncouth representation in stone, of an eagle with a fish in its beak—opened upon the lake. Such was the exterior of the *Stor Soen Gaard.* The interior was commodious, though partaking in some degree of the inconvenience of every old house. The stairs were narrow and steep, and the rooms in general dark, owing to the thickness of the walls; but I scarcely ever entered a room that I should prefer to that used as the dining-room; it was forty feet long, by thirty broad, the walls entirely cased with wood in panels, and the doors beautifully carved. From the colour and beauty of the wood, I should have

mistaken it for oak, but that no oak grows in this part of Norway. Five windows opened upon the lake, while from two windows at one end, a fine cataract, seventy or eighty feet high, was seen, and beyond it the summits of a hundred hills, rising above the deep forests out of which they seemed to grow.

I shall not present the reader with a diary of my residence here, but shall note down such incidents and personal observations as may tend to throw light upon the character and customs of the people; adding, to my own observations, the result of those inquiries which I made respecting the superstitions and other peculiarities of the country, from those who were well qualified to answer them.

Our general mode of life may be taken as a sample of the manner in which that class of Norwegians live, who hold the same rank in Norway as our higher classes of merchants, our most distinguished professional men, or our landowners of 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* a year do in England.

Coffee was ready in the breakfast-room at seven, or earlier. Every one drank two small cups; but no bread, nor any other thing, was eaten along with it. At about half-past eight, breakfast was served. It consisted of cold meat and game, sliced sausages of various kinds, bread, *Gammel Orske* cheese, butter, potted fish, coffee, wine, and cogniac. The bread was of three kinds; the common sour bread of the country, which I have already said is liked by all

ranks : a sweetish rye-bread, with carroway seeds, to me extremely palatable ; and wheaten-bread, which was baked once a week. The last, however, was not used by the family unless when visitors, accustomed to wheaten-bread, were in the house,—an occurrence somewhat rare ; nor, indeed, is it considered any luxury by the natives, who seem universally to prefer rye-bread. All kinds of meat are cut for breakfast by the Norwegians into very thin slices, which are put between pieces of bread and butter. Dinner was served at one o'clock. This is a very tedious meal in Norway, for only one dish is placed upon the table at one time. The following is a specimen of a Norwegian dinner :—Soup is invariably the first dish ; and in this article of food, the cookery of the Norwegians is extremely *recherché*. They make soup of every thing ; of meat, especially game ; of vegetables alone ; of vegetables and meat ; and of fish. It is upon this last soup that the cook exhausts her art. In every kind of soup there are a number of balls, made of a hard biscuit, like an English rusk, crushed, and mixed with butter, beat eggs, milk and nutmeg. Without these balls, a Norwegian would consider his soup to be uneatable. If the soup be of meat, fish is the next entry ; but if it be fish soup, then fish is omitted. Roast meat follows, accompanied by a great variety of vegetables, pickles, and preserves. Among the former are generally peas, prepared as I have detailed in a former chapter, and cauliflower stewed in

cream and seasoned with nutmeg. All vegetables are prepared for the table in a very artful manner; they are never seen in their natural state. Cream is the universal sauce, and many other kinds of seasoning, besides nutmeg, are mixed with it. Of pickles and preserves there is always a great variety at a Norwegian table. This will not seem remarkable, when I come to speak of the occupations of the Norwegian ladies. After roasted meats game follows —never of less than two kinds; one soup generally being some species of wild-duck; and the other, woodcock or pheasant. Puddings and pastry are not much in vogue; but various kinds of sweet-cake are brought upon the table, along with the dessert, which, in summer, comprehends every fruit, excepting the peach, known in more temperate latitudes. Immediately after dinner, coffee is introduced—tea follows about six, and at nine supper is served. Supper is almost as substantial a meal in Norway as dinner, and is composed of nearly the same materials. I have not only seen roast hare at supper, but roasted mutton, fish, and vegetables.

It will be seen from this narrative, that the business of the table is an important one in Norway; and I may say, with great truth, that in no country in Europe, not even in France, are the natives more dainty; and certainly in no other country are there keener appetites. It has often struck me with astonishment, that a Norwegian, having eaten a hearty breakfast of various kinds of meat at nine o'clock,

can sit down four hours afterwards to the dinner-table, and do perfect justice to the merits of every dish that is brought upon the table.

I should not have detained the reader so long with this culinary detail, had I not considered it a good introduction to some observations of a more important kind.

Eating and drinking is the great business of the Norwegians, the sole occupation of many, and the chief luxury of all; and it is owing to this that the condition of the Norwegian females is so much lower than it is in any other of the European countries. I have heard an English lady, married and settled in Norway, say (not from her own experience, but from what she saw around her) that she would rather be a maid-servant in England, than a *Frou* in Norway. And let me here mention a distinction between *Frou* and *Madame*, which is peculiar to Norway. In all parts of Scandinavia, excepting Norway and Denmark, every married woman may be called *Frou*, *Madame* being a more honourable appellation; but in Norway and Denmark, it is otherwise. There, every shipper's or tradesman's wife receives the title of *Madame*, whereas that of *Frou* is the distinctive honour. Formerly, it was only the wives of noblemen, or superior officers in the army, who were entitled to be called *Frou;* but, by a late regulation, the wives of dignified clergymen, of doctors in medicine, and of persons holding certain offices under government,

are entitled to be so distinguished; and so much is this distinction prized, that I heard of an instance in which a gentleman purchased an office in Copenhagen, that his wife might be entitled to be addressed *Frou*. There is, perhaps, no occasion to apologize for this digression, as it contains some information, the want of which might lead the traveller into an error in etiquette, that might be prejudicial to him. But to return.—Well might the English lady express herself as she did. Women even of the highest rank in Norway are slaves; the greater, indeed, the establishment, the greater the slavery, which is precisely the reverse of the condition of females in England. Whatever the number of servants may be in the different departments of a Norwegian establishment, they are not entirely trusted to in any thing; the mistress of the house is still principal housekeeper, chief laundry-maid, and head cook. The cook-maid in Norway is not intrusted with any of the great operations in the art;—her duties are precisely those of the menial, who, in England, is designated a scullion. If a *Frou* be so fortunate as to have grown-up daughters, her duties are in some degree lessened. In a family with which I had constant intercourse, the two young ladies, *Frökens*, as young ladies of quality are called in Norway, had their alternate weeks in the cooking department; at least half of every day was spent in the kitchen; and she whose turn it was to do this

duty did not take her seat at the dinner-table with the rest of the company, but appeared when dinner was nearly concluded; and then with cheeks that would have rendered rouge superfluous. I have mentioned elsewhere, that the duties of the ladies do not end with the cooking of dinner; the young ladies (if there be any) carry in the dishes, and if there be none, the mistress of the house. They also change the plates, wipe the knives, and perform every other office that is performed elsewhere by servants; but, in Norway, a servant is seldom or ever seen in a dining-room. The Norwegians would, indeed, consider it disrespectful treatment, were they to employ servants to wait upon their guests. In one house where we occasionally visited, and in which there were no young ladies, two farmer's daughters, neatly dressed, always assisted the lady of the mansion to wait upon the company. A Norwegian lady might, indeed, be cited as a pattern to any English servant in the waiting department. She is constantly walking round the table, observing the wants of the guests, and supplying them. Nor does she, in general, partake of dinner with the party, but dines either before dinner is served, or after it is taken away. There is little of the comfort of an English dinner-table in this; but daily custom at length reconciles one to it.

But the duties of a Norwegian lady are not confined to preparing the dinner, and serving the

guests. They have other domestic duties of a still more unfeminine character. When in Norway upon a subsequent occasion, and at a different season, I heard a young lady decline an invitation to pass a week with a friend, because *it was slaughter-time*. What should we think in England of a young lady who should make such an apology? But the apology requires explanation. Late in the autumn, just before winter is expected to set in, the establishment of a Norwegian family (especially if distant from any great market) is a scene of extraordinary activity and preparation; for it is at this time that the winter stores are provided; and this implies, in the first place, the slaughter of a great many animals. Then follow the various culinary operations; the salting of meat, the making of different kinds of sausages, and meat-balls for soup, and black puddings and white puddings, &c. &c.; and for all the various sausages and puddings, the meat is grated, and beaten, and seasoned —operations that require no inconsiderable time and labour. In all these matters the young ladies are the chief actors; so that it can scarcely be wondered at that the Fröken refused an invitation because it was slaughter-time. But these duties are not only performed by ladies of all ranks in Norway, but are considered by them to be agreeable; and this season of slaughter and preparation is looked forward to as a time of more than common amusement. It can scarcely be supposed, that these

habits should not influence the tastes and feelings of the female sex. Every young lady, and consequently every woman in Norway, is a *connoisseur* in gastronomy. There is no subject upon which a stranger will find a Norwegian lady so much *au fait* as in this. Indeed, I do not know any subject upon which a Frou or her daughters will descant with so much interest, or to which they will lend a more willing ear, than to the secrets of cookery, or the merits of a particular dish.

It has been usual to judge of the civilization of a country by the estimation in which the female character is held, and the accomplishments which it is thought necessary that females should possess. If by this test we judge of the civilization of Norway, we shall place it low indeed in the scale of nations. That a woman—of whatever rank—should be a good housekeeper, is the *ne plus ultra* of female excellence. And so essential is this knowledge considered, that if a young lady have not sufficient opportunities at home to become acquainted with the female duties of mincing, seasoning, stuffing, and cooking, she is sent for a time to board in some family where she may have greater facilities of being initiated in these mysteries.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that in all these matters there is a perfect correspondence of opinion between the one and the other sex. Without this, indeed, the domestic *regime* could not

be as it is. In Norway, as in most of the continental nations, young ladies look forward to be, one day, at the head of establishments of their own. But that this prospect may be realized, such an education is necessary as will enable them to regulate their own household affairs, according to established and approved usage. For even if a husband were contented to dispense with the usual accomplishments of a Norwegian wife, no servants could be found qualified to take her duties off her hands. Men in Norway do not in general marry to have a companion in a wife, but to have some one to manage his establishment, and perform those services which he cannot obtain from servants. I recollect hearing a gentleman, with *Von* prefixed to his name, observe one day of a lady to whom he had just been paying a visit, "I call her an excellent wife;" and upon inquiring the grounds of this opinion, it appeared that he had found the lady assisting her servants in washing clothes.

The more I saw of Norwegian society, the less I found to admire in the mental attractions of the females. I speak of their acquired, not of their natural endowments; but, so long as the indulgence of the palate is looked upon as the *summum bonum*, those female accomplishments which tend to secure this will be esteemed the highest. A woman who attends to her household duties—and these begin when she is taught the first rudiments of education—has no longer time to devote to ac-

quirements of a higher order. There is also another cause that contributes in no small degree to blunt those refinements in thought and feeling which, in England, form the great charm of female society—the necessity for being so much in the society of servants, occasioned by the nature of female duties. It is scarcely possible to conceive, that a lady who passes the greater part of every day in the kitchen, should not carry away from it some taint of coarseness, if not of vulgarity. It is only justice to add, that against the character or conduct of the Norwegian ladies I have nothing to allege, either from observation or hearsay. Wives are as faithful as they are in other countries, and daughters as circumspect. And doubtless, were the domestic *regime* of Norway different from what it is, the information of the Norwegian ladies would be as extensive, and their accomplishments as varied, as we find these among the daughters of France or England.

There is one accomplishment, however, in which I willingly admit the proficiency of the Norwegian ladies—they all dance, and dance well. This I already mentioned when speaking of Christiania. But in Osterdalen I had new proofs of the skill of the Norwegian ladies in this department. A mixed party is never assembled in Norway without dancing, which is joined, not by the young only, but by persons of all ages. Every visit that I paid while in Osterdalen concluded with a dance, which was generally kept up

until after midnight. Sunday is a sort of public day in the country. On each of the three Sundays during my stay, I dined and passed the evening with one of the neighbouring families. When I use the word "neighbouring," I mean it to apply to the range of ten or twelve miles—in Norway a common visiting distance. One family, indeed, with which my friends were upon habits of intimacy, resided two Norwegian miles (fourteen miles English) from the *Stor Soen Gaard*. Among the visits which I paid, one was to the house of a gentleman whose daughter had been confirmed; and upon this occasion, a large party was assembled, including the minister who had presided over the religious ceremony. It was a Sunday, and was one of the veriest merrymakings I had seen in Norway. On the dinner, every resource of the culinary art was exhausted. The potations were deep and choice—numerous drinking songs, acting as provocatives; and the evening's entertainment concluded with a dance, in which the clergyman joined as heartily as the rest of the company. In Norwegian parties, there is little intercourse between the ladies and gentlemen; they dance together, indeed, but converse little, and separate immediately after the dance is concluded; and I remarked, at the party I have been speaking of, that although the only handsome girl in the room sat the greater part of the night at the pianoforte playing a waltz, not one gentleman had the gallantry to relieve the tedium of her occupation, by any of those little attentions that in England would have

been eagerly proffered to her. In enumerating the accomplishments of the ladies, I ought to have said, that some of them possess a little knowledge of music; but a few waltzes, imperfectly played, generally exhaust it.

I have many delightful recollections of our little voyages to and from the houses of the neighbouring gentry; for, to visit several of them, it was necessary to traverse the lake, which, for its size, is not inferior in attractions to any of the other lakes in the country. It is scarcely any where more than a mile in breadth, and is about fourteen miles long. Its character is that of wildness and seclusion, the rocks rising to a great height from the water, generally crowned with tall firs; and although there are several houses in its immediate vicinity, yet none of them stand so close to it as to be visible from the water. It was pleasant to skim the bosom of a Norwegian lake with happy, and some familiar faces around one. Many such pleasant voyages do I remember,—some, at noon-day, going to make merry, and to see new things, and new faces,—some, at sunset, returning from our merry-making, raising the echoes with our innocent glee,—and some, beneath the moonlight, when the stillness of the scene, the hushed waters below, the lone moon above, and the tall trees, standing like dark giants upon the rocks, laid the voice of mirth and laughter.

There is certainly something in the air of Norway that acts in an extraordinary manner as a provocative to appetite; for, after residing a few days in Osterda-

len, I ceased to wonder at the ready appetites of those around me. To fast more than two hours at one time, is a feat never attempted in this part of Norway. If, for example, we embarked on the lake, to visit a neighbouring family at dinner, knowing that, in an hour and a half, or two hours at farthest, we should be seated at a substantial and attractive board, sausages, bread and butter, and wine or brandy, were still always taken as stores, and were generally eaten with sufficient relish before we disembarked; nor could it ever be discovered, at the feast that followed, that any thing more substantial than a provocative had been partaken of by the guests. I never recollect even of going to row for an hour upon the lake, without being pressed to take some provision against hunger; and I have frequently had occasion, upon my return, to thank the donor. Boating is not looked upon in Norway as a mere amusement, or a hobby, as it is in the lake counties of England. To be expert in the management of a boat, by oar and sail, is almost as necessary in Norway as to know how to use one's limbs; and it is an accomplishment that every one possesses in perfection. I need scarcely tell the reader, that the navigation of a mountain lake is, in some seasons, hazardous, from the gusts that come through the clefts of the hills; and even in the summer months, a small sail boat, without a skilful pilot, may easily be thrown over. To manage a boat is therefore a necessary piece of education in this country; and even the ladies are in general quite able

to manage a sail and rudder; nor are they indifferent rowers either, with an easy boat and light oars. I was not a little surprised at the first discovery I made of this talent. A young lady, who resided with her family about six miles distant from the *Stor Soen Gaard*, called one morning, and staid dinner; and I, as in duty bound, walked down to the lake with her, when she took leave. Her boat was moored to a stone; and when I had unfastened the moorings, expecting to see a boatman make his appearance, she jumped into the boat, pushed off from shore, and was soon gliding over the water, under the united impetus of a light air that filled the small sail, and the strokes of two slender oars. But the reader must not fancy he sees another "Lady of the Lake" in her fragile skiff; for, in the first place, the lady whom, out of compliment, I have designated a young lady, was of a *certain* age; and, in the next place, the boat was not a skiff, but a clumsy boat; and the oars, although slender, were yet heavier and larger than any poet ever contemplated putting into the hands of a heroine. To manage a boat is, however, a useful piece of knowledge in Norway, even to a female; and to practise it, seems to me scarcely so unfeminine as to take the reins and use the whip,—a custom becoming every day more general among the ladies of England.

I have mentioned in a former chapter, the obstinate perseverance of the agricultural labourers in every kind of error, and their *unteachable* natures; but it

was during my visit in Osterdalen that I obtained a closer insight into the character of the lower orders. We are told, in geographical books, that the Norwegians are a simple, inoffensive race, extremely obliging, and willing to learn ; but the very opposite of this is the truth. I had personal proof of their great pride, their ungovernable tempers, and their extreme insolence to their superiors. The conduct and deportment of servants is no bad criterion by which to judge of the character of the lower orders. More tact is required in Norway, in the conduct of superiors towards their dependents, than is requisite on the part of dependents in other countries, towards those upon whom they depend. The slightest offence towards a menial will occasion the instant oblivion of the kindness of years ;—respect and obligation will be alike forgotten ; and the servant will immediately leave his or her master, with the absurd, though common Norwegian proverb in his mouth, that "it is honourable to beg." A few facts will illustrate these assertions more satisfactorily than any general observations of mine. The stories are indeed trifling ; but the most trifling facts are worthy of a place in the traveller's journal.

While resident at the *Stor Soen Gaard*, a servant boy cut his leg severely in hewing wood ; and the accident was followed by considerable fever. A person was immediately despatched to Aamodt, fifteen miles distant, to fetch a surgeon. In the meantime, the young man's brother, hearing of the accident,

arrived, and demanded wine to give to the patient, which being, of course, refused, the lad's father then came, and set down by his son's bed-side a quantity of strong brandy, mixed with pepper (in Norway, a sovereign cure for fever), and a large mess of cream-porridge. Having thus administered to the wants of his son, he marched into the room where the family was sitting, and, placing himself opposite to the boy's master, cried out, in a voice choked with passion, "Do you mean to starve my son to death? He did not come here to be starved; but I shall take him away with me;"—and although the boy had lived in the house from childhood, and although the surgeon attended regularly, and paid the greatest attention to the wound, yet, the moment he was able to be removed, his father took him home, without a word of thanks from either, to the master who had brought him up and educated him, and cared for him in sickness. I naturally expressed great surprise at all this—both at the insolent conduct of the old man, and the result; but I was told this was nothing remarkable; instances of the ingratitude of dependents, and of insolence among the lower orders, being of very frequent recurrence; and, in further illustration of this, the following facts were related to me.

One day, a young woman came to the door begging, with a fine child in her arms about three years old. She said she had served as dairy-maid in several respectable families; but that, having married, and her husband having deserted her, she

was now reduced to the greatest extremity. It so happened that the family was in want of a dairy-maid; and although it was, of course, unusual to hire a servant in this way, yet, willing to relieve her necessities, it was resolved to make trial of her, and she and her child were received into the house. Both were treated with the utmost kindness. The woman received wages like the other servants, and was completely clothed besides; the child became a universal favourite, and in two years it was begun to be instructed in reading. But all this kindness failed to awaken any thing like gratitude in the mother. It so happened, that one afternoon the master of the house went into the place where one of the maid-servants was engaged in brewing, and there seeming to be a deficiency of fire, the girl said she was in want of wood, and as she could not leave her business, perhaps her master would be so good as to order one of the servant lads to carry some to her. In returning to the house, he saw the dairy-maid passing through the yard, and took the liberty (for *it is* a liberty in Norway to desire a servant to do any thing out of one particular department) of requesting her to take a little wood to the brewhouse. This was more than a Norwegian servant could bear; it was considered an insult that could not be forgiven; the woman flew into a violent passion, declaring that she did not come to serve servants; that she would not stay another hour, but would go and beg, as she had done before, for that was more "honourable"

than to submit to insult; and suiting the action to the word, she instantly packed up her clothes, dressed her child, and had actually left the house, when the child was brought forcibly back, and the woman consented to stay, in the direct understanding that she should never be so *insulted* in future. But the offence was unforgotten,—upon some slight pretext, the woman shortly afterwards seized an opportunity of leaving the family, and carrying the child along with her. These details are trifling, and relate to homely things; but they, nevertheless, throw more light upon the character of the particular class to which they refer, than the most ingenious suppositions of the traveller, or the most pompous enunciations of the philosopher. From my own observations, as well as from the information derived from natives, and from others who have resided long in the country, I am entitled to assure the reader, that from the foregoing little narratives, he may judge truly of the character of the lower order of Norwegians.

The houses of the peasantry in this part of Norway are far from being deficient in comfort. They have universally double walls on every side that is exposed. There is generally one side, at least, that needs no precaution against the severity of the winter storm, being sheltered by some rock, or elevation, against which the cottage is built. The floors are most commonly laid with wood in its rough state, with a layer of bark above, which makes it even,

and is always dry. Whatever furniture is in a peasant's house, is of his own manufacture. The whiteness and beautiful texture of the Norwegian fir is very favourable to the exercise of the peasant's ingenuity in wood-work. It is very rarely that the peasant fashions even the most common article of household furniture, without beautifying it by carved work. And in the houses of the gentry, I have frequently seen chairs and other articles of furniture, the manufacture of the peasantry, which, in their ornamental parts, would have done credit to the most celebrated furnishing house in London. Smaller articles, such as bowls, the handles of forks and spoons, are often carved with such beautiful minuteness, that I have sometimes thought, when looking at them, that if it were desired to construct in these days a Gothic chapel, which should equal the olden models in the exquisite minuteness of its ornaments, Norwegian workmen would be the most likely to accomplish the task. The Norwegians are certainly an industrious people if left to themselves and their old customs; introduce novelties, or touch their pride, and they are untractable and insolent; but a Norwegian in his own cottage, with his few goats, his cow, his rye-field, his potato-patch, and, above all, his fir-log, is an industrious and an ingenious member of society. One day, you will find him building or repairing his boat; another day, constructing a little cart, or a sledge; a third day, he will be employed making a table, or carving a bowl, or thatch-

ing the roof of his cottage with turf or bark, or making a pair of boots, or mending a jacket, or embroidering a button-hole; or, if not in his cottage, or at the door, he is employed in the culture of his bit of land, or feeding his live stock, or catching fish for dinner. The old proverb, that "necessity is the mother of invention," is well exemplified in the interior of Norway; for the Norwegian finds a use in every production of nature,—the wood, the bark, the leaves of the fir, the elm, and the birch; the moss that carpets the forest, the heath that covers the hills, are all made subservient to the uses of a Norwegian peasant-family,—in the construction of his house and all that is in it,—in fodder for his cattle,—in manure for his land,—in fuel for his hearth,—in materials for tanning and dyeing,—in soleing for his shoes, and even in the distillation of a species of wine; and yet there are no mechanics' institutes in Norway. The Norwegian peasant who has a cottage of his own, and its usual appurtenances, is never seen without occupation; for it is evident, that with the materials around him for exercising the many useful talents, he is in general possessed of occupation for winter and summer,—for long days or long nights must be always at hand. But remove a Norwegian from this state of independence,—let him labour for a master, and receive the bread of his labour, and he will become lazy and obstinate; kindness will be received with distrust, and harshness

resented, because he carries with him into servitude the pride of a fancied independence.

The Norwegian peasant possesses little of that knowledge which in England would be esteemed proof of the "march of intellect." He knows no theory that he cannot practise; but he can practise every thing that is requisite to his comfort. He can build his house and construct bridges, and make his implements of husbandry, and yet he knows no principle of architecture, no problem in geometry, nor the name of any one of the five mechanical powers. He can distil his corn-brandy and birch-wine, and make dye and use it; yet he knows nothing of chemistry. The most useful kind of knowledge in which the Norwegian peasant is deficient, is the "knowledge of God as he has revealed himself in his word." I have already spoken at some length of the state of religion, and the difficulties in the way of its diffusion; and here I had new opportunities of verifying the observations I had made. I found Bibles scarce, and religious knowledge *consequently* at a low ebb. I found very many, however, able to read; and it is, therefore, the more to be regretted, that nothing but the scarcity of Bibles stands in the way of the religious improvement of the people.

Excepting in the absence of some of the forest trees peculiar to the more southern districts, the natural productions of this district, lying between

61° 30′ and 62° 50′, did not appear to me to differ much from those of the districts through which I had travelled from the Naze to Christiania, lying nearly three degrees farther south. We had all garden productions here in equal abundance and excellence, as I had seen them in Christiansand or Christiania. The crops of rye and oats, now ready for the sickle, could not have been more abundant if they had been ripened by the suns of Normandy; and every species of wild fruit that I had seen in blossom on first arriving in Norway, was here almost ready for gathering. I remarked, that in this part of Norway, and I have reason to believe that in all the eastern districts, greater numbers of the feathered tribe, especially of the smaller sorts, are to be found, than in the western parts. I had before repeatedly remarked the great paucity of small birds, but here there was no room for the observation. Blackbirds, of various kinds, were numerous; the whistling plover was often heard; numbers of martens skimmed the lake every evening; and the fields were hoarse with the cries of the corncraik. Every night too, we were serenaded with the frequent cry of the great white owl, a bird extremely common throughout all the mountainous parts of Norway.

CHAPTER III.

Ride to a Forest—The Operations of Felling and Floating Timber—Dimensions of Trees—The Latitudes in which different Trees flourish—Character of Forests in the Southern, and in the Northern Countries—Insects—Directions to Travellers—Ants' Nests—A Bear's Den—Bear-hunting—Uses of the Bear—Description of a Den—Cloudberries and their Qualities—Reception at a Peasant's House—Sweet Soups—Trial by Jury in Norway—Details of a Trial—Night-fishing in the *Reen Elv*—Descriptive Scene—Immoderate Use of Coffee—Agriculture in the North-east Districts—Excellent Health of the Peasantry—State of Medicine—Reflections—Longevity of the People—Their Excesses—Anecdotes—Early State of Norway—Cleanliness of the Norwegians—Political Interests—Zoology—The Beaver—The *Furia Infernalis*, an Anecdote—The Norwegian Elk.

About a week after arriving in Osterdalen, I rode to a forest upon the Glommen, situated about fifteen miles distant from the *Stor Soen Gaard*. My friend, who was the owner of the forest, accompanied me. I felt curious to witness the operations of cutting the wood, and of throwing it into the river; and a large quantity of timber having lately been transferred to the merchant, they were now employed in consigning it to the care of the Glommen. We reached the forest about noon; and, leaving our horses fastened to a rope, the other end of which was attached to an

iron stake sunk in the ground, we walked through the forest about three miles to the bank of the Glommen, where the workmen were employed. Some of them were occupied in felling trees which had not yet been sold; others were striking off the branches of some that were already felled, preparing them for the inspection of the merchant; while a greater number were busied in rolling the logs to the bank, and tumbling them into the stream. The scene was equally curious and novel; and the labourers seemed to me to be wonderfully expert in their different departments. The felling of the larger tree was the work but of a few minutes; the strength and accuracy of the blows soon brought it to the ground. The logs that were rolled to the river, were already the property of the merchant, and were marked, by his directions, at each end; so that, if a log should chance to be broken in its rugged passage, the owner can recognise both pieces at the end of the voyage. The precaution is indispensable, because timber belonging to perhaps twenty different merchants may be floating down the river at the same time, and is all accumulated at the booms that are placed across the stream nearer to its mouth. At these the owners are enabled to recognise their property, and form their timber into rafts. It has occasionally happened that these booms, which are made stronger or weaker according to the rapidity of the stream, have given way before an extraordinary flood, and that hundreds of thousands of logs have

floated out to sea. Contemplating the laborious efforts of the peasants in rolling the gigantic logs to the brink of the river, and seeing them drop into the stream and borne away upon its surface, I could not help contrasting the feebleness of human endeavour with the might of the agents employed by Nature.

Although the height of the Norwegian pine is great, it is not in a Norwegian forest that we must look for the enormous trees that form the theme of the traveller's admiration. The finest pine will not match, in its dimensions, the oaks and elms of the English parks; the attitude of the one, and the great height to which the trunk reaches without putting forth branches, gives to it a majestic appearance. But I could not find any tree that exceeded five feet in circumference round the thickest part of the trunk, and but few of them came up to these dimensions. I had no means of judging, with any accuracy, of the height of the trees; but I am certain that many of them exceeded 120 feet, and, I think, some were considerably higher. The forest of which I am speaking —and indeed the observation is applicable to all the forests of Norway, unless in the very highest latitudes —was not wholly composed of fir, nor was the fir all of one species. Birch and hazel I saw in considerable abundance, and here and there an ash. I scarcely know a more interesting subject of contemplation to the traveller, who journeys northward, than the changes perceptible, every few days of his progress, in the natural productions of the soil, particularly in

forest and other trees. These mark his progress as certainly, and almost as definitely, as an astronomical observation. From the region of the date, the palm and the cedar, the traveller passes into that of the cork, the fig, and the olive; then come the orange, the almond, the ilex, the myrtle; to which succeed the walnut, the lime, the chestnut, and the poplar. Next, he finds himself in the region of the beech, the elm, the oak, and the sycamore; as he journeys northward, these again become scarce, and he meets with the larch, the hazel, the varieties of fir, the pine, the aspen, the birch, and the mountain-ash. The farther progress of the traveller is marked, not by a change in species, but by the more diminutive size of the trees; the pine becomes stunted, the birch becomes dwarfish, till at length they degenerate into mere bushes; and the traveller can no longer mark his progress by the changes in the productions of nature. This kind of observation requires not that the traveller be a man of science; he has only to turn his eyes to the wayside. The botanist may equally mark *his* progress, by the more minute productions of the soil; but I do not know that the one is a more interesting subject of contemplation than the other. I need scarcely inform the reader, that as the variety of forest trees is the result chiefly of the temperature, altitude as well as latitude will exhibit to the traveller the change I have mentioned. He who climbs Mount Etna, or travels among the Pyrenees, may pass, in one day's journey, from the region of the

cork and the olive, to that of the stunted pine and the dwarf-birch; and may see, in his progress, the almond, the chestnut, the lime, the beech, the oak, and the pine, in as great luxuriance as he has met with them in the respective latitudes to which they are indigenous.

The character of a forest seems to me, to vary essentially with the trees that compose it. Some are of a more sombre, others of a gayer character; though I have no doubt, that associations with the country where the traveller journeys has some influence upon this distinction. A traveller in France can scarcely admit the feeling of sadness, it is so opposite to the character of the people, and the general aspect of the country; and in place of gloomy images being created by the deep shades of Fontainebleau, we listen rather for the huntsman's bugle, and almost expect to see issuing from a forest glade, a gay and courtly company of knights and dames, and prancing steeds, and ambling palfreys. But in the north of Germany, and throughout Scandinavia, the only associations that the traveller can have, are calculated to add to the solemn impression which the dark hue of the pine forests would of itself create. In place of recollections of *Jeune Henri* and Gabrielle, and the long line of cavalier monarchs, whose feats in gallantry and war rival each other, and who ruled equally in the forest and in the field, we have only the dim knowledge of mysterious rites, and the wild and monstrous traditions that people the solitudes of the North.

I have never travelled in any country where insects are so little troublesome as they are in England. Go either farther north, or farther south, and the common gnat becomes a mosquito. In the height of the summer season, that insect is a great annoyance to the traveller in the neighbourhood of Norwegian forests; and, I believe, that still farther north, mosquitos are more numerous and more venomous. I would strongly advise every traveller from England to any country, with the single exception of the northern parts of France, to carry along with him a portable bedstead, and mosquito curtains; the former, as a preservative from the most noxious of vermin, which are not, alas! confined to the purlieus of London or Paris, but are found in every habitable place in Europe; the latter as a screen from that plague, which is as intolerable in Lapland as in the islands of the Caribbean Sea, or on the banks of the Ganges; and I think I shall be doing a very acceptable service to the traveller by informing him, with respect to the first of these conveniences, that if he places it in the chamber with the feet touching the floor, he may as well save himself the trouble of having carried it from home. The feet must be placed in the centre of hollow pieces of tin, about an inch deep, and two or three inches in diameter, and these tins must be filled with water, which will effectually stop the progress of any creeping thing from the floor or walls to the bedstead, which is then a citadel surrounded with a moat. With the two precautions I

have mentioned, a traveller may journey from Cadiz to Tornea, and sleep as free of disturbance from bite or sting, as he does in his country-house at home. To rid themselves of mosquitos, the Northern nations fumigate their rooms with the smoke of wood; but to keep the insects out of the room, the smoke must be kept in it; and the one I found almost as inconvenient as the other.

There is also an insect, seemingly of the wasp species, but neither so large nor so bright-coloured, against which the traveller through the northern forests must be upon his guard. After having satisfied my curiosity with the objects I came to the forests to see,—the hewing of timber, and consigning it to the river,—I sat down, along with my companion, to take some refreshment; but in a few minutes started up with the extreme pain suddenly inflicted upon the hand by the sting of this wasp-like insect. Its nest is built in a globular form, attached to a branch; and before the traveller seats himself, he will act wisely in looking upwards, to satisfy himself that none of these nests are hanging above him. He will also be wise in examining whether there be any ants'-nests near; but indeed, besides the propriety of this, as a precautionary measure, it is well worth the trouble, for the purpose of seeing such ants'-nests as are found in the Norwegian forests. An ants'-nest is every where an extraordinary exhibition of living energy; but in this country the congregation of those insects is so much greater than I have ever seen it elsewhere,

and the results of their strength and labour so much more remarkable, that an ants'-nest may be named as one of the wonders of a Norwegian forest. I observed the curious spectacle of two dense regiments of ants passing over a natural bridge, formed by a trunk which had fallen across a stream; it was at a considerable distance from the nest, but these creatures had found out the convenience, and attracted, no doubt, by some treasure of twigs or leaves, had appropriated this bridge to their purposes. As I stood contemplating the endless train of millions that crowded to and fro, I could not help thinking, that if I had one penny for every ant that passed this bridge from sunrise to sunset on one day, I should be the wealthiest man in Europe. One of the woodmen informed me, that one of their number who had inadvertently laid down and fallen asleep, in the neighbourhood of an ants'-nest, had been destroyed by them; but as none of them had known the individual, and as I could learn no particulars upon the subject, I set down the tradition as an idle tale.

Having expressed a wish to my companion to see a bear's den, or even a bear itself if possible, he made some inquiries among the woodmen, two of whom immediately undertook to conduct us to a den; but Bruin himself, they gave us little hopes of seeing. After half an hour's walk, we arrived at the spot; some rugged rocks lay scattered around, nearly concealed by trees and bushes, and about twelve feet above the ground we peeped into a natural cavern

among the rocks, and having satisfied ourselves that there was no inhabitant, we crept in, less, on my part at least, from any expectation of satisfying curiosity, than to be able to say that I had been in a wild-beast's den. There was no chance of meeting with the tenant, as we afterwards learnt from the peasants that, about five weeks before, they had succeeded in shooting one of the cubs, and that the abode was deserted; but indeed, in the latter end of summer, and in autumn, the brown bear has no fixed habitation. The peasants take great pains to discover the retreat of the bear, that they may kill the cubs, which are esteemed delicious eating, and are sold at a high price to the upper classes; and also, that they may destroy Bruin himself. Bear-hunting is extremely lucrative, both on account of the fur, of which handsome cloaks are made, and on account of the oil and grease—the former used in culinary purposes, and the latter sometimes eaten in the country as a substitute for butter, but more frequently made an article of commerce. No part of the adult bear is eaten excepting the feet. I was curious to taste the cub bear, but the season was now past, and at no subsequent time has it happened to fall in my way. It is said to taste somewhat like wild rabbit.

In the den of the bear were a great number of sticks and branches, with which he had no doubt barricadoed the entrance during the winter; but I could discover no remnant of any kind of food,—which indeed it was unlikely I should, as few wild beasts

are dyspeptics. Bruin seemed to have chosen an admirable retreat, on more accounts than one; the seclusion of the place was as great as any reputed robber could desire for concealment; and provender might be obtained without the necessity of going far in quest of it. Many larch-trees grew around, the tender shootings of which are said to be highly acceptable to the bear; a multitude of berry-bearing bushes, almost covered with rocks; and at but a short distance there was a pool of water, which Bruin might either drink of, or bathe in, and in which he might perhaps succeed in catching a fish now and then, a diet which a bear will not reject. And let me not omit to add, that squirrels were running in great numbers up the neighbouring trees, some of whose companions had probably fallen in his way.

The visit to the den, and the occupations of the peasants, detained us in the forest till a late hour, and it was within an hour or two of sunset when we went in quest of our horses, which it will be recollected were left tethered at the skirts of the woods; but when we reached the spot where we had left them, no steeds were to be seen. We had remained absent so long, that the horses, having eaten bare all within the range of the tether, had doubtless made exertions to get beyond it; and having succeeded in this, had made the best of their way home, as the event proved. We were somewhat awkwardly placed; for although the distance

was not more than fourteen or fifteen miles by our morning route, we could not return by the same path, because, without horses, it was impossible to cross a stream which lay in our way, and the distance by another road was at least twenty-two miles. It can scarcely be supposed, however, that my companion could be at a loss in a country which he knew so well; and we accordingly directed our course towards a small village about eight miles distant, where we should be able to find accommodation for the night.

I had not seen a more beautiful evening since coming into Norway. It was the rich August sunset of such an evening, as might dye the bosom of the Mediterranean. The trees, the rocks, seemed as if they had been dipped in liquid gold. On every side, the crimson and yellow fruit of the cloudberry covered the ground; its rich hue, richer still beneath the slanting and glowing rays that were showered upon the earth. A bright purple mantled the sides of the far hills; and their snowy peaks were confounded with the pink and vermilion clouds that were congregated to witness the decline of day. I think I have not before mentioned the cloudberry. It is the favourite wild fruit over all the northern and western parts of Norway, and is eaten either fresh gathered with cream, as strawberries are eaten in Scotland, or is preserved by the upper classes either for pastry, or as a condiment to meat. The lower classes seldom make pastry of the wild fruits,

owing to the expense of sugar, but eat them raw, or with cream, which is never difficult to be procured. The cloudberry is yellow when quite ripe, and then needs no sugar; but it is most palatable when changing from crimson to yellow, and eaten with cream and sugar. At all times, and in all forms, the cloudberry is a delightful and wholesome fruit, much esteemed for its cooling properties, and universally liked for its agreeable flavour. I am surprised, that since the cranberry finds its way into our *cuisine*, the cloudberry, which is much preferable, has not also been exported to England. The reason may perhaps be, that there are more commercial facilities between Britain and the Russian, than the Norwegian ports; and in Russia, cranberries are more numerous, and of a finer quality than they are in Norway. The Russians, too, are more a commercial people, and are more apt to look around for articles of commerce, than the Norwegians are.

It was considerably after sunset, but still a fine twilight, when we reached our destination. We received a cordial welcome at the house of a substantial peasant, under whose roof we passed the night. The day's wanderings, and our evening walk, had well prepared us for the abundant supper to which we sat down, and to which we did most ample justice. Among the dishes upon the table were pancakes, made extremely thin, doubled up, with preserved cherries between them; and a

sweet soup with raisins and wine in it. The Norwegians not only make soup of all kinds of meat and fish, but of many kinds of fruit. A soup much esteemed, is made of fine half-ground barley, and of the consistence of thick cream, into which they put preserved fruit of some kind, generally raisins and cherries. But we had more substantial articles than sweet soup after our day's fatigue; and, in courtesy to our host, who prided himself upon the super-excellence of his corn-brandy, I was obliged to empty the cup more frequently than I had, since supping with the Tellemarken farmer.

A scene, both novel and interesting, awaited me next morning. It is not unfrequent, in the remote parts of Norway, for a peasant who has committed any petty delinquency, to submit himself to be tried by a jury of his peers, and to abide by their verdict; and this morning a trial of the kind was to take place at the little village where we had quartered. The offence was, having, out of malice, broken the fishing-net of a neighbour, with whom the accused had had some quarrel. Six jurors are named by the accuser, and six by the accused; and the oldest inhabitant, and, if he will not consent, or should be superannuated, the next oldest, makes the thirteenth; for here, where there are no legal fictions and other legal absurdities, twelve men are not forced to be unanimous, as they are in England. In this case, the trial

took place in the open air. The accuser brought one witness, and also gave evidence himself that the accused had cut his net. The accused was heard in his defence, which was, that he had mistaken his neighbour's net for his own, part of which required to be cut away before it could be mended, but that, finding his mistake, he had desisted. The jury, however, taking into consideration that the deed was done at night, that he had a quarrel with the accused, and particularly, that the net (which was produced along with the accused's net) was not cut in such a manner as he would have cut it, had he mistaken it for his own net, adjudged the accused to be guilty, with two or three dissentient voices; and as the jury were also the judges in affixing punishment, they decreed that the accused should make a new net for his accuser. The punishment was certainly a judicious one, because it made compensation to the injured, and fixed upon the guilty person a most irksome task—two ends of punishment, the former especially but little considered in the criminal jurisprudence of England. The punishment was also a direct consequence of the crime, and precisely proportioned to it; for it forced upon the guilty person the very task which he intended, by his deed, to have been performed by the person whom he attempted to injure. This is the grand principle of punishment, the precise apportionment of punishment to crime. Without this, the criminal law of every nation must be defective. The

verdicts of these peasant juries are never disputed. I asked what would be the consequence if they were. "The disputer would be an outcast," was the reply; "no one would eat with him."

This custom, I was given to understand, is very ancient, though it is but rarely that it is resorted to; and indeed, I have mentioned the occurrence just now related to several Norwegians in other parts of Norway, to whom the relation was as novel as it would have been to me, had I never witnessed it. Perhaps the circumstance throws some light upon the history of trial by jury: adding another to the reasons we have for believing, that the institution has been known among the Northern nations long before the wisdom of Alfred could have made us his debtors for it.

We reached our home before noon, and learned that the horses had returned early in the afternoon the day before. The ropes, one of them with the stake attached, being still tied to the horses, it was evident that they had broken from their tethers, and therefore no alarm was excited for our safety.

A few days subsequent to this little expedition, a party was got up to see night-fishing on the *Reen Elv*, a little below the *Stor Soen*. We embarked on the lake about sunset; and after a voyage which song and good cheer, and fine weather and good company, conspired to render delightful, we arrived after dark (for there were now about four hours of darkness) at the appointed spot. The scene did not

differ much from that which I had often seen on the river Tweed, when salmon were harpooned by torch-light; but the more grotesque dress of the natives, their greater numbers, and the wilder character of the scenery on the Norwegian river, rendered the scene more striking than those to which I had been before accustomed. To one who had never witnessed any thing of the kind before, the scene on the Reen Elv would certainly have been most impressive; the groups of half-naked men, some in boats, some standing in the river, some with spears, others with nets, and many with torches. The frowning, gigantic rocks, naked, or covered with wood, the foaming river rushing along,—all, seen in the red glare of numerous torches, furnished a picture worthy of the pencil of Salvator. On many parts of the bank, upon the ledges of rock, and beneath the trees, large fires had been kindled, around which females were standing, employed in cooking fish; and what contributed to render the scene still more impressive, was, the total silence that reigned,—which is necessary, that the fish may not be scared. I was astonished to see so many persons collected in a part of the country which I had thought but thinly peopled; but I was told, that the privilege of fishing by torch-light is not at all times permitted, the larger fish being attracted from a considerable distance, by which the adjoining proprietors suffer some damage; and that, when the right is made open to all, the peasants of the poorer sort assemble from a

considerable distance, some of them being able, in one night, to obtain some hundred pounds' weight, which are potted, and are either kept for winter consumption, or sold to those who are willing to buy them. I was not aware, until this night, that fishing by torch-light was practised for the purpose of catching any fish excepting salmon; and in rowing to the spot, I supposed salmon-fishing to be the intended sport, forgetting that the numerous falls, both on the Reen Elv and the Glommen (into which it runs), prevent the migration of the salmon so far north.

It was one in the morning when the sport ceased. We had brought two tents with us, which were speedily erected, and shortly after we were seated under them, making a luxurious supper of fried and boiled fish, and washing it down with copious draughts of hock. The grey dawn saw the ladies retire to their own tent; and I enjoyed a profound sleep for upwards of four hours, upon a soft skin spread upon the grass beneath the tent.

Upon stepping out upon the bank of the river, about six in the morning, I found several groups of the fish-hunters already stirring. Some of them had not perhaps ceased their orgies all night; for several were evidently much intoxicated, and two or three were lying asleep. Among those who were awake, there were several women drinking coffee; and let me remark here, that coffee-drinking among the Norwegian women is almost as great a vice as spirit-

drinking among the men. Norwegian women, of whatever rank, must have their strong coffee at least twice a day; even although they should be obliged, in consequence, to forego the common necessaries of life, and to keep their children in rags. If coffee, spirits, and tobacco were prohibited in Norway, it would be a richer and a happier country. I have already spoken of the quantity of spirits consumed by the Norwegians, and the great waste occasioned by it of agricultural produce; and I may now add, that, to the lower orders, who do not distil, the cheapness of corn-brandy is a great curse. The use of coffee is prohibited in Sweden. Tobacco, it is said, has lately been interdicted by the head of the Celestial Empire. What country will set the example in prohibiting the use of poison in the shape of cheap spirit? But the decrees of Government, though they may altogether prohibit, have little effect in regulating prices. We returned, after we had breakfasted, our boat deeply laden with a fish cargo; some of the party a little jaded with the exertion, and want of sleep.

Harvest, in warm situations, was now beginning, and I had an opportunity of observing the great superiority of the agriculture in this part of Norway over that of Tellemarken—I think I might almost say, over the greater part of that even in the neighbourhood of Christiania. The ground was remarkably free from weeds, and the crops were uniformly good; not so good indeed as, under a more improved

system of agriculture, they might be made, but yet considerably superior to the crops in many other parts of Norway. This was deserved, from the better dressing of the land, which seemed to have been well cleared of rubbish, and rightly prepared for the reception of the seed; and, from the information which I received, I found such to have been the case. Osterdalen borders upon Sweden; and although in many things the Norwegians greatly excel their eastern neighbours, yet they are more obstinate in error—a modification of pride—than the Swedes; and in this part of Norway it is therefore possible that there may be less abhorrence of improvement, than in those parts of Norway farther removed from the frontier. Wheat is scarcely grown in this latitude. Rye, oats, and barley are the usual rotation; and the land is not, I believe, exhausted by it. The operation of reaping is performed with a short scythe, in the use of which the peasant appears to be expert. The common reaping-hook is also used in Norway. It is surprising that no improvement has been made upon this implement of husbandry. However far behind Britain many countries are in their agricultural implements, we find them all upon a level with us in the instrument used for reaping. Will it be said that this implement, which has been used in its present state from the earliest ages, and which is in use in the most uncivilized countries, is incapable of improvement? It is true, that in Scotland a reaping machine has

been attempted; but it does not appear to have been adopted in practice.

In viewing the Norwegian peasantry at field-labour, one is struck with the sturdy forms and healthy faces that appear there. Of severe ailment the peasant knows little. Constant exercise and pure air keep at a distance many of those complaints that are prevalent among a sedentary population. Common coughs and colds are extremely rare. At no season is one annoyed in Norway by the coughing that in England is a never-failing disturbance, wherever a few persons are assembled during any of the winter or spring months. Rheumatic complaints, although very unfrequent in the interior, I have seen several examples of on the sea-coast, among those who had been accustomed to wade much in water. Notwithstanding the great appetites and daintiness of the Norwegians, and the artificial style of cookery practised among them, indigestion, with its train of evils, is unknown among them. I leave it to the physiologist to determine, whether this be owing to the acquired habit of the stomach, or to the constant exercise taken by the natives, or to the peculiarities of climate. It is certain, however, that the traveller will in vain search the interior of Norway for a dyspeptic; and yet I am well convinced, that the diet of a hearty Norwegian would create such an attack of indigestion in any inhabitant of my own country, as would put him upon a regimen of water-gruel for a month. It is sufficient to add, that a

Norwegian peasant would look upon half a pound of butter as a scanty day's allowance; and that, after eel-soup, he will drink a pint of thick cream, mixed with cloudberries. Cutaneous diseases are not unusual in Norway; for these they generally use unguents of camphor and gunpowder, with what success I cannot inform the reader. For fever, and for every species of indisposition for which there is no definite name, the universal remedy is brandy, with a quantity of pepper in it. A man who resided in the neighbourhood of the *Stor Soen*, was seized with a fever while I was in that part of the country, and died. His brother was asked, if the deceased had got brandy and pepper. "Yes," replied he; "and yet he died."—"Ah," said the brother of the dead man, "if he had only drank it faster, he would have lived." If a man recover from a fever it is the brandy and pepper that has accomplished the cure; —if he die, he has not taken enough of it: and the natural disinclination which is felt by one in a high fever towards such a mixture, tends to favour the delusion that he dies because he does not drink enough.

In looking at the healthy population of such a country as Norway, where diet is not more simple than it is in England, and where excess in eating and drinking is far more general, we are apt to conclude, and seemingly with reason, that works on diet and regimen are less useful than they pretend to be; and that we must look for the differences in

health rather to certain refinements and luxurious indulgences incident to a highly civilized state of society, than to the errors of diet. This may at least apply to the upper ranks. I am certain one may see a greater number of *malades* in the city of Bath in one day, than could be collected from every part of Norway. But if we were to transport a hundred of the inhabitants of Osterdalen to the gaieties of a London winter, with its refinements and artificial habits, though to quite as simple a diet, the change would soon make itself apparent in the enervated frames and languid faces of the Osterdalens. The converse of this I know to be true. I am well acquainted with a person who in this island was a martyr to indigestion. Nothing but the simplest kind of food had been eaten by her for years; and during all that time, not one particle of butter had been tasted. But not many months after a removal to Norway, there was not a trace of dyspepsy left. She ate the same diet, and almost as much, as those among whom she had come; but along with this was coupled Norwegian habits—early rising, early hours, daily and nearly constant exercise. With respect to the difference in the health of the lower orders of Norwegians and English, the close confinement, and unwholesome, or at all events sedentary occupations of the lower classes in England, sufficiently account for the prevalence of disease among the working classes in the English towns and manufacturing districts.

The longevity of the Norwegians is such as might be expected in consequence of their freedom from disease, though a result precisely the opposite would be expected by a stranger, who first sees a Norwegian at dinner and supper. He considers his brandy not only as a luxury, but as a panacea; and he is confirmed in this belief by the excellent health he enjoys, and by the longevity of his neighbours. Hearing of a man who had died at sixty-six, I one day said in company, that he had had a reasonable lease of life. But the astonished faces and exclamations of the guests, some of whom had already considerably passed the grand climacteric, showed me, that their expectations would hardly be satisfied with such a limit. It is certain, that even among the Norwegians who most freely indulge in the use of brandy, it is impossible to discover any of those common indications of intemperance, which in England are easily discernable in the countenances of hard drinkers; and when a Norwegian is toping over his cup of brandy, it is not purely from good fellowship and love of the liquor that he does so, thinking all the while that there is poison in the cup; on the contrary, he conscientiously believes that in every cup there is a drop of the *elixir vitæ*. It is certainly not from any ill effects produced upon the health of the Norwegian, but from the injury done to his pocket, that the use of brandy ought in fairness to be reprobated. Nor does it usually in Norway, as in more southern countries, lead to other vices. The Norwegian,

in his cups, does not seem disposed to change his occupation for fighting, or any species of intemperate folly or vice; and I believe, nothing would more surprise an inhabitant of the sister isle and a frequenter of Donnybrook, than the spectacle of a crowd of drunken Norwegians. Punch is a mixture of which the Norwegian is so fond, that he will drink it even without any view towards the benefit of his health. I recollect dining with a party of Norwegians in Holmestrand, when, after one of the party had drunk as much as he possibly could, "I can drink no more," said he, "but set the bowl under my nose." An anecdote, nearly similar, I have since heard of a navy mess-dinner. A midshipman who, like the Norwegian toper, had exhausted his last swallowing effort, said, "I can swallow no more: but pour it over me—pour it over me." Drinking has always been a besetting sin with the Norwegians. We find in Fieldborg's Translation of Baden and Holberg's "History of Norway from the Earliest Times," that drinking was carried to great excess in the eleventh century; and we read, "to be able to take deep potations, was a distinction affected even by kings, provided they were able to indulge without quarrelling, or abusing their neighbours. In this Cluf Kyrre, a good and peaceable king, succeeded, for he was not ashamed to take a cup too much; but it had no other effect than making that excellent king lively and talkative." As I have mentioned this history of ancient Norway, I shall make the follow-

ing short extract, quoted also by Mr. de Capell Brooke, in his most instructive work upon Lapland, exhibiting a curious picture of the manner in which the Norwegians about court were accustomed to live 800 years ago.

"Already had Cluf Kyrre, the first king of Norway during that period, introduced many new customs, which, from the court, soon extended to private life. Thus he changed his seat of dignity from the bench extending along the wall, to the middle of the room. The former smoke-holes were exchanged for hearths and chimneys. The earthen floors were either paved with stone, or strewn with either green herbs in summer, or straw in winter. Cupbearers *(skutilsvenne)* were appointed to wait upon the king and his guests at table. In the evening were stationed as many *kiertilsvenne*, each with a light in his hand, as they were guests at court. The king had his table, and the *staller*, or marshal of the court, his table, between which was introduced the table on which drinkables were placed. Upon the king's left hand sat the queen and the other ladies of the court. Upon the left hand of the marshal sat the men, and on his right the women. The horns for drinking were disused, and replaced by vessels. Foreign dresses were adopted; magnificent breeches were stringed round the leg, the thick parts of which were encircled by gold rings; the clothes were contracted on the sides into sleeves five ells long, which were so narrow that they required to be drawn on by the help

of an instrument, and lay in folds up to the shoulder. Their shoes were high, sewed with silk, and ornamented with gold. The former inclination of the Norwegians to magnificence universally increased. Silken sails, golden shoes for their horses, cushions of down with silken hangings, silken hoods embroidered with silver, gilded helmets, &c. were almost necessary to those who sought the court. The walls were now hung with silken tapestry; scarlet was used in their clothes; over the coat they generally had a mantle; blue, sometimes red, seem to have been their usual colours." Mr. de Capell Brooke quotes this as a specimen of the "luxury and splendour of those times," and as a "difference singularly striking between the Norwegians of the eleventh century, and the quiet simplicity of the life of those of the present age." I see no such inference from the quotation, as it applies only to the customs of the palace, and gives us no information as to the habits of the natives generally, further than that smoke-holes were exchanged for hearths and chimneys, and that the floors were strewn with herbs—customs still prevalent at the present day.

I found the habits of the natives in this part of Norway superior, in some respects, to those which I had noticed in first coming into the country. In cleanliness of every kind, the natives of the interior excel those of the sea-coast. The vessels of household use, whether of wood or of metal, are invariably seen without a speck. Chairs, tables, and floors are equally

clean; and beds, as far at least as depends upon the natives, cannot be complained of. The linen, too, of all the better class of peasants, is unsullied; and, indeed, in all respects I think the inland parts quite upon a level, in point of cleanliness, with any part of England. In one respect, however, all Norway is upon a level; I mean, in the abominable practice of spitting on the floor; and this, whether it be carpeted or not. But, indeed, uncivilized Norway cannot be condemned on this head, more than civilized France. This every continental traveller will admit. In the north-eastern parts, the houses of the natives are susceptible of being made extremely comfortable, because many of them are prepared for the double comfort of fires and stoves. This is doubtless owing to their vicinity to the western parts of Sweden, where fires, rather than stoves, are made use of; and the districts of Norway which border upon it have imported the custom of the neighbouring country, still preserving the conveniences of their own. It may now be anticipated, that the jealousy which has so long and so virulently existed between Norway and Sweden, will gradually give way to the union of political interests, and that they will mutually import advantages from each other. Were the duties upon Norwegian timber but again framed upon an indulgent scale, the inland parts of Norway would have little interest in mingling in political disputes; nor indeed, have the national jealousies between the two countries ever been so strongly felt in the northern

as in the southern parts. The late union is doubtless more advantageous to Sweden than to Norway, and is therefore likely to be more popular in the one, than in the other country. With Norway, Sweden has the facilities of becoming an important maritime country, from the vast extent of coast which is added to it, and the excellent harbours, for which both the southern and western coast of Norway is so remarkable. The annexation also adds much to the importance of Sweden, as one of the continental powers; not merely from the great accession of territory, revenue, and population, but because, in whatever quarrel Sweden may be engaged on her eastern frontier, there can now be no danger of any attack on the other side.

Before coming into Norway, I felt some curiosity respecting six of the animals said to be natives of the country. These were the bear, the beaver, the elk, the cock of the North, the lemming, and the *furia infernalis*. Of these, I had yet seen only one,—the cock of the North; the bear I had not seen, though I had made free to enter his den; the lemming makes periodical invasions, and for these, I was contented to wait. The beaver, I was assured, is solitary in Norway, and is not to be seen in his character of *citoyen;* and though a solitary beaver might be seen by going in search of him, he possesses no interest unless in community. Two therefore only remained, the elk, and the *furia infernalis*. Let me first speak of the latter. Before going to Norway, I had read

in Dr. Clarke's Travels this passage: "A remarkable circumstance happened to the author, just before his arrival at this place (Sundswall), on the 1st of July. He had been reading the Life of Linnæus in the open travelling waggon as he proceeded on his route; and was giving an account to his companion of the marvellous manner in which that celebrated naturalist had nearly lost his life in consequence of being wounded by a worm, said to have fallen from the air, the *furia infernalis;* expressing, at the same time, his incredulity as to the existence of such an animal, and of course, his disbelief of the fact. At this moment, he was himself attacked in the same extraordinary manner, and perhaps by the same creature. A sharp pain, preceded by slight irritation, took place in his left wrist. It was confined at first to a small dark point, hardly visible, and which he supposed to proceed from the sting of a gnat. Presently it became so severe, that the whole of the left arm was affected quite to the shoulder, which, as well as the joints of the elbows and fingers, became benumbed. The consequence might have been more serious, if he had not resorted to a mode of cure pointed out by the inhabitants; namely, a poultice of curd, to which he added the well-known Goulard lotion, prepared from the *acetate of lead.*" The passage in Linnæus's life, to which Dr. Clarke refers, relates, that while engaged in his botanical pursuits in the vicinity of Lund, a slender worm suddenly darted upon him, and burying itself in the flesh, from which all attempts to ex-

tract it were fruitless, caused so great an inflammation that his life was endangered. The animal is thus spoken of in Lin. Syst. Nat.: "The *furia infernalis* inhabits the vast marshy plains of Bothnia and Finland, where it crawls up shrubs and sedge-grass, and being carried forward by the wind, penetrates suddenly into such exposed parts of men and horses as are not perpendicularly situated. It quickly buries itself under the skin, leaving a black point where it entered, which is soon succeeded by the most excruciating pain, inflammation, and gangrene of the part, swooning and death. This all happens in the course of a day or two, frequently within a few hours, unless the animal be immediately extracted, which is effected with great caution and difficulty, by applying a poultice of curds or cheese, or carefully dissecting between the muscles where it has entered." Well indeed might the animal be termed *furia infernalis*, were such the consequences of the bite; and certainly, had Dr. Clarke been stung by the *furia infernalis* at the moment that he expressed his disbelief of its existence, one would be almost tempted to think that the worm possessed, along with its other infernal attributes, that of knowledge, and had punished the Doctor for his scepticism. Let me now relate what I have seen.

Sitting one day, along with a peasant who had been my guide to a trouting stream, upon a trunk of a tree, in some boggy ground, covered with coarse grass, and here and there a few cranberry

bushes, I saw a very small fly of a grey colour, suddenly light upon the back of my companion's hand, and as suddenly fall off. Immediately after he lifted up his hand, complaining of acute pain; and there appeared a small blackish speck where I had seen the insect alight. He immediately said he was bitten by a worm, and made the utmost speed to reach a house where he might have a curd-poultice applied. The hand and arm swelled and were much inflamed, and the man cried out with the excessive pain. The moment I saw the hand, and heard the man complain of acute pain, and say he was stung by a worm, I called to mind the circumstance related of Dr. Clarke; and from the subsequent symptoms, application, and cure, I could have little doubt that both were stung by the same creature. I am no naturalist; but I have thought it right to relate a fact that came within my own observation, the value of which I leave to be estimated by others. I would only add, that neither Dr. Clarke, nor any one who has had a poultice applied for the purpose of extracting the worm, have said that they *saw the worm when it was extracted.*

I have now only to mention the elk, which I was assured I did see, although I can scarcely say so from my own knowledge.. A few days before leaving Osterdalen, I was roused from a sound sleep one morning about half-past four, by some one knocking at the door; and when I demanded

the cause of the early summons, I was told to rise immediately, and I should see an elk. I required no second summons, but shook off my slumbers, and in a few minutes was at the gate. Several persons were waiting, servants and peasants; for although there was a prohibition against killing the elk, since the union of Norway with Sweden, in the latter of which countries the prohibition originated, yet it appeared by the guns that every one carried, as if the prohibition were about to be disregarded. We walked at a rapid pace about a mile and a-half, when I was told the animal had been seen just behind the limb of a mountain, round the base of which we were now turning. We soon reached the top, and the next moment I certainly saw an animal as big as a middle-sized horse, and of the deer kind, dash across a sloping bank about a mile distant, and disappear behind some cliffs; but that this was the Norwegian elk, the monarch of the North, I have only the assurance of my companions. I think I have seen red-deer nearly as large as the animal that bounded away; but in this part of Norway the red-deer is almost as scarce as the elk.

CHAPTER IV.

SUPERSTITIONS OF NORWAY.

Origin of superstitious Beliefs—Causes peculiar to Norway—NIPEN—Anecdotes and Traditions illustrative of the Belief in Nipen—The MOUNTAIN DEMON—Cheese Offerings—The RIVER DEMON—A Tradition—The WOOD DEMON—Peculiarities of this Superstition—An Anecdote—The Tradition of "Chattering Peter"—Another Tradition—The MINE DEMON—The SUBTERRANEOUS PEOPLE—A Story—Tradition of "The Bishop of Drontheim's Cattle"—Other Superstitions.

I HAVE not yet spoken of the Superstitions of Norway; and yet there is not perhaps any country in which the romance of superstition so much abounds. In all countries where knowledge has not been much diffused, and which may be termed unenlightened, we expect to find superstitious beliefs more or less prevalent. These, unquestionably, have their origin in that sentiment, which, if not inherent in man, has at least been always found to exist in the very rudest state of society, and which is usually termed natural religion. In the earliest ages, when natural science had made no progress, or in those countries which it has

never reached, the most ordinary occurrences seem the miraculous interferences of some higher power; and as natural phenomena are not confined to one of the elements, and are visible by their effects upon different parts of the material world, each of these was supposed to be under the influence of a separate intelligence. The avalanche that buried beneath it the dwellings and hopes of the peasantry, was not supposed to be hurled by the same hand that directed the whirlwind in its devastating path through the forest, or the river-flood in its desolating progress. The thoughts of the people did not, therefore, rise to the contemplation of ONE GOD, as Lord of all, but gave to the mountain, the forest, and the river, their separate intelligences. But as there were many phenomena, such as disease and others, that were unattended by any strong manifestation of power, and which did not belong to any single division of the natural world, another intelligence was sometimes added, whose powers were more subtile and less confined, and which even exercised some control over the departments of the others. Such has, I think, in all countries, been the origin of the superstitions peculiar to them, modified by the character of the people, and the geographical position and natural peculiarities of the place which they inhabit. In mountainous countries, we find the greatest number of superstitious beliefs, because in these the powers of Nature are most frequently manifested, and in the

most varied forms; and the superstitions of one mountainous country also differ from another, according to the peculiar character of its scenery and productions, the latitude in which it lies, and its proximity or distance from the sea.

Norway, though now ranking among the civilized countries of Europe, may be supposed the peculiar habitation of such beliefs. Its pagan idolatries continued many centuries after the rest of Europe had owned a more rational faith; and even when under the Olafs, Christianity was introduced in name, some hundred years still elapsed, during which Christianity struggled with the relics of paganism; nor indeed, to this day, has the religion of the Bible been so widely diffused throughout Norway, as in any other of the European countries. Norway, too, lies more isolated than the other continental nations; bounded on the west and south by the sea; on the north, by the dreary regions of Lapland, whose natives are little removed from savages. She has Sweden only on the east, from which any knowledge could be imported: but the Swedish districts, adjoining the Norwegian territory, are scarcely, if at all, more enlightened than itself; and national dislike has, besides, prevented any communication between the two countries. The geographical position of Norway, and especially the character of its scenery, have contributed to render it, more than any other country, the fit habitation of local superstitions. The

country is divided between mountains, forests, lakes, and rivers; and to these the natives look for their means of subsistence. The snow-storm may bury their flocks and their habitations; the flood may sweep them away; a tempest may leave the inhabitants of the coast and the shores of the fiords without their daily bread; a too early frost destroys in one night the hopes of the husbandman, and, if protracted beyond the usual time of winter, it sends troops of famished wolves to prey upon their cattle. No wonder, then, that the traditions and superstitions of a mountain region have outlived the eras of knowledge, and still continue to have a firm hold upon the faith of the people. No wonder that their mountains, their forests, and their rivers, are peopled with a race of controlling beings whose favour must be propitiated, and whose anger must be pacified or averted.

A belief in the superstitious notions and traditions of Norway is not entirely confined to the peasantry of the lower class; for, in using the word peasantry, with reference to Norway, it is necessary to make this distinction, as the term *peasant* often applies in that country to those independent natives who own a considerable portion of land. The peasant of the higher class, also, puts implicit faith in the superstitions of his country; nay, even among the landowners of the highest class, a disposition appears rather to encourage, than repress those

usages, which owe their observance to their supposed propitiatory power.

To enumerate the various superstitious beliefs that are prevalent in Norway, would occupy more space than I dare assign to them, accompanied as I should wish them to be by some illustration, either traditionary, or drawn from my own observation. I must, therefore, content myself with noticing some of the most prevalent among the superstitions of the country, especially such as naturally have a place in my Personal Narrative.

The supernatural being, in whose existence and power the belief is perhaps the most universal, is called *Nipen*. The power of this being is supposed to be of a general controlling kind, which he exercises sometimes for good, and sometimes for evil, and whose goodwill it is possible to propitiate by those gifts, which are at once an acknowledgment of his power to benefit, and a peace-offering. Scarcely any thing is presumed to be beyond the control of *Nipen;* nor is there any thing so trifling, as to be beneath his attention. Whatever happens amiss, *Nipen* is secretly blamed, and sincere and open acknowledgments are made to him for whatever piece of good fortune may turn up. The services which *Nipen* sometimes condescends to perform, liken him in some degree to the race of Brownies, which were once in some repute in Scotland; but these were by no means entitled to rank upon an

equality with *Nipen;* because Brownies were supposed to be numerous, whereas *Nipen* being single, is consequently presumed to possess the attribute of omnipresence. Let me now relate one or two occurrences illustrative of the belief in *Nipen*, that came under my own observation.

It was the custom in the house where I resided, for a female servant to go every night about nine o'clock to bed the cows; and, as the place was dark, it was necessary to take a light. There is a certain very small home-made candle, used in Norway for common purposes, such as this, which servants are directed to use; and from what I have already said of the direction in household matters taken by the Norwegian ladies, it will easily be believed, that the disobedience of such orders would be remarked; and so it was in this case—the order to use these candles was constantly disregarded, and larger ones were used in their stead. One morning, the mistress of the house, who had long observed the want of attention to this order, sent for the housekeeper, and asked the reason why, after so many repeated orders to use the small candles, the servants still persisted in making use of the others. The housekeeper assumed a solemn manner; and said, with the greatest possible gravity, that the disobedience of the *Frou's* orders was not wilful, but that, after several trials of the small candles, it was found that they always went out the moment the door was opened; and, as there could be no doubt that *Nipen*

did not like them, they were consequently laid aside. It would have been considered a kind of impiety to have ascribed the extinction of the light to any thing else than the will of *Nipen*, who would be thought to be defrauded of his privileges if he were not allowed to have a hand in every thing that occurs; for, in Norway, contrary to the usual maxim in philosophy, nothing is ascribed to a natural cause, that can be explained upon the supposition of supernatural agency. That this superstition respecting *Nipen* is not confined to Osterdalen, is apparent from another little circumstance of a nearly similar kind, that happened upon a subsequent occasion in spring, while I was residing near Drammen. The evening before washing-day, it was the custom for the servants to go to a neighbouring spring, to fill a barrel with water. One day, it was discovered in the forenoon, that the usual operations of the day had not been entered upon. The barrel had become leaky, and when the time for using the water arrived, there was found to be none. No attempt was made to refill it, or any other vessel, as it was concluded that *Nipen* did not choose the washing to take place that day. This the servants gravely assigned as a sufficient reason for delaying the operation till next day; and although I insisted upon showing the believers in the superstition that the water had been put into a leaky barrel, I found the trial ineffectual in weakening their belief. If the barrel was leaky, *Nipen* had made it so.

A person who acted at the *Stor Soen Gaard* in the capacity of a land-bailiff, had the reputation of being a well-educated and shrewd man, and to him I one day addressed myself for information upon the subject of Norwegian superstitions. I asked him if he believed in the existence of *Nipen?* His answer was, that no one in Norway had better reasons for believing in *Nipen* than he had, from occurrences that had taken place in his own family; and he then related to me the following story, which, from his manner and general character, I am certain he himself implicitly believed. But I must premise, by way of information to the reader, that, independently of particular circumstances which render it wise to propitiate *Nipen*, and which may happen at any time, it is the custom at Christmas, for every one who has any thing to gain or lose by the state of the elements during the ensuing year, to make an annual offering. Now this bailiff was the son of a miller, who owned a windmill in *Gulbrandsdalen;* and in his father's house, it was the custom to make, on Christmas eve, a cake, of a very superior quality to those made for the family, as a present to *Nipen*. I ought to have mentioned, when speaking of the powers of *Nipen*, that he is supposed to possess great influence over the winds, if not to have the sole direction of them; for the effects of wind being unconfined to place, its control is given to that being, whose dominion includes every thing that is not directed exclusively by some other intelligence:

and I have since ascertained, that every proprietor of a windmill propitiates *Nipen* in the same manner as the bailiff's father. Well, one Christmas eve, this Christmas cake was made,—such a cake, the narrator said, for excellence and richness, as the family would have considered it a sin to eat; and this cake, along with a pot of the strongest beer, was entrusted to his brother, then a boy about ten years of age, to carry to the mill, and set down just under the fanners, where it was the custom to leave it; and this office of taking the cake to *Nipen* is considered highly honourable, so much so, that the members of a family take it in rotation. The boy having got *Nipen's* cake, left the house, which was very near the mill, to carry it there; but as he went, he was seized with an irresistible desire to taste the cake,—it looked so tempting, and smelt so delicious, and such a cake he had never tasted before. He tasted accordingly, and so excellent did he find it, that he tasted again and again, breaking off little pieces, till at length the cake assumed so mutilated an appearance, and was so much reduced in size, that he began to think it would not be treating *Nipen* with sufficient respect to offer him such a cake, and that it was better to offer him nothing than to make a fool of him; and so he ate all up. He then hesitated for some time whether he should set down the beer; but arguing with himself in the same way, and coming to the same conclusion with regard to it as to the cake, he drank it also. Great remorse fol-

lowed these impious actions; but he had no courage to tell what he had done, but went home, and patiently waited the event. The year passed on, and a most prosperous one it proved to the mill; so that when Christmas again came round, the father said it was but just to make *Nipen* an offering this year, if possible even surpassing the last; and when the cake was made, the boy, who was at that time the only one in the house, was again intrusted with it. Now, thought he, as he went to the mill, the mill has never prospered more than last year, and yet *Nipen* got nothing; why then give him this cake any more than the other? and he sat down and devoured it, little thinking, that, though *Nipen* could forgive one offence, he was not to be trifled with a second time. But feeling no fear of *Nipen*, he drank the beer, and went on to set down the empty vessel under the fanners, as he had done the year before. It was a clear frosty night, and so still, that the tread of a bear might be heard a mile off; but just as he stooped down to lay the vessel on the ground, the fanners flew round and struck him down; but he lived to creep home and tell his story, and then he died.

The narrator of this story told me, that no one who neglected *Nipen* ever flourished, and that of this he could give me abundant proof. He had never, since the occurrence related above, neglected to make a Christmas offering, on behalf of his master, to *Nipen*, and every thing had gone well; and as

for himself, he had always had the first bird of every kind of game that he killed cooked and left for *Nipen*. There was something systematic in this man's defence of his superstitious notions; for he not only held them as gospel truths, but condescended to argue the matter, which Norwegians with equal faith, but with less education, would refuse to do, as an act of impiety. He argued, that if *Nipen* did not take the offerings that were left for him, they would be found; because, said he, no Norwegian would dare to steal them. I did not convince him by telling him, that in the winter season, when every animal is pressed for food, there could be little difficulty in accounting for the absence of any thing eatable left in the open air, especially in the neighbourhood of a mill, or a farm-yard, where there is always something to attract.

Subsequently, when I passed the winter in the south of Norway, Christmas offerings were made to *Nipen* by the farm-servants, although one head of the family was English, and the other, loosened from these superstitions by a liberal education, and a mind enlightened alike by the knowledge that is of this world, and the knowledge that is "from on high." And so anxious were the propitiators of *Nipen* to render him all due honour, that although I begged hard to have a cake made for the family, as rich, and in every respect the same as that intended for *Nipen*, my petition was disregarded. *Nipen* would be dissatisfied. I intended to have stolen his cake, and

secretly mentioned my intention; but I was advised not to meddle with the usages of the country, as ignorant people might think it an acceptable service to *Nipen* to take up his quarrel. Upon that occasion, I took care to go at a tolerably early hour to the place where the cake and ale had been left, that if I found it untouched, I might have both the argument on my side and *Nipen's* cake. The cake was gone, as might have been expected; but the ale, which is not much suited to the palate of the brute creation, was untouched. They said it was not to *Nipen's* liking; which, by the by, might have been said if the cake also had been left. It was certainly provoking to think, that a cake considered too good for me had filled the stomach of a wolf or a fox.

But I must not omit one other anecdote illustrative of the general belief in *Nipen*, and the respect that is paid to him. One day, in the spring of the same year as that I have just been speaking of, a respectable man, a considerable proprietor peasant of Buskerud,—the district lying between Drammen and Christiania,—called on business. After it was finished, he was offered French brandy, or corn-brandy, whichever he preferred,—an offer that was, perhaps, never before declined by a Norwegian; but, in this instance, the visitor resolutely repelled all persuasions; and after having been repeatedly importuned to take a little, he was asked, jocularly, if he had a vow? It was evident from the man's countenance, that this guess was correct, and another

question or two brought from him the cause of it, which was this. Through some extraordinary oversight, it had been omitted, on Christmas-eve, to make *Nipen* a drink-offering, on account of some salmon fisheries. The ambrosia had been remembered, but the nectar had been forgotten; and as the only expiation of the offence that could be acceptable to the offended *Nipen*, this respectable man, whose brandy was doubtless one of his chiefest luxuries, had voluntarily made a vow, that he would taste nothing stronger than water, until the next Christmas should give him an opportunity of repairing his error.

Let these anecdotes suffice for *Nipen*. I have not, however, dwelt longer upon this superstition, than its prevalence in Norway merits. Without knowing something of its effects upon the minds of the people, the traveller who should mix much with the natives, might often be at a loss to account for actions, or might be unable to understand the reason for opinions.

Next in power to *Nipen*, are the local intelligences supposed to preside over different parts of the surface of the country,—the Mountain Demon, the Wood Demon, the River Demon, whose power also extends over the lakes. I regretted, when I learnt more of these superstitions, that when I had visited the herdsmen among the mountains, I had not made inquiries of them respecting the Mountain Demon; especially when I understood, that those who attend the cattle to the mountains, to make butter and cheese, consider-

the success of these operations entirely dependent upon the good pleasure of the being who rules in these districts. I cannot speak from my own observation, but I have been informed by those who have the best opportunities of knowing, that the first cheese made upon the mountains is considered the property of the Demon, and is presented to him accordingly. It is taken to an elevation, or to any spot that commands a range of slopes and precipices, and is committed to its fate. I have sometimes thought how great would have been my surprise, if when walking in one of the mountain dells, I had been knocked down by something that, upon examination, turned out to be a *Gammel orske* cheese. There is no tradition among the Norwegian mountains of any visible demon, as in the mountains of Westphalia; nor of any race of peculiar people, great or small, as in the German or in the Carpathian mountains. The Demon in the Norwegian mountains is single and invisible, and is also supposed to have one duty rather unusual for a demon—seeing that those who reside within his domains attend to their religious devotions. There is a tradition of the mountain called *Gate Field*—the only one in its own range that is covered with snow—that those who lived upon it neglected to go to church, and spent the Sabbath-day in rioting and debauchery; and that one Sunday, a great party having gone to church to a wedding, a snow-storm came and buried the church and the wedding-guests. On this mountain there are, I am told, the ruins of a building like a

church within the limits of perpetual snow. To credit this requires almost as much faith as to believe in the demon that punished the scoffers.

The River Demon, whose name I think is *Uldra*, enjoys the same privileges as his brethren; and it is of course to be supposed, that those who inhabit the banks of the rivers, and to whom, therefore, the river is either a blessing or a curse, will be solicitous to propitiate his favour. Offerings of cakes are therefore made to him at Christmas, and also occasionally when there is much to dread or hope for. Each river has not its distinct demon, one being supposed to preside over them all; and like the Mountain Demon, he is invisible, excepting only his hand,—so at least says a tradition current on the shores of the *Miosen* lake; a tradition that has been the means of saving some raisins and flour to the dwellers upon the lakes. A fisherman residing on the lake Miosen, wished to present a Christmas cake to the water-sprite, and went down to the lake with it in his hand; but when he found the water frozen over, he was unwilling to lay his cake upon the ice, because that would give the demon the trouble of breaking it; he, therefore, returned for a pickaxe, and hammered with all his might to break the ice, but he succeeded in making only a very small hole, quite insufficient to allow the cake to pass through; he laid the cake down upon the ice in despair, uncertain what to do, when a very small hand, as white as the snow on the hills, was thrust up from under the ice, and the cake instantly

becoming of a size suited to the hole, the hand pulled it down. And now, to save trouble to the demon in altering the size of the cake, the offerings to the Water Demon are always made of a size suited to the smallest hole that can be made in the ice. This tradition has also furnished a compliment to the ladies, of whom it is not unusual to say, "She has a hand like the water-sprite."

The Wood Demon differs from all the others, in being supposed to be visible. Woodmen may be found in many places, who will aver that they have seen him; and some are even to be found who have had the honour of conversing with him. From the proportion of forest land in Norway, the dominions of the Wood Demon are sufficiently extensive: and respecting this superstition, there are a greater number of curious facts and traditions than have reference to any of the others, with the exception of the belief in *Nipen*. It does not require that one should possess a very vivid imagination to sympathize, in some degree, in this belief of the Norwegians. In listening to the traditions, and occurrences related as facts, respecting the other superstitions of Norway, I have listened as any one would to a fairy tale, smiling during the narration, and smiling at the conclusion; but when I have listened to the stories told by the woodmen and others residing on the skirts of the forests, it has always been with gravity at least; and although, in walking by the banks of the rivers and lakes, and among the mountains, I never expected to see either *Uldra* or

Nipen, nor at such times have ever called to remembrance the stories I have heard, yet I have seldom walked through a dark pine forest, that stories relating to the forest superstitions have not come to my recollection, and that I have not been conscious of sensations which some would blush to acknowledge. For my part, I think there is nothing to boast of in having never known fear. Our merit lies in conquering unworthy sensations, not in having never experienced them.—But, to return to the forest superstitions. An overseer of the foresters lived at but a short distance from the *Stor Soen*, between it and the Glommen. At my request he was sent for one evening, that he might tell all he knew. The task was one that he evidently did not much like; but a few cups of French brandy, to him a novelty, overcame his scruples.

No offerings are made to the Wood Demon at Christmas, because then the forest is covered with snow, and no work is performed in it, but on midsummer eve, when the sun sinks only for a very short time below the horizon. It is supposed that the Wood Demon expects the compliment of being allowed to begin the operations of the following year; and accordingly, on that night, every woodman strikes his axe into a tree, and leaves it there, that he may, if he pleases, fell one of the trees. Respecting this custom, one of the man's stories run thus:—When a young man, he was, as usual, employed in the wood along with his comrades; and when night came on, they began to make free, as they usually

did on midsummer eve, with a flask of corn-brandy, They had placed an offering on the ground, but forgot to strike their axes into the trees; and the liquor taking its effect upon them, one after another, they all fell asleep without recollecting the omission. It was broad day when they awoke, and then, seeing the axes lying beside them, recollected the fatal error. However, each man took his axe sorrowfully, and went to his work; but not an axe would penetrate the bark; they all rebounded, as if the trees had been cased in copper, and rung with a terrific sound: so they gave up working and waited till night, when each man hung his axe upon a branch, and they then lay down altogether; but every attempt to keep themselves awake was ineffectual; sleep overcame them, and next morning upon awaking, every axe was found sticking in a tree, for the Demon had been satisfied with their contrition. But the Demon is not always so forgiving, as will appear from the following relation, which has given rise in Norway to the belief in "Chattering Peter."

Peter was a woodman, employed in the forests on the Glommen, one who had the character of never having shown sufficient respect to the Demon, either in his language, or by his offerings; and he was even reputed to have once said, he was a match for the Demon in felling a tree, or in any other piece of forest-work. One day in the latter end of the year, just about the confines of winter, but before the frost had set in, or any snow had

fallen, Peter was in the forest, finishing the labour of rolling a number of felled trees to the brink of the river, and tumbling them in; and it was after sunset, and just beginning to grow dusk, when he laid hold of the only tree that remained. All the woodmen had gone home, and Peter was quite alone; and he toiled and toiled to move the tree, but all in vain. At last overcome, he sat down upon the tree, and began to wipe his face, and to say to himself, the Demon could not roll this tree to the river's brink. Just as he said this, a man scarcely bigger than Peter, and dressed in a fur cloak and red cap, as if he had been a native of Gulbrandsdalen, stepped from behind a tree, and saluting Peter, said, "Why, man, cannot you move that tree?" To which Peter, who had a shrewd guess who the speaker was, replied, "No, nor you neither." Upon this, the stranger stooped down, and taking hold of the tree, lifted it upon his shoulder, and, carrying it to the brink of the river as if it had been a sapling, threw it in. "Now, then," said the Demon, for it was none other who had done the thing, "what am I to have for my job?"—"Perhaps," said Peter, taking courage at the familiar terms in which the Demon addressed him; "perhaps, Sir, you will accept a little of this," taking a skin of tobacco from his pocket. "That wont do for me, Peter," said the Demon. "Then, perhaps," replied Peter, "your honour doesn't take tobacco?" But the Demon, who can be jocular if he pleases, disliked Peter's free way

of speaking; and besides, knowing his character, and having, no doubt, overheard the slighting things he had said, without farther ceremony took Peter by the foot, and pitched him upon the top of one of the tallest pines in the forest, and then went his way. That very night winter set in; the wind came howling through the woods, the snow began to fall, and next morning the trees were mantled over. Peter is still supposed to sit upon a pine-tree, his teeth chattering with cold. Where he is during summer, the woodmen cannot tell; but they will all aver, that at the end of autumn he resumes his seat; and that, during all the winter, and early in the spring, Peter's teeth may be heard chattering, any still night, on the skirts of the forest. This curious tradition I first heard from the mouth of the individual I have mentioned: since then, I met with it in a manuscript book, in the possession of a native of the country; and is is now, for the first time, translated into English.

One other tradition of the forest superstitions.—The Wood Demon is supposed to have great skill in music; and, like the son of Jupiter, to gather around him the beasts of the forest by the melody of his pipe; and, by the same power, to entice women into the forest. But he chooses winter for the exercise of his talent. A peasant, who, to make a near cut home, passed through a part of the forest one clear winter night, hearing the pipe, was constrained to draw near, and found himself in the

midst of a large assemblage of wild animals—bears, wolves, lynxes, &c. The beasts offered him no harm: the Demon sat upon a stump of a tree, playing; and at length all the beasts departed, and the Demon and the peasant were left alone. The Demon made him a present of an axe, that felled the trees almost as soon as it touched them; and, by this means, the peasant grew rich: and having, one midsummer-eve, left his axe as usual struck in a tree, he found, next morning, that the Demon had taken back his axe, thinking perhaps the man was rich enough. The Demon is, however, susceptible of cold at times, although he chooses winter for his piping; for there are traditions of his having approached the fires of the peasants to warm himself, and of having even entered their houses and partaken of their cheer; but never without leaving a present of some kind or other. It is worthy of adding, that the man who related all these traditions and stories, and several others which I omitted to take any note of, and whose scruples had been at first overcome by some glasses of brandy, began, when the effects of the brandy had ceased, to resume his fear and scruples; and in so much awe did he stand of the Wood Demon, to whom he supposed his disclosures might be offensive, that he remained all night where he had told the stories, rather than venture through a small stripe of wood which lay on the way to his house.

I could not discover that there is in Norway any

forest tradition respecting supernatural huntsmen, as in the forests of Germany. There are many other stories which are credited by the woodmen, and by those living on the skirts of the forests; but they all refer to the same class of superstitions, upon which I have already sufficiently enlarged.

In the country round Kongsberg and Rooras, but more particularly the latter, a belief in the Mine Demon is prevalent, not only among the miners, but among the neighbouring peasantry. His habit of living underground has given him a saturnine character, for I never heard any good thing related of him. He is, accordingly, more dreaded than respected; and whatever evil befals the miner is the work of this malicious being, who occasionally revenges himself in this way for the daily robbery that is committed upon his property. Not having resided in any of the mining districts, I have not had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the minutiæ of this superstition; nor do I recollect any tradition of sufficient authenticity or interest to warrant me in transferring it to these pages.

But besides the supernatural intelligences which are supposed to be the different local controlling powers, there is also a universal belief in a race called *The Subterraneous People*, who live under the earth, but who sometimes appear above ground, where they assume the human form, or the form of some animal. This race seems, in some respects, to be allied in its nature to the ancient race of

magicians; for, like them, they have the power of appearing in whatsoever form they please, and have also the power of changing the form either of animated or inanimate things, and of exercising power by means of magic, whether it be to benefit or to hurt the human race, or to attain some advantage for themselves. But the idea the Norwegians entertain of this supernatural race, will best appear from the stories that have been related to me. These I heard not in Osterdalen, but during my residence near Drammen, which has been mentioned already. The following was related to me by the housekeeper, as a fact that happened to her uncle when he was a boy. This boy was destined for a soldier; and being one day in the fields with his father, shortly before leaving home, he happened to drop a knife upon the ground, which, notwithstanding the most diligent search, he was unable to find. A little while after this he went abroad, and after being absent fifteen years returned to Norway. Travelling homewards one evening, when he was about twenty-five Norwegian miles from his father's house he became extremely weary; and feeling at length exhausted with fatigue, he walked into a cottage that stood not far from the path, —which was, at that place, a forest-path,—within which there was no one but a very old woman, alone. After sitting for a little while, he observed a knife lying upon a table, precisely similar to that which he had lost fifteen years back. He mentioned to the woman the

circumstance of his having lost a knife at that time; and said, "If this cottage were not so far from my own home, I should have believed this to be my own knife, it is so like it."—"It may well be like it," she replied, "for it is the very same: when you dropped it, it cut my daughter's leg, who was, at that time, running on the ground in the shape of a mole; and, therefore, I resolved you should not get it back, but immediately turned it into a worm, which my daughter brought away."—It was then, said the housekeeper, that her uncle first discovered that he was in the company of one of the subterraneous people, who, upon this occasion, had assumed the human form. After sitting a short time longer, the soldier proposed to pursue his journey; but the little woman, or witch, insisted upon his staying till the morrow: assuring him, he should lose no time in his journey by the delay, for if he would but promise that she should have the red cow, with the fine bells at its collar, she would undertake that he should be transported home without stirring a step. To this he answered, that having been fifteen years absent, he did not know whether they had any cows at home. She told him there were seven. He said he could not make any promise, for, if there were cows, the cows were not his; he agreed, however, to stay all night. Next morning, while he and the old woman were at breakfast, a bell was heard tinkling. "Oh!" said he, starting up, "that bell reminds me of the days

of my childhood; it is the very sound of the red cow's bell you spoke of yesterday."—"Well may it," said she, "for I ordered the cow here this morning." After breakfast the soldier took leave; and on stepping out of the cottage-door, he found himself close to his father's garden. This story the woman who told it most thoroughly believed, and would have considered it impiety to doubt it; and she said, that equally strong proofs of the power of the subterraneous people could be given by any one I might choose to ask for them.

Most of the traditions respecting the subterraneous people, relate to their predilection for cattle. They are supposed to live in extensive dominions within the earth—under what form, no one presumes to say—and there to have numerous herds of cattle, which have been stolen from the earth. They are reputed not to have the power of transforming one animal into another; but only of diminishing the size of animals, so that they may the easier carry them under the earth. I shall add but one other short tradition, not only generally believed, but which has given rise to a common Norwegian proverb, "*Remember the Bishop of Drontheim's cattle,*" used as an injunction to keep a sharp look out upon your property. The following is the origin of the proverb:—One summer, many summers ago, the Bishop of Drontheim sent his cattle up into the mountains to graze. They were the finest cattle in all Norway; and, when the bishop sent them, he gave strict orders to those who had

charge of them, upon no account to lose sight of them, as many of the subterraneous people inhabited the bowels of the Rooras Mountains. The injunction, never to lose sight of them, had particular reference to the belief, that so long as a human eye is upon an animal, the subterraneous people have no power over it. The bishop's cattle were accordingly driven to the mountains; and one day, when the herds were grazing, and the herdsmen were seated upon different spots, with their eyes fixed upon the cattle, a Norwegian elk, of most extraordinary size, was seen upon the highest part of the mountains. The eyes of the three herdsmen were withdrawn from the cattle, and were fixed, for a moment, upon the elk; and when they again looked to the valley, the cattle were no more to be seen in their natural stature, but reduced to the diminutive size of small mice. The bishop's three hundred cattle were running down the mountain-side, and before the herdsmen could reach them, they were all seen to enter a crack in the earth and disappear; and so the Bishop of Drontheim lost his cattle. This tradition is universally credited in the mountainous parts; and scarcely a herd of cattle is sent to their summer grazing, without as strict injunctions being given to keep an eye upon the cattle, as those said to have been delivered by the Bishop of Drontheim.

Besides these superstitious beliefs, there are many others, of a less important kind, generally prevalent among the peasantry; such as, that it is unlucky to

kill a magpie,—or to see two foxes together,—or to hear a horse neigh after sunset. Many of the same notions, too, that are prevalent in England, are also entertained in Norway,—such as burning a calf,[1] to prevent the cows calving before their time,—wearing a necklace made of the hair of a colt's tail, for a swelling on the throat, &c. The customs, too, which are common in Scotland at Hallowe'en, are many of them practised in Norway, as well as those which are usual in England on St. Mark's Eve and Midsummer Eve. Amulets, and charms of various kinds, are also in use, and in great repute in Norway, against disease and misfortune, and also as preservatives against the power of supernatural intelligences.

I have nothing more to add respecting the superstitions of Norway.

[1] The reader may possibly be sceptical as to the fact of such a superstition as this being *acted upon* in England at this day. But I know a highly respectable farmer in Derbyshire, whose wife informed me, that she had herself made a fire, and burned a calf in it. All the cows came and stood round the fire, lowing; and, since that time, the disaster to prevent which the calf was burned, has never recurred.

CHAPTER V.

Legendary Songs and Ballads of Norway—Specimens of a Love Song, a Drinking Song, and a War Song, translated from the High Norse—Translation of a Forest Legend—Literary Taste in Norway—Departure from Osterdalen—Timber on the Glommen—A filthy Inn—Appearance of the Country—Arrival at Kongsvinger—A strange Scene—Hospitality of the Natives—The Fortress of Kongsvinger—Departure for Christiania—Arrival there—Adoption of a Route to the South—A Reverie—Conclusion—Note.

In the narrative of my journey through Tellemarken, the reader will recollect some observations upon the poetry of the Norwegian airs sung to me by a lady in the house of Mr. Johansen, to whose hospitality I was indebted for two days' accommodation and entertainment. I was then only a listener, and had neither time nor opportunity to make any minute inquiries respecting the poetry, further than that some of the songs were love songs, some warlike songs, and some drinking songs. Since coming into Osterdalen, I had heard some of the same songs, and many that I had not heard before; and being particularly attracted by the music of some of them, I obtained translations from the High Norse into Danish, and from Danish into English prose; and from these I now select three, in the three different departments of love, war, and

drinking, which I present to the reader in English verse.

The first I have heard in different parts of Norway. The air is extremely plaintive; and both words and air are universal favourites.

NORWEGIAN LOVE SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HIGH NORSE.

Meet me, maid, by the pine-fringed lake,
When the woods are asleep, and the stars are awake;
When the marten has ceased the waters to skim,
And all, but thy hazel eye, is dim.

By the dusky lake, I will tell thee more
Than ever was told in thine ear before;
For thy small hand, and the fading light,
Will give me the courage that flies with the light.

Thou see'st the mantle of snow that's spread,
Since the days of old on the mountain's head;
The same as it is, it ever will be;
And so will my love live on for thee.

Then come to me, maid, already the day
Has fled to the hills that are far away;
Before the great owl begins to hoot
I'll list for the tread of thy lightsome foot.

The next specimen I have also heard in different parts of Norway. Wherever corn-brandy is a favourite,—and that, I believe, is every where,—the song is a favourite. It is expressive of the generally received opinion among the peasantry, that corn-brandy gives strength and long life. The third

and fourth lines of the first verse refer to the universal practice of the farmer, or proprietary peasant, distilling from his own crops all that is used in his own family.

NORWEGIAN DRINKING SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HIGH NORSE.

To the brim, young men, fill it up, fill again;
Drain, drain, young men, 'tis to Norway you drain;
Your fathers have sown it,
Your fields they have grown it.
Then quaff it, young men, for he'll be the strongest,
Who drinks of it deepest, and sits at it longest.

To the brim, old men, fill it up, fill again,
Drain, drain, old men, 'tis to Norway you drain:
There's health in the cup,
Fill it up, fill it up;
And quaff it, old men, for he'll live the longest,
Who drinks of it deepest, and likes it the strongest.

The following song I never heard any where but in Osterdalen. The former incursions of the Swedes were generally made from *Dalecarlia* into this district; and it was among the mountains in the northern part of it, near Rooras, that an army of Swedes was destroyed in the sixteenth century. It is probable, therefore, that the song is unknown, unless in *Osterdal* and *Guledal*, the district immediately to the north of it. The lakes mentioned in the last line of the first verse, are probably the Famund lake, and the *Ovesund Soe*, from which the Glommen takes its rise, both of which lie close upon the borders of Sweden.

NORWEGIAN WAR SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HIGH NORSE.

Sons of the mountains, sons of the lake,
Sons of the forest, Old Norway, awake!
They come from the East, ten thousand or more;
But lakes are behind them, and foes are before.

Shall Old Norway cease to be Norway the free?
Each face to a Swede, and each back to a tree,
Were our foes thrice ten thousand, our rocks should repeat
The groan of the Swede, as he falls at your feet.

Your mothers have nurs'd you; your fathers, till now,
Have filled you with bread by the sweat of their brow;
But let peace be around him—the sire of fourscore—
And drive the invader far, far from his door.

The down from the mountain, and up from the lake!
And out from the forest! Norwegians, awake!
And rush like the storm, on the thick coming foe;
With hearts for Old Norway, and death in your blow.

I have selected these three specimens, not because they are better than any others I could have chosen, but because they are the shortest; and they may be considered fair examples of the merits of the Norwegian songs, in love, war, and drinking. In every part of Norway, drinking songs are much sung. Love and war songs are more frequently heard in the interior than on the coast, the latter, chiefly in the eastern districts. I found no hunting song worthy of being transferred to these pages.

One of the truest tests of excellence in a song,

is certainly the effect produced by it upon the hearer; and judging by this test, we should decree considerable merit to the songs of Norway. A Norwegian assembly may often be seen dissolved in tears, while some one sings a tender song. At a war song enthusiasm is universally excited; and I have often thought that intemperance has been much prolonged, and greatly encouraged, by the songs that always accompany bacchanalian orgies. It is true, that we cannot precisely determine how much of the effect is to be attributed to the music, and how much to the poetry. But in Norway, generally speaking, musical talent is at a lower ebb than I have found it in any other mountainous country. There are few facilities in any part of Norway, none in the interior, for the encouragement of knowledge in instrumental music, and the climate scarcely admits of great vocal excellence; and although many of the airs possess considerable beauty, and a certain kind of wild attractiveness, yet they are in general so indifferently executed, that I should incline to attribute by far the greater portion of the enthusiasm, or feeling excited by the songs, to the poetry. Those of which I possess translations, bear me out in this opinion; and I have no doubt, that a volume of very charming selections of Scandinavian poetry might be obtained by any one who would bestow sufficient attention upon the subject, and whose poetical turn might enable him to present them to the public in an English dress. Independently of songs, there

are many ballads and traditions, some of them historical, and some of them romantic, in great estimation among the Norwegians, and very generally known. Of these, I have seen but few translated; but the few that I am acquainted with possess considerable poetic merit, and, like all the ballads and traditions of olden times, throw some light upon the history and manners of the age and country to which they refer.

The following specimen of a romantic legend may not perhaps be unacceptable.

A FOREST LEGEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HIGH NORSE.

Margaret's gone to the trysting place,
And Uric is there before her;
But Marg'ret's mother would have kept her at home,
If she had known what would come o'er her.

The pines are standing tall and still,
As if they were waiting in fear,
And before the moon hath looked over the hill,
Margaret draweth near.

"Now lend me thy cap," the Demon[1] said,
"And lend me thy jacket, I pray;
"For I know by the look of my own pine trees
"That something is coming this way.

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[1] The Demon alluded to must be the Wood Demon, the only one supposed to be visible; and this is still more clear from the expression occurring, shortly after, "my own pine trees."

"Thy boat is moored by the calm lake's side,
"And I to my bargain will hold;
"Or ere thou hast rowed to the midst of the lake,
"Thy boat shall be laden with gold.

"Now haste thee, and lend me thy tufted cap,
"And lend me thy jacket, I pray;
"For I trow with thy jacket and thy red cap[1],
"She'll think me a child of clay."

Now Uric has pushed from the piny shore,
And rows 'neath the starry Heaven;
"My Una," says he, "be the Demon's bride,
"If to me be his riches given."

And now he neareth the midst of the lake,
And how glisten his gloating eyes,
As he sees by the light of the starry night,
The gold that around him lies!

But still as he rows, the burden grows,
To his bargain the Demon doth hold;
For ere he has got, to the trysted spot,
The boat is deep laden with gold.

In vain, in vain, from the sinking boat,
False Uric the gold doth throw!
The Demon he keepeth his word, and Uric
Goes down with his treasure below.

And Una hath taken the bridal vow!
And hath wedded the Demon ring;
For the form she saw, she little did trow,
Was else than a human thing.

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[1] The dress here spoken of is the universal dress of the peasantry in Gulbrandsdalen, and the districts bordering on the Dovne Field.

Although the Norwegians of these days pride themselves scarcely less upon their legendary poetry, than the Scotch upon their Border minstrelsy, literature of every kind is at a very low ebb in Norway. The libraries of those few who profess to keep any books, are generally confined to Danish works. A bookseller's shop is a curiosity in Norway, both on account of its rarity and its contents. In it, too, Danish books are almost the only books to be had. An English or French book may be found; but these have generally come into the bookseller's hands rather by accident than by design. The literary knowledge of the middle classes is extremely limited; even the greatest of our English authors are for the most part unknown. In the towns on the coast, including Christiania, a few English authors are met with in the houses of the merchants—more, however, for the purpose of studying the language than the literature of our country. But in the interior, unless in the houses of the clergy, where some Latin books may generally be found, no book in any other language than Danish is ever seen. It is but just, however, to admit, that Danish literature is far from holding a despicable rank. Many sterling works in every department of letters have been produced in Denmark; and the Copenhagen press is at this moment more prolific than the press of Paris, considering the relative size of the capitals, and the kingdoms of which each is the metropolis. And

when we say, that a book in any foreign language is scarcely ever seen in the hands of a Norwegian, we ought to consider with how much truth the same observation might be made respecting the great majority of English houses. A library in the house of a mere private gentleman who does not profess to be one of the *literati*, and who does not aspire to the distinction of having a library *par excellence*, is not considered to be defective, if it contain the best *English* authors in history, morals, politics, philosophy, criticism, and poetry. With the exception of the clergy, scarcely any Norwegian is to be found who is at all acquainted with the monuments of Icelandic literature from the perusal of the works of the Icelandic writers, though almost every one is aware of the claims of Iceland to an ancient and peculiar literature. And although few Norwegians have read the *Edda*, there is no one who cannot give some abstract of its contents, or, at all events, accurate details of the ancient Scandinavian mythology.

I had now been little short of a month in Osterdalen, and began, therefore, to think of returning to Christiania, where I intended to remain a week or two, and then proceed homewards; but by what route, I had not yet determined. I had at one time proposed to have gone to Rooras, and to the mountains that lie to the east of it, with the view of meeting with one of those families of wandering Laps, and their rein-deer, which may always be found encamped there; but having subsequently

almost resolved to visit Lapland itself, there was no longer any good reason for a journey to the Rooras Mountains, the sole object of which was to save a journey to Lapland. If the object of the traveller be merely to see herds of reindeer, attended by natives, it may certainly be accomplished at the sacrifice of neither time nor convenience. A fortnight from Christiania would amply suffice to travel to and from the Rooras Mountains, and would be time well spent by him who had not leisure to bestow upon a journey to Lapland, or inclination to subject himself to its inconveniences. But the habits of a people cannot be seen as pure in any other country as in their own. These are always greatly influenced by the climate; and the climate of the Rooras Mountains is different from that of Lapland. A traveller cannot, therefore, be said to have seen the Laplanders, who has only met with them on the Norwegian mountains.

It was now approaching the middle of August; the climate was still delightful, quite as much so as I had found it in Norway. The heat was less oppressive, especially during the night, for the sun was now many hours below the horizon; but the August climate of Norway appeared to me to be fully upon an equality with that of England in the same season. The thermometer at noon, in the shade, ranged from 68° to 76°; and never fell lower than 62° during the night. Since I had come into Osterdalen, rain had fallen only twice; and neither

time continued longer than two hours. I was, therefore, more than ever confirmed in my favourable opinion of the climate of Norway during the summer months. Norway is, however, subject at this season to violent thunder-storms, accompanied by tremendous torrents, and occasionally by hurricanes; but these visitations are unfrequent, and not generally attended by much damage, excepting in the forests.

I left the hospitable mansion that contained my friends and relatives, and where I had spent some happy days, upon such a morning as would not have disgraced the climate of *Orleannois*. The sun had not yet risen when I mounted the horse that was to carry me to the first station on the great road; and with the adieus of all ringing in my ears, and the clank of the gate, as it closed behind me, knocking at my heart, I put my steed to a smart trot, to get out of sight of the house where I left so many recollections behind. Often, however, did I turn round in my saddle; and, as I approached the elevation that in another minute would hide the scene, I gradually slackened my pace, and at the highest point turned round my horse to snatch one last view. In another moment the scene was hidden from me, perhaps for ever. The sun was just rising; every mountain-peak was tipped with gold; the yellow lustre shot slantingly athwart the pine trunks that stood upon the adjoining steeps, while, lower down, the trees stood in thick undistinguishable masses. The lake below yet lay in the murkiness of the

grey morning, cold and still; and dim twilight shrouded the deep valleys. My feelings scarcely sympathized with the growing gaiety of nature, as the rising sun called forth the sights and sounds of reviving day! Behind me were indeed the mountains and wilds of Norway, but amongst them were friends, and dear ones too; while before me, all were strangers. It is true, my face was turned homewards, but a thousand miles lay between; and Sweden, and Denmark, and Germany contained not a single individual who to me possessed any distinction beyond that of being a Swede, a Dane, or a German.

In this frame of mind, I reached the station on the post-road, and soon after procured a double-seated carriole and two horses, in which I proceeded rapidly along the same road on the bank of the Glommen, by which I had journeyed from Christiania to Osterdalen. When I reached the station where the road branches to the right to the Miosen Soe, and by which I had already travelled, I resolved to alter my route to Christiania; and in place of returning by the Miosen Soe, to continue on the road along the Glommen to Kongsvinger. This night I stopped at a place called Sormeruud, at which I arrived about eight o'clock. During the day I had passed a great quantity of timber floating down the river. I think scarcely half a mile of water, for sixty miles that I had travelled along the bank, was entirely free of timber. The rate at which it is carried is slow, not,

I think, much exceeding a mile in the hour; and from shallows, projecting banks, and other causes, it meets with many obstructions in its course. In several places, I remarked that large quantities were aground; and in these places there must necessarily be a constant accumulation of timber, until the winter rains, or possibly the dissolution of the snow in spring, occasions a flood.

At Sormeruud, the same misfortune happened to me that has happened occasionally to every traveller,—I mean that of being put into a filthy bed. After a vain attempt to sleep, without discovering the cause of my restlessness, it became too apparent to permit me any longer to remain ignorant of it; and having got up, and wrapt myself in a bear-skin cloak I had noticed the night before, I made my way out of the house, and enjoyed a sound sleep in a sledge that stood under a shed. Next morning, when I mentioned the circumstance to the master of the house, he made extremely light of it, saying, "No one but an Englishman would mind such things."

After breakfast (for my sledge slumbers lasted till past seven) I was again journeying towards Kongsvinger, where I intended remaining the next night. Every where the country people were respectably dressed, and seemed to be comfortable and happy: and during all this day's journey, I was scarcely accosted by a beggar—so much for the influence produced by a great river upon the

country through which it flows. As I proceeded farther south, I found the crops scarcely so far advanced as in the more northern districts. In these, harvest had commenced, but now I found the crops not yet quite ready for the sickle. This is easily accounted for. Vegetation is most rapid in the northern latitudes, owing to the longer time the sun remains above the horizon; and, in the district from which I drew the comparison, the valleys were deeper, and consequently more sheltered, as well as more exposed to the reflection of the sun's rays, both from the rocks and the water.

Early in the afternoon, I came in sight of Kongsvinger, which, with its hill and the fortress upon the top of it, produces a striking and agreeable effect. Here I found a good inn, where I was made extremely comfortable, having an excellent dinner set before me, consisting of fish, soup, wild-duck, pancakes, good bread, butter, and cheese; to which was added, a glass of as good home-brewed,—pale and creamy, as ever came out of Staffordshire. After finishing my welcome and luxurious repast, I walked out of the inn and perambulated the little town. Looking through a large window, I saw about a dozen persons seated within, each with his pipe and a pot of beer, which I therefore concluded was the beverage of the place. Having abundance of time at my dispoaal, I walked in, and instantly the offer of as many chairs as there were persons in the room, every one rising to make me

a tender of his,—a piece of courtesy that probably no other traveller ever experienced in a public coffee-room. The news of the arrival of an Englishman in the town, had reached the coffee-room before I made my appearance there, and I was, therefore, immediately recognised as the stranger. The civility was not paid to me in the character of an Englishman, so much as in that of a stranger, whose claims are never disregarded in Norway. I accepted one of the proffered chairs, and took my pipe and pot like the rest. In the conversation that ensued, or rather in reply to the inquiries that poured in upon me, I gave some account of my journey, and the motive of it. The details of the journey—excepting the intelligence that I had walked a great part of it—created no surprise; but when I added, that my motive was merely to see the country, every man withdrew his pipe from his mouth, and looked incredulous. A journey without a commercial object, and by an Englishman, seemed to them scarcely to be credited. I believe there was not one of the ten or twelve smokers, who, after withdrawing his pipe, and squirting the tobacco juice from his mouth, did not put the same question,—"And you had, then, no commercial object whatever?" But when they were convinced that it was even so, and that I had no eye to their firs, except to look at them, then a general political lamentation broke forth: "Alas, poor Norway!"—"No one comes to us now a-days

to buy our produce."—"The times are sadly changed;" and so on. I ventured to say, that, during my last two days' journey, I had seen a great quantity of timber floating down the river, which showed that there was yet some trade left. But, in reply to this, I was told that wood must be sold, else the people would starve; but the question was, how much profit was made by it. But when this momentary burst of lamentation was once over, I found that my private importance had greatly risen in the opinion of those around me, (as indeed, I had always found in Norway,) from the circumstance of being a traveller without any eye to gain. One addressed me by the title of Baron; another took my pot and got it refilled for me; and a third offered me some tobacco of a very superior kind. But the strangest mark of civility yet remained to be paid to me; I had finished my second pot of beer, and called out to know what I had to pay, when two or three of my companions instantly started up, and declared I should pay nothing. These two were seconded by the rest, who all said that it would be a scandal to Kongsvinger to allow a stranger to pay for a pot or two of beer. I was forced to accept their hospitality; and, shaking hands with them all round, and drinking better days to Norway,—a toast which I am sure I drank with sincerity,—I quitted the coffee-room.

I cannot subscribe to the justice of Dr. Clarke's

observations, in a contrast which he draws between the hospitality of Norway and Sweden, where he tells us, that in this virtue Norway is far inferior to Sweden. In Sweden, he says, he scarcely ever could get any one to take payment for any thing; whereas in the Norwegian inns, he was always charged exorbitantly. The deduction is unfair; no one ought to expect to have entertainment in an inn for nothing. In Sweden, Dr. Clarke's route lay across the country, where regular inns were scarcely to be met with; whereas, in Norway, he journeyed on the great roads. Let the traveller through Norway leave the post-roads and trust to the hospitality of the natives, and sure I am, he will have no reason to complain of it; but in the inns, whether of Norway or of Sweden, I do not believe that a traveller was ever entertained for nothing. Living in Sweden is cheaper than it is in Norway, and consequently the charges at the inns are lower; but the price of provisions in every country is regulated by fixed causes, and it is consequently unfair to draw any inference from the fact, that the expenses of travelling are greater in one country than in another in which provisions happen to be cheaper.

When I left the coffee-house, whose hospitalities have led me to make these observations in vindication of Norway, it was yet an hour from sunset; and this hour I employed in ascending the hill upon which the fortress is situated. It seemed in a neglected state, and I did not enter it; but contented myself

with walking round and viewing the country, which, although abounding in grand and picturesque prospects, presented nothing unusually striking or attractive to one who had already seen so much of Norwegian scenery. The prospect of the noble river, and the setting sun, repaid me, however, for the labour of the ascent. The fortress has every advantage that nature can give, and, I should think, might be made almost impregnable. An excellent supper, and more ale, awaited me at the inn; and a bed, which I had no wish to exchange for a bear-skin and sledge, was the last luxury I enjoyed at Kongsvinger.

Next morning, about six o'clock, I was seated in a one-horse carriole, on my road to Christiania, where I purposed arriving the same evening. After leaving Kongsvinger, the country continues for some time tame, but never altogether without interest, owing to the views of the noble Glommen that every now and then opened before us. The road frequently crosses the river, and at some of the ferries, the perpendicularity of the banks occasions considerable trouble, and some danger to the traveller. The roads here were the worst I had seen in Norway, resembling rather the sandy tracks of Holstein than the hard roads of Scandinavia. The country continued undulating and well cultivated, with here and there romantic prospects, but it was no longer the country of mountain and forest. At a place called *Nas*, near the conjunction of the Glommen and the Louven, which flows out of the *Miosen Soe*, I parted with the Glom-

men, which had been so long my companion, and proceeded on a straight road to Christiania. A little farther, the road passes within a few miles of the *Ojeren Soe*, through which the Glommen flows on its way to the ocean; and after I had passed some beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of *Skidsmo*, I again recognised Christiania lying below, and its lovely speckled Fiord. It was considerably after sunset already, and before I entered the city it was enveloped in twilight. The distance from Kongsvinger to Christiania is ninety miles; and, considering that in many places the roads were extremely heavy, I had every reason to be satisfied with my day's journey.

I remained in Christiania ten days; but having already thrown together the observations made during my residence in the metropolis, both before and after my journey to Osterdalen, I shall not present the reader with a journal of these ten days. I had not yet determined by which route I should journey southward, whether from Christiania to Stockholm, and thence by sea to one of the Prussian ports, or along the coast of Sweden to the Sound, and through the islands and States of Denmark to Hamburg. By the former route, I should see the capital of Sweden; by the latter, the capital of Denmark; and although Stockholm might be more worthy of the traveller's observation than Copenhagen, yet, a journey by Frederickshall to the Sound, and through Zealand, seemed to offer greater novelty than the route from Christi-

ania to Stockholm; and besides, in case of adopting the latter, I had a prospect before me of a voyage in the Baltic at a late and inclement season. I therefore resolved to proceed to Germany by way of Denmark. I was advised not to trust to the post stations in Sweden for a supply of carriages, but rather to purchase one at Christiania, and sell it in Denmark; but I could find nothing suitable without paying an exorbitant price, and by becoming the owner of a vehicle too good for the temporary use to which it was to be put. I at last heard, that a person residing at Moss, a town about twenty miles on the road I purposed going, had lately been in Christiania offering a cabriolet for sale, which would precisely suit me; and as Moss lay in my way, I considered myself provided. I should not have troubled the reader with this difficulty about a carriage, had it not been that it occasioned a slight variation in my intended route; for, being unprovided with any conveyance from Christiania to Moss, I was forced to engage a boat to take me down to Fiord, a forenoon voyage, from which I anticipated great pleasure. The ten days passed rapidly away, and the last night I had to spend in Christiania arrived. I might yet have two other nights to pass within the Norwegian frontier; but as turning my back upon Christiania, I felt as if I should be leaving Norway.

The last night in Christiania seemed, therefore, the last night in Norway. I retired early to bed, with the view of having sleep sufficient, before the hour

at which I had appointed the boat to be in waiting; but these premeditated designs to obtain sleep are seldom successful; it evaded all my attempts; so finding them fruitless, I lay contented to be awake, and to resolve upon the scenes and occurrences of my past journey.

A busy and charming reverie was mine. All that I had seen and enjoyed again passed in review before me. I again landed upon the pier at Mandahl; again I stood upon the Naze with the old man, and heard the deafening screams of the sea-fowl. I sat in the boat as I rowed up to Christiansand; I passed through the charming scenes of the Odderen Elv; and stood upon the twilight mountain in the still midnight. Again I walked alone among the deep valleys, and saw the lily of the valley beneath my feet, and the eagle soaring above me, and heard the tinkling bells among the hills. I trod the solitary shores of the *Mios Vand*, and looked upon the more cultivated banks of the *Miosen Soe*. The river Glommen flowed before me, and the pine forests stretched around me, and the walls of the mouldering ruin rose above me; and along with these, rose to my memory the features I had seen, the Tellemarken farmer and his wife, and their children and grandchildren, the herdsmen I met upon the mountains, the simple-minded pastor, as he took leave on the top of the hill, and his more worldly brother who complained of the marriage-fee, the wedding party upon the lake, the many kind and familiar faces in Oster-

dalen, the woodmen who guarded me to the bear's den, and the bailiff who told the stories of the demons. Were the expectations I had formed of a journey through Norway answered? Had I seen all that I expected to see, and learned any thing that I had hoped to learn? Of the external aspect of Norway, I had seen much; its mountains, its forests, its lakes, its rivers, its secluded valleys, and solitary places, all that had long been a vision in prospect were now familiar to me; the character and manners of the natives had also been daily exhibited to me; and although I had, perhaps, learned less than others with the same opportunities might have learned, yet I could scarcely have the unwelcome reflection, that I had learned nothing. One thing I *did* regret, that I possessed no pictorial representation of the scenes I had passed through. Of all the countries I have seen, Norway would best reward the painter who should visit it from the love of his art. A Claude, a Poussin, and a Rosa, might find subjects for the pencil. And I am sure, that the humblest disciple of these great men, who should pass a summer in Norway, would confess, when he returned, that this had been the most delightful summer he had ever spent.

*** The following Table of the productions, &c. of Norway, which I have drawn up from several authentic sources, as well as from my own observation, cannot fail to be acceptable to the reader.

Norway may be said to extend from the 58th degree of north latitude, in which nearly the Naze is situated, to the 65th degree,

which is almost the northern boundary of the district of Trondheim. Beginning at the 58th degree, I shall present the reader with a few details, which may be termed statistical.

Lat. 58° to 59° comprehends the districts of Mandahl, Jederen, Nedenæs, and part of Stavanger, all lying within the government of Christiansand. The average temperature of this district is about 45°, and there is no constant snow region. There are no lakes of any importance in this division. Beech-woods cease at lat. 59°. The same vegetables and the same fruits as in England, excepting apricots and peaches.

Lat. 59° to 60° comprehends Tellemarken, part of Buskerud, Nummedal, Ryfylke; the city and immediate neighbourhood of Christiania, Kongsberg, and Drammen; all lying within the government of Christiansand, excepting the city of Christiania, which is in the government of Aggerhuus, and part of the Hardanger Fiord, which is in the government of Bergen. The average temperature of this division is about 44°. The Tind Field, the Jogle Field, the Gate Field, and Bleefield, lie within this division, the highest of which rises rather beyond the limits of perpetual snow, which is about 5000 feet. Here are the lakes of the Mios Vand, the Tind Soe, and the Ojeren Soe; and the Christiania Fiord is also comprehended between 59° and 60°. All kinds of grain grow on the best soils in this division, and the same fruit-trees as before. At 60° the cloudberry begins, and the plum-tree ceases to ripen.

Lat. 60° to 61° comprehends Hallingdal, Rommerige, Voss Fiord, part of Valders, part of Hedemarken, and the city of Bergen; all lying within the government of Aggerhuus, excepting Voss Fiord, which lies in Bergenhuus. The average temperature of this division is, on the coast, 43°; in the interior, 41°. The mountains of Hardanger Field and Fille Field, lie within this division; rising 1000 feet above the line of perpetual snow. Here also lies the Miosen Soe, the greatest of the Norwegian lakes. Beyond 61°, the oak is not seen in perfection. In this division, the pine and Norway fir become the predominating forest trees, with birch, hazel, and aspen. The elm ceases. The predominating crops are rye, oats, flax, and hemp; but wheat ripens in good situations.

Lat. 61° to 62° comprehends the greater part of Gulbrandsdalen, part of Osterdalen, Sogne Fiord, and Sond Fiord; the two

former lying in the government of Aggerhuus; the two latter in the government of Bergen. The average temperature of this division is about 40°. The Lang Field and the Sogne Field lie within this division; the highest of them rising upwards of 7000 feet, 2500 feet above the line of perpetual snow. Part of the Miosen Soe, the Ossen Soe, the Stor Soen, and innumerable small lakes lie within this division. Here all the common fruit-trees still ripen fruit. Wheat will ripen in good situations; but it is not much grown. North of 62°, ash is scarcely seen, and mountain-ash and spruce-fir become common.

Lat. 62° to 63° comprehends Romsdal, part of Guledal and the northern parts of Gulbrandsdalen and Osterdal; the two former lying within the government of Trondheim; the two latter within the government of Aggerhuus. The average temperature of this district is about 39°; but at this division, comprehending the Dovne Field and Rooras Mountains, this temperature applies to the valleys only; 1000 feet of perpendicular height above the level of the sea, making a difference in temperature equal to from 3 to 4 degrees of latitude. The Dovne Field rises between 8000 and 9000 feet above the level of the sea, 5000 feet of which is constantly covered with snow. In this division, lies the lake *Famund* and the *Ovesund*, which is the source of the *Glommen Elv*. The town and mines of Rooras also lie in this division. Beyond 63°, peas begin to be precarious; flax scarcely ripens; wheat is not seen, excepting near the sea-coast in small quantities; the pine and fir tribes, birch, mountain-ash, and aspen, flourish; cabbage ceases to come to perfection.

Lat. 63° to 64° comprehends Nordmoer-Fossen, Storvedal, Sœlbo, and the city of Drontheim; all lying within the government of Drontheim. The mountains, in this latitude, are less elevated; and the only lake of importance is the *Stor Sion*. The hardier fruits ripen, in this division, in warm situations only. Oats begin to be a precarious crop. The forest trees continue the same.

Lat. 64° to 65° in the government of Drontheim. In this division, there are no mountains of any importance. Rye, oats, and barley, still ripen; but oats not beyond 65°. Fruit-trees do not ripen, nor small fruits, excepting currants, beyond 65°;—the pine begins to degenerate.

JOURNEY

THROUGH

NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK.

III.

A JOURNEY FROM CHRISTIANIA,

THROUGH PART OF SWEDEN, AND THE ISLANDS

AND STATES OF DENMARK.

JOURNEY

THROUGH

NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Christiania—Moss—Frederickstadt—Frederickshall, and Charles XII.—A *Bal Bourgeois*—Enter Sweden—The Roads—Resemblance of the Language to Lowland Scotch—Uddevalla—The Watchman's Song—Trolhetta, and the Falls of the Gotha—The Lake Wener—The Canal—Swedish travelling—Religion in Sweden—Honesty of the Swedes—Gottenburg—Helsinborg—The Sound—Passage to Denmark—Elsinore—Cronborg Castle—View from the Ramparts—The Sound Falls—A Danish Functionary.

On the 26th of August, I left Christiania. The morning was so resplendent, that I congratulated myself upon my selection of water conveyance to Moss, although I had about one-third more to pay for my preference; and a fine light breeze from the west gave me good hopes of reaching my destination considerably before sunset. About half-past seven, after an early breakfast, we rowed out of the harbour, and immediately set our sails, which were three in number, one at the bow, and one at each of

our little masts. Our course being, for the first seven or eight miles, south-west by south, the wind was a little a-head; and our progress, although steady, was not very rapid. The prospects on every hand were charming. The picturesque banks to the east and west, beyond which was the fertile country, nearly ready for the reaper, and finely broken with wood, sloped gradually upwards, smiling beneath the morning rays of one of the first autumnal suns. Behind, the city seemed to rise out of the water; while before us, the blue fiord, ruffled slightly with the pleasant breeze, stretched, in many windings and arms, and spotted with its little islets, farther than the eye could discover. No traveller to Christiania ought to omit the prospect of the town and neighbouring country, from the fiord. When we had doubled the point which made it necessary to keep to the west, our course lay due south; and then we scudded along most merrily, with a fine air, which filled our little sails, and threw from us the tiny waves that covered the fiord. One of the sailors, who, from the beginning to the end of the voyage, alternately puffed tobacco-smoke out of his mouth, or tossed corn-brandy into it, once interrupted these avocations, to tell me that Christiania was a sadly altered place, and that it was all owing to Lord Castlereagh; and that, had he (the sailor) not married a wife with a little fortune, he should have been obliged, long ago, to sell his boat.

About half-past three in the afternoon, we entered the little bay, at the head of which Moss is situated. The wind having almost entirely fallen, or what little there was not finding its way into the creek, it was necessary to use our oars and lower our sails; and it was after five when we ran into the harbour. I lost no time in proceeding to the house of the person to whom I had been recommended as likely to negociate with me for a conveyance forward; and found him at coffee with his family, in a house so close to the iron forge, the waterfall, and the saw-mills, that it was some time before I could make myself understood. After the stillness of an August evening, on a quiet bay, the voice is not able, all of a sudden, to cope with the ringing of iron hammers, the rushing of water, and the grinding of saws. When I made my business known, I was conducted to a yard, where stood the vehicle, a roomy stout-made gig, for which I covenanted at the price of about ten pounds sterling; and having declined a cup of coffee, was addressed to a comfortable clean little inn, where I found a good bedroom, and received assurance of a tolerable supper; but there was sufficient time for an hour's stroll round the town before nightfall. Moss, the most noisy little town I ever entered, but clean, and prettily situated, was formerly of more importance than it is now, like every other town whose prosperity depends mainly upon the export of timber. Some of the saw-mills were, however, still at work; and their power, and

the rapidity with which they saw a tree into deals, are indeed surprising. The stream which turns the wheels, has a long and rapid fall through the upper part of the town; and the mills are placed from the top to the bottom of it, at little intervals. In the immediate neighbourhood of Moss, are some of the finest fir woods I had yet seen in Norway. Among the trees, several might have furnished Milton with his comparison of Satan's spear, to

> ————The tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills.

If, therefore, the export trade shall ever revive in Norway, Moss will be in readiness to take immediate advantage of the change.

Next morning, with two horses in my carriage, which was now a curricle, and the youth who had the horses in charge seated beside me, I left Moss for Frederickstadt. The morning was lowering; and, before we had proceeded far, the rain began, and continued to increase until it came down in torrents, and thoroughly drenched me; and to add to the unpleasantness of being wet, I discovered, when we arrived at the first halting-place, that I had lost my portmanteau, and consequently the means of making myself dry. On a pedestrian journey, I entirely disregard wet; but when a journey is to be continued in a carriage, the case is altered. A person was accordingly despatched upon one of our horses to look for the portmanteau, and in a little more than

an hour returned, bearing it before him, having found it lying in the middle of the road. We soon after continued our journey towards Frederickstadt, with dry apparel, and basking in the noon-day rays of the brilliant sun which had succeeded the rain, and which covered the trees and the bushes with dropping diamonds. A pleasant drive brought us to the banks of my old acquaintance the Glommen; here a magnificent river, as nearly as I could guess, double the breadth of the Thames at Waterloo Bridge. On the opposite side, the fortifications of Frederickstadt were washed by the river, and the buildings of the town were seen beyond them. At the ferry I found a pleasant little inn, and a table covered for dinner; and being informed that if I remained any time in Frederickstadt, I should be subjected to the trouble of passport examinations, &c. I thought it best to remain at this side of the ferry until after dinner, and then pass through Frederickstadt for Frederickshall.

Frederickstadt is said to be one of the most perfect fortifications in Europe. Of these matters I am no judge; but standing as it does in a level country, and more than half surrounded by a broad and deep river, I should think it capable of maintaining an obstinate defence.

About four in the afternoon I crossed the Glommen, and, after some trifling ceremonies at the entrance to the fortifications, passed through the little town without stopping, and onward to Frederickshall.

From Frederickstadt, a few miles may be saved by avoiding Frederickshall, keeping to the left, and crossing the creek nearer to the sea than that part of it upon which the frontier town is situated; but no amateur traveller, I should think, will be inclined to take advantage of this short cut to Sweden. When about half-way between Frederickstadt and Frederickshall, I alighted, and sent the carriage forward, preferring a few miles walk on so delightful an evening.

As I walked leisurely onward, the views on every side were beautiful and striking. On the left, precipitous heights rose, crowned with tall firs, their branchless trunks tinged with the slanting rays of the declining sun. On the right, the narrow creek lay hushed in the repose of evening. Some fishing boats were tremblingly mirrored on its placid breast, which was occasionally dimpled by the tip of the sea-fowl's-wing, or the fish's sudden leap. Before me stood Frederickshall, the impregnable rock and castle, rising beyond it; and, as I journeyed slowly onward, the lower cliffs gradually sunk into shade, until only the highest battlements stood in the golden light of the sinking sun.

Frederickshall possesses only that attraction which is derived from him,

> Who left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

It is, however, a strange looking little town, in which

houses, and rocks, and water, are curiously mingled. One street is terminated by a perpendicular rock; another, by a deep creek; and as there are only three or four little streets in the town, it has at least the praise of being singularly picturesque.

Anxious to proceed next morning, I found but little difficulty in prevailing upon the sentinel at the outer gate of the castle to carry a request from me to the commanding officer, that I might be permitted the same night to see the death-place of Charles XII.; and my request was immediately granted. Upon the spot where Charles XII. fell, an obelisk has been raised to his memory, by the command of Bernadotte. It is surrounded by a double row of cypress trees; and an avenue, bordered by the same funeral shrub, leads from the obelisk to the battery, from whence the cannon-ball that terminated his career is supposed to have come. Upon the pillar itself, there is inscribed no name; only these words—"In the fight against Frederickshall." Bernadotte has judged well in leaving the pillar nameless.

That little pillar bears no name;
It needeth none where he did fall;
It only points the spot, where fame
Linked with his mem'ry Frederickshall.

His name! Oh, it is written there,
Eternal, on that rocky wall;
No more this obelisk need bear,
Than "in the fight of Frederickshall."

It is a matter of dispute to this day, whether

Charles XII. was killed by a shot from one of the enemy's batteries, or from some outwork of which his own troops had possession; the latter opinion, I found to be the more common tradition here. If, however, the spot pointed out as that where Charles fell, be really that identical spot, it is impossible that he could have been killed from any battery in possession of his own troops, unless through treachery or intention; because there is no part of the fortification from which a ball could, by any law of projectiles, reach the spot where he is said to have fallen. It is possible, however, that some outwork, or besieging battery, might have been raised by the Swedes, which is now destroyed; and if so, the tradition may be true.

Whatever may have been the merits of Charles XII. as a captain, or however much "the Swede" deserves to be coupled with "Macedonia's madman," there is something so romantic in the character and the career of Charles, that we are more apt to regard him in the light of a hero of romance, than as a mere warrior; and when I stood within the shade of the cypress trees, that wave over the simple record of his fall, I could not help catching a portion of that enthusiasm that once so kindled within him, and which is irresistibly associated with the spot where it was quenched for ever.

It was nearly dark before I left the fortress in search of the inn. During supper, I was regaled with the sounds of musical instruments; and im-

mediately after, a well dressed young man entered the room, and, addressing me in indifferent French, said there was a little dance in the house, on the occasion of his sister's marriage, and the company would feel much honoured by the presence of *un monsieur étranger comme vous*. I could not, of course, do otherwise than follow the civil person, and was ushered into a tolerably large room, where between twenty and thirty young men and women were assembled, in holiday dresses. The bride was a Swede, for some time past on a visit in Frederickshall, and her intended husband the son of the innkeeper. The company was chiefly in the rank of small trades-people in England; and was nearly equally divided between Swedes and Norwegians. Frederickshall being no longer the frontier town of a separate kingdom, there is now little national distinction felt there. Even in this rank of life, the waltz was the favourite dance, and it was performed much better than we almost ever see it performed by persons of superior rank in England. The truth is, the waltz will never be danced easily and gracefully in a country where there is a half-suspected impropriety in it. It is the freedom of mind that gives freedom to the limbs. On the Continent, where young females are accustomed from infancy to consider the waltz as the universal and sanctioned dance of the country, we may expect to see it executed well; but, in England, where even the permission of a mother cannot prevent the young lady from

knowing that the waltz is looked upon by many with disapprobation, no determination of the mind, nor any personal advantages, will put an Englishwoman upon an equality with a German. With respect to the question of impropriety, where it is felt, or even suspected, it exists. The waltz, as practised in Germany, and in the nations of Germanic origin, is a much more beautiful dance than the French waltz. In France, the evolutions, and frequent changes in the position of the arms, destroy that simple gracefulness for which it is distinguished in the North of Germany.

I remained for about an hour at the little ball, danced a turn with the bride, who was the handsomest damsel of the company, and drank two or three glasses of punch; and long after I retired to rest, the somewhat imperfect union of the violin and the clarionet continued to serenade me.

From Frederickshall to Uddevalla, one may either travel on the west or east side of the Swinesund, a continuation of the narrow bay upon which Frederickshall stands, which stretches more than fifteen miles south. I chose the east side, as being farthest from the sea; and left Frederickshall as I entered it, in my carriage and pair.

The views upon the Swinesund are very remarkable. The bay is like a broad river, without any vegetation upon its banks, which consist of high naked rocks; but the heights on both sides are covered with pine. After about two hours drive,

I arrived at the separation between the two kingdoms, a narrow part of the same bay, about as broad as the Thames at Westminster. The scenery strongly reminded me of the Straits of Menai at Bangor, only that the Swedish frontier was more elevated than the Isle of Anglesea. On each side there is a customhouse; and on the Swedish side a little inn, the owner of which had made a good fortune, owing to the extreme beauty of his daughter, by which travellers were induced to stop and take refreshment at his house, rather than at any other place between Uddevalla and Frederickshall. She did not come up to my ideas of perfect beauty; but was perhaps as near the *ideal*, as a *real* woman ought to be. In compliance with the universal custom, I ordered refreshment, and was waited upon by this rare beauty.

Although Norway and Sweden be now one kingdom, the furs of Norway are not permitted to be imported into Sweden duty free. I had a good deal of fur in my portmanteau, which, however, was not discovered, owing to the timely offering of a little silver. A toilsome ascent of several miles follows the stranger's arrival in Sweden. The road winds up the brow of a very steep hill, exhibiting, upon every side, the most striking features of the picturesque. I walked up this long ascent, delighted with the views beneath, and pleased again to meet the oak, which grew in great abundance in the ravines on the hill side. When the traveller

reaches the summit of this hill, he sees before him an open and rather uninteresting country, sprinkled with villages, extending for ten or twelve miles to the south. There is nothing with which one is more struck, in travelling through Sweden, than the excellence of the roads. Macadamized Regent Street is not smoother, and scarcely even broader, than the whole of the road for upwards of two hundred miles, from Frederickshall to the Sound. It was not until I approached Uddevalla, that the country again became interesting; and it was after sunset that I reached the town, one of the prettiest and cleanest in the south of Sweden.

The resemblance between the Swedish language and the Lowland Scotch is remarkable. The little Norwegian I had picked up while in Norway, and which, during the latter part of my stay, had become available for the expression of my wants, and for making common inquiries, was of no farther use to me after entering Sweden; and I was therefore not a little surprised to find that I still possessed the power of making myself intelligible. Whenever I was in any difficulty, I had recourse to broad Lowland Scotch; and, in very many instances, reaped the benefit of my experiment.

Every body who has ever heard of Uddevalla knows that it was destroyed by fire in 1806, and that to this is owing the neatness of the town. The houses, however, are still for the most part built of wood. Fire is the universal dread, both

in Norway and Sweden. Strict laws are in force against all such practices as may give occasion to fires. The watchman publishes, from the church-steeple, the safety of the town; and also, as he walks his rounds, does not forget this danger in his hourly call,

> The clock strikes twelve, may God still keep
> The town from fire, while the citizens sleep!

In Norway, the watchmen say,

> Unless the Lord the city keep,
> The watchmen watch in vain.

Uddevalla is now better known from its neighbourhood to Trolhetta, than from any other cause, though it was formerly distinguished for the excellence of its salted herring. To visit these falls, was indeed one of the chief reasons which determined me to travel from Christiania to Copenhagen through Sweden, rather than pass by sea, from the metropolis of Norway to that of Denmark. When I rose next morning about six o'clock, it was a steeping rain; but this did not of course deter me from my intention. The rain ceased before I arrived at the house of the gentleman who is the overseer of the canal, and to whom I carried a letter of introduction. I found him at breakfast; and after having partaken of a comfortable meal, I set out on foot, by his direction, leaving my carriage at his house, after having promised to dine with him on my return. From his house the fall is not more than two miles.

As I approached, the roar of waters was greater than that of any fall I had before visited; and now that several years have elapsed, during which I have travelled in other countries, I may say, greater than that of any waterfall I have ever since seen. Trolhetta is the highest fall in Europe of the same body of water; and there can be no doubt that the sublimity of a cataract is in proportion to the quantity of water which falls, rather than to the height of the fall. Cataracts of even some hundreds of feet in height, produce an effect much inferior to that of a greater body of water falling from a height comparatively trifling. Little streams tumbling down the ravines of lofty mountains, leaping from rock to rock, or glistening like plates of polished silver, as they glide over smooth stones, are beautiful and picturesque, and add greatly to the fascination of mountain-scenery; but they do not even border upon the sublime.

The quantity of water that falls at Trolhetta within any given time, I have no means of stating; but some judgment may be formed from the fact, that the river Gotha is the only outlet of a lake one hundred miles in length, and fifty in breadth, which receives no fewer than twenty-four rivers, and which is at least one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Cattegat.

Secondary only to the stormy ocean, a great waterfall is the most sublime spectacle offered by

the natural world to the contemplation of man. Ever rushing on, and never exhausted, it presents a striking image of eternity, and is to me the personification of resistless power. It is a thing to be seen, not to be described; all description at least must be unsatisfactory to him who has contemplated it. Above the fall of Trolhetta, the water glides smoothly on, increasing in rapidity, but still unruffled, until it reaches the verge of the precipice; it then darts over, falling in one broad sheet, until, about forty feet below, it is broken by some jutting rocks. Then begins the grandeur of the spectacle. It seems like a solid moving mass, tossed from rock to rock, now heaving itself up in yellow foam, now boiling and tossing in huge eddies, growing whiter and whiter in its descent, till at last it is fretted into one beautiful sea of snowy froth. Sometimes the spray, rising in dense clouds, hides the abyss beneath; but at times it clears away for a moment, and reveals a dreadful gulf, which the eye dares not fathom. There is a rock that protrudes about twenty feet over the middle of the upper fall, and which may be reached in safety. I sat upon it for a few minutes; but feeling myself grow giddy and nervous, I left it. While seated here, a log of wood was sent down the fall, by persons who expect a trifle for the exhibition. It is scarcely, however, worth even a trifle; for nothing can add to the magnificence of the spectacle. It displays, however, the resistless power of the element; for the log, which is of

gigantic dimensions, it tossed like a feather upon the surface of the water, and is borne to the foot almost in an instant. The scenery around is wild, not rising to the sublime, but which I should have remarked as interesting, even were it without such an accompaniment as the *Gotha Elv*. The height of the falls I should estimate at about a hundred and thirty feet.

Having some curiosity to see the Wener, that great inland sea, I continued my route to Wenersburg, situated at the head of the lake, and which is not, on its own account, worth the notice of the traveller. The shores of the lake, of that part at least which stretches from Wenersburg, are not particularly interesting; nor was there any thing to see but a vast expanse of water, enlivened by so few sails, that a feeling of sadness, rather than any other emotion, was produced in viewing so vast an area of water contributing so little to the utility of life.

The extension of my journey to Wenersburg, protracted my return far past the dinner hour of the gentleman who expected me. It was not too late, however, to partake with him a bottle of excellent Rhenish, and when one bottle, and then another had been drank, it was too late in the evening to see the Canal and its locks, which my entertainer spoke of as an object of much more interest than the Fall. I consented to be his guest for the night. With some tolerable music, a game at whist,

a good supper, and French talk, the evening passed pleasantly away; and next morning I visited the locks. Before this canal and its locks were constructed, there was of course no communication between Gottenburg and the lake Wener. But to cut a navigable canal through a solid rock upwards of two miles, and a hundred and fifty feet high, was an undertaking which, it may easily be believed, was long delayed from the want of capital and enterprise requisite to the commencement and completion of so prodigious a design. It was completed however, in the year 1800, by a private Company, and pays upwards of 12 *per cent.* interest upon the capital expended; and should a canal ever be constructed connecting the lake Wener with Stockholm, by which a direct communication would be opened between the German and the Baltic Seas, the interest might probably amount to *cent. per cent.* This would prove a severe blow to the revenue of Denmark, which derives a profit of at least 150,000*l.* from the toll levied upon vessels passing the Sound; as all the smaller vessels bound for Riga, Revel, St. Petersburg, and the other ports in the Gulfs of Finland and Livonia, would prefer the shorter and comparatively safe navigation offered by the canal and the lake Wener. Gottenburg would also, in the event of this improvement, become one of the most important towns in the North of Europe; and as it is certainly a less Herculean task to connect the lake with the Baltic, than with the German Ocean, which

has already been done, there is no reason to doubt that it will sooner or later be carried into effect.

My companion was much pleased with the interest which I conscientiously took in the details of this undertaking. He had seen the work begun, and carried on to a prosperous conclusion, after many prior efforts had proved abortive; and he constantly spoke as if this were the most remarkable achievement of art, of which Europe could produce any example. In Britain, where mechanical art, and particularly those branches of it which bear upon the facilities of internal commerce, are carried farther than in any country in the world, we cannot certainly boast of any thing that will compete with the Trolhetta Canal; but while I readily admitted that in England, I had not seen any thing to match the canal of which he was justly proud, I explained the cause. In Britain, the exertion has not been called for; there is no rock a hundred and fifty feet high, over which the interest of commerce requires that a canal should be carried; but if a lake were in the centre of England, where Nottinghamshire or Leicestershire now lie, and of the same extent, canals would have been carried to it from every part of the kingdom, even although its elevation above the sea had been greater than that of the Lake Wener. The fact is, the principle of locks once adopted, may be acted upon to any extent permitted by the water-level, provided there be enterprise to undertake, and capital to carry on the

work. The Trolhetta Canal, great as it is, must be considered as only part of a design, so long as there is no communication between Stockholm and the north-west shore of the lake. I am almost surprised that a joint-stock company has not been proposed in England to accomplish this undertaking, which certainly could not be characterized as wild and visionary.

I returned to Uddevalla to dinner, and spent the evening in a walk of several miles, or rather a scramble among the picturesque rocks by which Uddevalla is nearly encompassed. In some of the deep pools among the recesses of the rocks, where the sea had found its way, the fish were almost as numerous and as sportive as I had seen them in the harbour of Christiansand.

Next morning, shortly after six, I left Uddevalla for Gottenburg. Nothing can be more agreeable than the southern environs of Uddevalla. In its general aspect, the country resembles Norway, only that in that country beechwood is scarcely to be found, whereas in the neighbourhood of this town it grows in extreme luxuriance. At the first post from Uddevalla, where I breakfasted, I was surprised, upon jumping into the carriage to go forward, to see a woman step in after me. Female *whips* are not unusual in this part of Sweden. Indeed, whoever happens to be proprietor of the horses is in general the driver, be it a tailor, a notary, or a dress-maker. Horses are supplied by the country-

people, and are obtained at even a cheaper rate than in Norway, because one half of the charge is paid in the shape of a tax upon the landowners. There are no public coaches in this part, and scarcely, indeed, in any part of Sweden ; but this posting regulation puts travelling within the reach of all. I have already mentioned the excellence of the Swedish roads. To this advantage I have just added that of cheapness ; and to give Sweden the travelling pre-eminence over every other country, I may still farther state, that the traveller is in no danger of being imposed upon ; and he will every where find clean inns, passably good fare, cheap bills, and civil people. To one who has come from Norway, the scenery will seem comparatively tame ; but to one who has come by way of Holstein and Denmark, it will be, what it really is, novel, striking, and picturesque.

My journey from Uddevalla was made on a Sunday, always an interesting day to a traveller in a foreign country, from the number of country people he meets on the road, attired in their best apparel. Judging from the concourse of persons who thronged the road, and particularly from the multitudes assembled in a church yard which lay close to it, I had every reason to conclude that the Swedes are a church-going people. This church yard had a very singular appearance. Gigs, carts, and vehicles of every kind, not fewer I am certain, than a hundred, stood in the avenues leading to the church, while

horses, far more numerous of course than the carriages, were standing or lying on the grass without saddle or bridle, which their owners carried into church with them, not from any dread of their being stolen, but because it would have otherwise been difficult to recognise one among hundreds lying on the grass. I was exceedingly pleased with the respectable appearance of the peasantry. I know they are poor—wretchedly poor; but they had neither forgotten the way to the House of God, nor omitted in their poverty to provide decent apparel for their appearance there. It is a singular custom in Sweden, that of building the belfry, or steeple, apart from the church. It may possibly be to save expense, as the latter will not require to be of so substantial a construction, if not intended to support the weight of a steeple. From a height over which the road passed in the course of this day's journey, I counted no fewer than eleven churches in sight at the same time. From other specimens than that which I have just mentioned, I have no doubt of their being all well filled; but a traveller has some difficulty in understanding whence the congregations come, for very few villages are to be seen; and although substantial looking houses are tolerably frequent, the country is by no means thickly scattered with cottages.

In passing along the Swedish roads, the traveller frequently sees a charity-box fixed by the way-side; and it is a beautiful trait in the character of the

nation,—worth all their records of glory and deeds of alms,—that there is no instance of one of these boxes being plundered. The poor in Sweden are well provided for, both by these receptacles for casual alms-offerings, and by a regular parish provision. But to recur to the honesty of the Swedes. I think it may be safely averred, that Sweden is the most remarkable of any of the European nations, for this virtue. Doors are constantly left upon the latch; horse-stealing and sheep-stealing are utterly unknown; of sacrilege, there is no example upon record; and indeed, excepting at Stockholm and Gottenburg, where a taint of foreign manners and morals may be expected, every description of property may be considered as safe from dishonesty. The safety of the charity-boxes would not, of itself perhaps, establish the probity of the people; because it is possible that these might be respected from a feeling which I would not wish to characterise as superstitious, but which is, at all events, distinct from the principle of mere honesty. I think it not unlikely, that were charity-boxes placed upon the roads in England, they would frequently be left untouched, when a house in the immediate neighbourhood might be plundered.

Between Uddevalla and Gottenburg, I have nothing more to remark, unless that the country became gradually less interesting; until, early in the afternoon, I arrived in that flourishing city, which has been too often described to warrant me in requesting

the company of the reader during my stay there. I shall only say, that I found the city agreeable, and the inhabitants hospitable, for introductions to several of whom, I was indebted to the British Consul, Mr. Wise; and that I know of few towns where one may live well upon so reasonable terms as at Gottenburg.

There is scarcely a more uninteresting route in Europe than that from Gottenburg to Helsinborg. The road continues to be broad and smooth, but the country loses all attractions. Here and there indeed, some picturesque rocks,—a copse of beech or sycamore,—a tumbling brook, or a romantic bridge, break the monotony of the journey; but with all these helps, it is dreary and fatiguing. The towns through which the road lies, Warberg, Falkenberg, Halmstadt, and Engelholm, are all poor places, which one enters without excitement, and leaves without regret. The country strongly reminded me of some parts of Aberdeenshire, where large stones are scattered over open heaths; and it was with no ordinary feeling of pleasure, that after nearly two days' journey from Gottenburg, I reached Helsinborg about five in the afternoon, and saw the coast of Denmark almost within gun-shot. The prospect of entering a new kingdom has a powerful influence upon the mind of a traveller, especially if it be separated from him by water. He expects a new order of things; and although I knew the political importance of Denmark to be a non-entity, yet the country seemed to

me not devoid of interest. It is a kingdom oftener visited by the merchant than by the traveller. Its capital has the reputation of being one of the handsomest in Europe, and is seated on an island, which is itself a novelty. It is connected with the ancient history of our own country. The records of its literature are venerable and wonderful; and if it possessed nothing else to recommend it to the traveller, it has Elsinore, and its associations with Hamlet. But whichever of these recommendations in favour of Denmark operated upon me, I know that I made all possible haste to enrol myself among the aliens in the dominions of his Majesty King Christian, one of the worthiest monarchs in Europe.

I had been advised at Moss, at which place the reader will recollect I purchased my carriage, to endeavour to dispose of it at Helsinborg, because a vehicle fitted for the smooth hard roads of Sweden, I should find altogether unsuitable to the roads in Denmark, particularly those of Holstein. I therefore sought a purchaser, and was fortunate enough to find one, who gave me little less than I had paid, and much more than I expected. This piece of business settled, I walked down to the Mole with all I possessed under my arm, to bargain for a passage across the Sound. Regular boats sail three times a day to and fro, but the last of them had left Helsinborg an hour before. I therefore hired a small two-oared boat, without any sail, which could not indeed have been of the least service, as the Sound was as still

as a mill-pond. We had a delightful passage, which occupied not quite an hour; the boatman and myself alternately handling the oars. It was the most animated, and one of the finest scenes I had looked upon since leaving England; although the calm would not permit any of the vessels to stir, the water was covered with rowing boats, taking advantage of the delay, to pass from the becalmed ships to and from the shore, either for the purposes of pleasure or business. It was nearly seven in the evening when I stepped upon Danish ground; and having deposited my portmanteau in an inn, and ordered supper, which the labour of the oar had given me a predisposition to enjoy, I walked up to the castle[1], I may say

[1] "The Castle of Cronborg, or Cronenburgh, in the vicinity of Elsinore, was built by Frederick II. in the boldest style of Gothic architecture. Mr. Boesen, an honest old historian of the place, while describing the position, solidity, and magnificence of the castle, affirms that it may rank with the noblest castles, not only in the North, but in all Europe.

"This venerable edifice is connected with subjects of traditional, dramatic, and historical interest. On descending into the casemates, the story of Holger Danske (or Ogier the Dane, as he is called in the French romances,) will amuse the mind in these damp and dismal vaults. It is thus related by Mr. Thiele:—For many ages the din of arms was now and then heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of Cronenburgh. No man knew the cause, and there was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave, who had forfeited his life, was told, that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down, and came to a large iron door, which opened of itself, when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp, which was nearly burnt out; and, below,

without any affectation, thinking all the way of Hamlet, and Ophelia, and the murdered king. If it had been three or four hours later, I should doubt-

stood a huge stone table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up. It was Holger the Dane. But when he raised his head from his arms, the stone table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. 'Give me thy hand,' said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him his hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, 'It is well! I am glad that there are yet men in Denmark.'

"Leaving the casemates, and ascending the ramparts, Englishmen will find themselves on classic ground. Here they may indulge the fancy of Mr. Matthison, the celebrated Swiss poet, who made the venerable ghost of Hamlet's father appear on the platform, when he exclaimed,

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

"But a still deeper tragedy will awaken the sympathies of an Englishman on his visit to Cronenburgh Castle. For, to use the words of a distinguished author, (Southey), 'here Matilda was confined the victim of a foul and murderous court-intrigue. Here, amid heart-breaking griefs, she found consolation in nursing her infant, when, by the interference of England, her own deliverance was obtained; and as the ship bore her away from a country where the venial indiscretions of youth and unsuspicious gaiety had been so cruelly punished, upon these towers she fixed her eyes, and stood upon the deck, obstinately gazing towards them till the last speck had disappeared.'

"Dr. Clarke, in his Scandinavia, relates, that 'during the time that Matilda was a prisoner here, the captain of an English merchantman in the Sound, hearing of her captivity, and supposing that imprisonment and starvation were synonymous terms, determined to mitigate the Queen's sufferings by sending her a leg of mutton and some potatoes. Mrs. Fenwick, wife of the

less have looked towards the gloomy archways, with almost an expectation of seeing the ghost of the murdered monarch, but it still wanted a little while of sunset. And I am reluctantly obliged to confess, that although I believe myself to possess associations as vivid as those of most travellers, with the works of our immortal poet, and above all, with that most immortal of his works, Hamlet; yet the extraordinary splendour of the prospect from the ramparts, almost exclusively fixed my attention. It was indeed a scene of surpassing beauty; one that, I believe, cannot be witnessed in any other part of Europe. Beneath, lay the Sound, like a broad still river, gra-

Consul of this name, herself conveyed the present to the Queen, who, being passionately fond of the English, and always affected by every thing that brought them to her recollection, received the gift very graciously, and presented the honest captain with a gold chain in token of her acknowledgment.'

"During her imprisonment in the Castle of Cronenburgh, it was Queen Caroline Matilda's chief enjoyment to ascend the square tower, which commands one of the finest prospects in the world. No spot could better sooth the anguish of her mind. The animated appearance of the Sound, in which the English flag is so frequently displayed, would fill her mind with cheering images of the greatness and prosperity of her native land. And in gazing on the beauties which nature has scattered with so lavish a hand over Denmark, her contemplations on the great First Cause of all good would create in her the best disposition to forgive her 'enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.'"—Vide "*Denmark Delineated*," by A. Andersen Feldborg, Edin. 1824, to which splendid volume, by an ingenious foreigner, we are also indebted for the beautiful view of Cronborg Castle (drawn by Prof. Eckersberg of Copenhagen) which forms our vignette.—ED. OF C. M.

dually widening to the right and left; innumerable vessels, which had come both from the Cattegat and the Baltic, with light west winds, were now becalmed, and stood motionless upon the liquid plain; every ship imaged in the water as distinctly as if it had been propped upon a mirror. The sails of some few were set, if haply they might catch a breath of air to bring them into good anchorage. Many boats were still skimming among the vessels, their dripping oars flashing silver at every stroke. Across, rose the rocky coast of Sweden, every object upon it distinctly visible; while, on the Danish side, the Island of Zealand lay stretched, like a garden, in all the luxuriance of mature summer, and beneath the soft light of an August sunset. I lingered on the ramparts until the sun went down, when, at short intervals, two or three guns from the vessels broke upon the stillness, sending a hollow sound booming over the trembling water. Soon the landscape began to fade away, and every sound to cease, except only the occasional splash of an oar; and I left the rampart to seek some one to conduct me to Hamlet's Garden. The sentinel to whom I addressed myself, laid aside his musket, (a tolerable commentary upon military discipline in Denmark), and himself conducted me to the enclosure, where tradition has laid the deed, to which we are indebted for our favourite tragedy. There was nothing to see, however, excepting what was pictured in the "mind's eye;" and after a few moments' silence, I left the castle and its precincts for

the town, where I soon enjoyed the realities of a comfortable supper and its accompaniments.

I had made some inquiries of the landlord of the inn respecting the number of vessels that passed the Sound; and he not being able to answer my inquiries, as indeed it was unlikely he should, had informed the toll-receiver, that a gentleman was in the inn who seemed curious to know some things which he could tell. Accordingly after supper, a portly red-faced gentleman walked in, and introduced himself as holding the important office of Collector of the Sound Tolls,—"a considerable item," added he, "of our little revenue." I soon saw, that if this first sample I had seen of Danish functionaries were in possession of his master's secrets, he would betray them all for a few glasses of brandy; and although his secrets were neither many nor valuable, I thought I might, at all events, obtain from him the worth of his wages. I found him a pleasant, talkative, and rather intelligent man. Fifteen thousand vessels, he said, passed through the Sound in a year; but this must be an exaggeration, because if we estimate the amount of toll taken at 150,000*l.* per annum, which is generally supposed to be the maximum, this would give only 1000*l.* for the average value of each cargo, as the toll levied is one per cent. upon the value; besides, fifteen thousand vessels would average forty-one every day, which must greatly exceed the real number. That evening I had not counted much above a hundred vessels, which was spoken of as an

accumulation of several days, owing first to contrary winds, and then to a calm. The toll is not levied upon actual inspection, but the declaration of the master is taken; and this, my informant said, he had reason to believe was more generally false than true, especially in the case of American vessels, which ranked next in number to those of Britain. I spoke to him of Hamlet and Shakspeare. He had read Hamlet, and sent to his house for a Danish translation to show me; and he had also seen it acted at Elsinore. Very few travellers, he said, visited Elsinore. Occasionally passengers in English vessels, which happened to be lying to, and sometimes also passengers in French vessels, landed at the castle, owing to its connexion with Hamlet and Shakspeare. My informant also assured me, that the Danes would never forget the seizure of their fleet; and were it not that the English had generally plenty of money, they would not meet with very civil treatment in Denmark. Elsinore, I found to be a very cheap place to reside in; beef and mutton average about $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb.; fowls, 1*s.* 6*d.* per pair; potatoes and fish, next to nothing; butter, about 8*d.* per lb.; and good flour, about 1*s.* 2*d.* per stone. Both wine and brandy are also very reasonable; and house rent, as far as I could judge, about one-third less than in an English provincial town. Upon the whole, I passed a pleasant-enough hour with this man, who expressed his acknowledgments for the potation more warmly than might have been ex-

pected from a great public functionary in the receipt of 100*l.* per annum, as the sole collector of 150,000*l.* of revenue. These things are cheaply done in Denmark. One per cent. upon the sum collected (1500*l.* upon 150,000*l.*) would be considered cheap service in England.

I cannot, by the by, very clearly perceive the right of his Danish Majesty to levy a toll upon vessels passing the Sound. As well might Sweden claim the right, as the intermediate water must be common property. I suspect it has originated in the idea (proved in 1801 to be a mistaken one) that Cronborg Castle commanded the navigation of the Sound, and that too at a time when the fleet of Denmark was powerful enough to enforce her claims. I hope, however, that Denmark will be permitted to retain this little privilege. She has suffered enough at the hands of England; and if England be now for her, who dare be against her?

CHAPTER II.

Approach to Copenhagen—The Hotel—The Russians extraordinary Linguists—Habits, &c. of the King of Denmark—An Anecdote—Streets, Buildings, Booksellers, Population, Markets—Roeskilde—The Mausoleum of the Kings—General Aspect of Zealand—The Great Belt—Funen—Odensee—Assens—A Voyage—Sonderborg and the Isle of Alsen—The Mainland—Sleswig—Rendsborg—Travelling in Holstein—Approach to Altona—Hamburg—Conclusion.

About ten o'clock, I left Elsinore for the Danish capital, in a post-chariot and pair, in the expectation of reaching it before dinner. Coming from the northern countries, one experiences an agreeable sensation in driving through the cultivated fields of the Island of Zealand; for, however great the pleasure may be which we derive from the contemplation of rocks, and lakes, and woods, and waterfalls, variety, even if it have nothing else to recommend it, is necessary to the continuance of our enjoyment. This is true of nearly all the sources of human pleasure, and in none more than in travelling: and, this morning, as I passed round the green swelling knolls and through the winding corn-fields, I thought I was in another Eden; and really the Island of Zealand is a beautiful country, not unlike the finest parts of Nottinghamshire, or the Scotch Lothians. From Elsinore to

Copenhagen, the traveller passes through the most agreeable and diversified scenery. Fine pasturage covered with numerous flocks of cattle, sheep, and pigs; luxuriant corn-fields; rich fallows; the country rising into gentle eminences, or sinking into pleasant vales; oak and beech-wood spreading and majestic, shading the road, and scattered over the slopes; cottages, neat and comfortable, lying on every hand, and little rivulets, island rivers, carrying their tribute to the surrounding sea; and then, where the road occasionally approaches the shore, the widening Sound, and its hundred ships, glance for a moment upon the eye, and a new turn, or another eminence, presents again the appearance of an inland country.

As the traveller approaches Copenhagen, the avenues widen, and the road becomes bordered with fine trees, as in many parts of France, while the country-houses of the merchants, and increased bustle, indicate the immediate approach to the capital. The appearances which betoken the approach to the different European capitals, are not strong in proportion to the relative size of the cities. London stands alone,—an exception to all rule. The arteries of its "mighty heart" circulate always; but the observation may be fairly applied to most of the other European capitals. Paris, the second capital in Europe, is surrounded, excepting towards Versailles, by the silence of a wilderness; and by no sign of population or commerce, could any one approaching Paris imagine himself close to the gates of a city containing

nearly a million of human beings. There are many more symptoms of our vicinity to a great city in approaching Marseilles or Lyons, both in the numbers of vehicles, and still more in the number of country-houses. There are as strong indications of a capital in approaching Berlin as in approaching Vienna, which is six times larger; and when within a mile or two of Copenhagen, the traveller might easily suppose himself about to enter a city three or four times larger than the Danish capital. Indeed, on the principal market-day in Copenhagen, the throng of carts and cars on the roads leading to the city, almost challenges a comparison with the vicinity of our Babylon the Great.

In entering the city, the driver stopped to inquire at what hotel I intended to reside. I had omitted to obtain the name of a hotel, and told him any French or Russian hotel. A Russian hotel is generally a good choice for a traveller to make, in a country whose language is not familiar to him; because, speak in what language he may, a Russian will generally understand him. Of this I had excellent confirmation at Copenhagen. The driver doubly obeyed my injunction, for he took me to a hotel which bore a French name, and yet was a Russian hotel,—the landlord of which was a Russian: and at the table d'hôte, around which were seated Russians, French, Swedes, English, and one Italian, the landlord, who presided, addressed the individuals of each nation in their respective languages, with the

fluency, and almost with the correctness of a native of each,—at least so the Frenchman and the Italian informed me, and of the English, I can of course speak from auricular demonstration. I have frequently, since then, had opportunities of obtaining farther proofs of the Russian talent for acquiring languages; and I think this has never been satisfactorily accounted for. It is very true, that those natives of Russia who are engaged in foreign commerce, or who, from this or any other cause, have considerable intercourse with foreigners, are of necessity forced to make themselves acquainted with the languages of other countries, because Russ is scarcely known to any one out of Russia. Even in Russian society, a knowledge of French, at least, is necessary; but this only accounts for the natives of Russia being taught foreign languages, and leaves as much a mystery as ever, the fact, that the Russians have not merely a competent knowledge of many languages, but can express themselves with the fluency and correctness, and above all, with the pronunciation of a native of the respective countries whose language they speak. Great as is the intercourse between France and England, I have never met with a native of France who could express himself in English so correctly, and with so pure a pronunciation, as to be mistaken for an Englishman: but I have seen several Russians of whom this might have easily happened; and I have been told by intelligent Frenchmen, that

the Russians are the only people who are ever mistaken for natives of France.

I scarcely know a pleasanter hour than that which the traveller spends in strolling for the first time through the streets of a capital city, in which he has just arrived. He sallies forth in the disposition to be pleased and amused; he has, to use a familiar expression, *all his eyes about him*, and never fails to extract from surrounding objects, that essence, which is yielded rather according to the disposition in which objects are viewed, than the intrinsic merits of the objects themselves. In this happy frame of mind, I left my hotel, to make a tour of the city, and returned after sunset, much gratified with my ramble. Copenhagen enjoys the reputation of being one of the handsomest capitals in Europe, and in this opinion I am disposed to accord: but that it should be a spacious, well-built city, containing many handsome structures, is only what one might expect. It is the only city or town in the Danish dominions of any considerable magnitude. Altona, the second town in the kingdom, is not larger than York; and now that Norway is no longer united with Denmark, its only other towns are Odensee, Sleswig, and Flensburg, none of which are so large as an English third or fourth-rate provincial town. It is natural to suppose, therefore, that some pains should have been bestowed upon Copenhagen, in rendering it worthy of its distinction, in being the seat of govern-

ment, as well as the winter residence of every individual of any consequence in the Danish dominions; which of itself necessarily occasions the erection of a number of well-built, and even of handsome houses. Denmark, too, however insignificant it now is among the nations of Europe, was once the emporium of extensive commerce, and the residence of many of the most wealthy merchants connected with the Baltic trade; and owes some part of its present elegance to its former importance. The conflagrations, too, which have destroyed all the worst parts of the city, have helped to beautify the town; for the erection of wooden houses being strictly forbidden, it is now almost entirely built of brick or Norwegian granite. From the cruel bombardment of the British, in 1807, the city has not, however, wholly recovered. Notwithstanding the present insignificance of Denmark, we cannot help feeling some respect for a country which dared twice to oppose herself to the power of Britain; and not only this,—but which defended herself with an obstinacy and valour, altogether disproportioned to her resources; and which (upon one occasion at least) could have been inspired by nothing but a reliance upon the rightfulness of her cause, and an abhorrence of the conduct of Britain, which is yet spoken of in Copenhagen, not only as grossly unjust, but as cowardly.

I brought several introductory letters to Copenhagen, one particularly to a gentleman of the King's

household, who rendered my short stay in the Danish capital extremely pleasant. It has been a rule of mine, in all my journeys into foreign countries, to obtain, if possible, letters for natives, rather than to English residents, which are doubtless more easily obtained, but are of comparatively little use to the traveller who is desirous of adding to his knowledge. The style in which the King of Denmark lives, is singularly plain. His table is not superior to that of an English country gentleman of 5000*l.* a year; and indeed, with his limited revenue, and the great respectability maintained in all the public establishments, as well as the liberality of his donations to the different charities and institutions, almost every one of which enjoys his patronage, it is impossible that he should support a very extensive household expenditure. No king in Europe is more easy of access; or of whom, considering his means, more traits of kindness are recorded. One instance, which happens to have come within my own knowledge, I shall relate. A gentleman of noble extraction had held, during many years, different commissions in the army, and had risen to the rank of one of his Majesty's aides-de-camp. Shortly after, he became a convert to some religious tenets, which, seeming to him inconsistent with the profession of a soldier, he sent his resignation to the proper quarter. The King, unwilling to part with the services of one who had held his commission from boyhood

upwards, sent to command the attendance of his *ci-devant* aide-de-camp who of course immediately obeyed the summons. The King took the officer into a private apartment, and demanded the cause of his resignation. When it was explained, his Majesty condescended to argue the subject with his scrupulous servant, who still remained unconvinced by the King's reasoning. At length, the aide-de-camp was desired to withdraw, with an injunction to return next morning. When he appeared, the King received him coldly, and only said, "Go to your quarters, and remain there; the proper officer will bring my commands to you." The aide-de-camp retired, and was soon after waited upon by an official, who put a paper into his hands, which he doubted not was an order for his arrest or disgrace; but judge of his surprise, when, upon opening it, he found it to be the King's patent; presenting him to a civil appointment about court, the emoluments of which were nearly equal to those of the office that he had relinquished.

The King, although an absolute monarch, is more popular than some who have presented their subjects with a constitution; and I could not learn that his Danish Majesty had any intention of following the popular example. From all I could learn, the King of Denmark enjoys, along with the affection and respect of his subjects, those domestic pleasures which generally belong only to a private station.

Upon two of the evenings which I spent in Copenhagen, I repaired to the gardens which surround the King's summer-palace, and which are thrown open twice every week for the recreation of the citizens. An excellent band of music played in front of the palace, and the gardens were filled, especially on Sunday evening, with well-dressed persons of all ranks. The gardens are as agreeably diversified with wood and water as any garden laid out in a formal style can be, and are intersected by broad and well-kept walks. The inhabitants of a country from which Denmark had from first to last suffered so much, I almost felt had no business there. The island of Amak, which lies so close to the shore of Zealand, that bridges communicate between the one and the other, and upon which, indeed, a part of the town is built, occupied me the greater part of a day. The island is, I believe, at least ten miles in circumference, and is, in fact, one immense garden, from which all the vegetables, and the greater part of the fruit consumed in the city are brought.

Copenhagen may furnish occupation for several days; the libraries, the churches, the museums, the statues, the hospitals, the arsenal, the bazaar, the harbour, the citadel, the university, are all worthy of notice, and will certainly afford the traveller gratification: I may add the markets, especially the poultry market, which is the best supplied, and the cheapest I have met any where.

Large carts may be seen, on market-days, packed with live ducks or geese, in rows. Upwards of 100 ducks may be seen in one cart; and in the harbour, I saw a sloop bound for Lubeck, with a cargo of some hundreds. Live poultry forms a considerable article of exportation from Copenhagen to the different ports of the Baltic, and the trade is sufficiently lucrative.

I stepped into a bookseller's shop one morning, and glanced at his shelves. He had a good collection of German authors, and some French, English, and Swedish, besides almost all the popular books written in Danish. Among the English books, I saw a good edition of Shakspeare, and another with a Danish running translation. I was shown the code of Danish laws, civil and criminal, all contained in a volume of 400 small pages. Hear this, ye legislators, and tremble, ye lawyers! It is impossible, however, that the laws of a country whose institutions are free, can be comprised within the limits which suffice for those that regulate the polity of absolute governments; because, as individual and collective rights become more defined, new laws are needed for their explanation and protection; and in a country such as Britain, the ramifications of whose commerce extend over all the world, new laws are constantly required to meet the contingencies that arise out of it, and the changes of circumstances to which it is liable.

In walking through the streets of Copenhagen, one

would say that the bulk of the inhabitants were in comfortable circumstances. You meet few whose necessities are so obvious as to constrain you to charity, nor do you see many who solicit it; and yet, I was told, there is much poverty and distress in Copenhagen. The middle ranks dress well; the ladies somewhat gaudily; and I remarked among them many more attractive faces than I had seen among the Norwegian ladies.

I did not neglect to obtain a view of the city from the water, which has often been spoken of as magnificent; and I found that report had spoken true. The gradual rise of the shore of Zealand behind, is particularly favourable to the view of the city, which seems to lie upon a wide sloping garden; and the many fine spires, and other elevations in the city, give to it an appearance of great splendour, quite equal, perhaps even superior, to Dublin seen from the bay.

Having now seen all that Copenhagen offers worthy of notice, I prepared for my departure across Zealand and the Belts, to Holstein, a journey from which I did not expect much, but which I preferred to a voyage from Copenhagen to Lubeck, which, although not far, is often troublesome and protracted; and the wind being at this time directly from the south, I could have had no reason to expect a favourable voyage.

I left Copenhagen at an early hour, travelling in a post chariot and pair, and arrived at Roeskilde, or

Roschild, to breakfast, after passing through fourteen miles of fertile though not extremely interesting country. Roeskilde is famous as the burial-place of the kings of Denmark, whose remains, inurned in royal coffins, lie in their spacious sepulchre; not each in its own solitary tomb, but all side by side in one spacious vault. There is something very solemn and striking in the contemplation, and the associations which are awakened by it, as the spectator passes by the long row of regal coffins, where lie the Harolds, and Canutes, and Waldemars, and Christierns. Gorgeous coffins they are, rich in silver and gold, and curious workmanship, and within, the dust of a hundred kings. There is no rivalry there. The king and his successor sleep side by side. There is no ambition there. Once Denmark was too narrow for the monarch of a day; now, the kings of a thousand years find room in one chamber. I cannot help thinking, that were there a tomb of kings in every country, and were the living monarch occasionally to visit the resting-place of his ancestors, and the vacant space which his own gorgeous coffin will some day occupy, a lesson might be read, striking enough to decrease the number of those examples in which

> "Proud man,
> Clothed in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
> As make the angels weep."

From Roeskilde to Soroe, the country is less

interesting, but there the scenery is again delightful. It lies upon a small lake surrounded by gentle elevations, and sheltered by fine plantations. Here I dined luxuriously upon as fine mutton as ever I ate in Wales, and upon as delicious fish as ever were hooked in the depths of St. Mary's loch. I arrived at the town of Corsoer on the shore of the Great Belt, where I remained for the night. The opinion that I had formed of the Island of Zealand, upon first landing on it, was fully confirmed in the course of this day's journey. It may safely be said to be upon an equality with the best parts of England in fertility; and from information upon which I can rely, I learned that the climate is quite equal to that of the midland counties of England, although no part of the island lies so far south as the river Tweed. The principal growing crop seemed to be barley; wheat, oats, and rye had also a share, but not so large a share of the soil; but I should think wheat, excepting on the northern shore, which is subject to the violent north winds from the Cattegat, as likely to be successful in Zealand, as in Sleswig and Holstein. I also saw many fields of potatoes, some hemp, and a little tobacco. The principal flocks were sheep.

This evening I climbed up to the old castle, and had a magnificent view over the Belt. The land directly opposite, on the island of Funen, was very visible, but the sun setting in the north-west sunk in the sea.

Next morning the wind blew very strong, almost a gale; and it was for some time a question with the boatmen, whether they would take me across to Nyeborg. I awaited their decision with philosophic indifference. It was quite immaterial to me whether I spent the day in Zealand or Funen. At length they resolved to go, provided I agreed to pay double. "No, my friends," said I, "I will not bribe you to put yourselves and me in danger; but if the ordinary fare cover the hazard, I am willing to pay the one, and encounter the other." They refused to move, however, at the ordinary fare, and I therefore remained until the afternoon at Corsoer, when the wind moderated, and the hazard became equal to four rix-dollars. There is no class of men who balance life against gain so exactly as boatmen at dangerous ferries. The extent of their demand is regulated precisely by the supposed risk; and they have even a price for that hazard in which the chance of life is below par.

The passage was a boisterous one, but rapid. In three hours I was landed at Nyeborg; and although it was then nearly sunset, I proceeded to Odensee, not because I was in any haste, but because Nyeborg seemed as devoid of comfort as of attraction. Funen presents a less agreeable prospect than Zealand, owing not to its more scanty fertility, but to the greater paucity of trees. The crops seemed equally abundant, and the flocks equally numerous; and

indeed Funen is more an exporting country than Zealand, in both corn and cattle.

In Odensee, I found a comfortable inn, and every thing one could desire. The inhabitants, who have the reputation of being altogether the best educated and the best informed of his Danish Majesty's subjects, are fond of supposing that their town is in some way connected with *Odin;* and whether from this cause, or because the name of their island, *Funen*, signifies fine, or beautiful, I found the persuasion universal, that Funen is the most enviable spot in the Danish dominions. The first of these claims to distinction Dr. Clark denies, the original name of the place, according to this learned author, being *Ottense*, from which *Odensee* is said to be a corruption.

From Odensee, I had a charming morning-drive to Assens. The wind of yesterday had quite abated, and the Little Belt, which separates Funen from Holstein, was quite unruffled, only retaining a slight swell, the effect of the late gale. At Assens, the ordinary ferry is to Arroe-sund, a distance of something less than nine miles, but upon walking down to the harbour, I found a clean little sloop unmooring for Flensborg; and the wind, although light, being favourable, I took my seat on deck. We were not many hours crossing to the west point of the island of Alsen; for I had previously bargained with the master, that he should run between the main-

land and the island. She had a charming run through the strait, which is not more than three miles across, the fertile shore of Alsen on the one side, and Sleswig on the other, until we reached Sonderborg, the principal town of the island, and it was then five o'clock in the evening. I had my choice given me by the master, that the sloop should either run up to Flensborg, which we could not hope to reach before one or two next morning, or put into Sonderborg for the night; and, less from any disinclination to the night-voyage—which at this season, and on such an evening, would rather have been a pleasure—than from a desire to land upon Alsen, I chose the latter alternative.

Alsen, one of the most fertile islands of Denmark, does not lie on the highway to any other place; and is therefore seldom visited, unless by those who go thither for traffic. In Sonderborg, I inquired in vain for an inn, although the town contains upwards of two thousand persons: there were plenty of drinking and smoking houses, but no inns. At length, the principal customhouse-officer learning my embarrassment, politely offered me a room in his house, which I gladly accepted. Before nightfall, I walked two miles into the island, and was every where struck with the great fertility of the land, the thriving crops, and pleasant views. I returned to an excellent supper provided by the hospitality of my entertainer; and was awoke next morning at the early hour of five, by the master of the sloop

opening the door, and telling me the wind was fair; and in half an hour we were breaking the morning sea, beneath the bright rays of the new-risen sun. It was about noon when we ran into the deep and cliff-screened harbour of Flensborg. At Flensborg, I found excellent accommodation at an inn which bears the name of *Angeln*, a word derived from England. Indeed, Flensborg is altogether an agreeable town, well built, flourishing in its trade, having excellent and abundant markets, and pleasant environs. I left it after dinner for Rendsborg.

At Sleswig I remained only half an hour; I found it a clean long town, with a considerable air of bustle. While the horses were getting ready, I stepped into the cathedral, which contains some handsome monuments; and after I quitted it, I regretted I had not gone to the little island two miles from the town, upon which stand the ruins of the castle of Gottorpe.

If the reader should ever pass through Rendsborg, he will find at the top of the square a most excellent inn, though he may not, like me, have the additional advantage of being serenaded by the military band of the Holstein Guards, which were then quartered in the garrison. A great many of the respectable inhabitants promenaded during the evening, and, among the ladies, there were several who might have been mistaken for Englishwomen, both from their faces, and from their costume. The lower class of females miserably disfigure them-

selves by tying a white handkerchief close round the head.

Next morning, I left Rendsborg for Hamburg, a distance of about fifty miles. If it should ever be necessary for me again to travel from Copenhagen to Hamburg, I shall certainly not pass through Holstein and Sleswig. The roads are heavy, the country for the most part uninteresting, and the expense of travelling great. Upon each of these, permit me to say a few words. Sometimes the road lies over a wide sandy heath, upon which there scarcely seems to be a defined path; at other times it is more marked, but still frequently through sand so deep, that one may with great propriety compare travelling, under such circumstances, to driving along the sea-shore beyond watermark. The rate at which one travels may easily be guessed. On one occasion, where a path somewhat harder than the carriage-road lay along one side of it, I left the carriage, and walked seven miles, arriving, at the end of that distance, more than half an hour sooner than the vehicle. I do not say that the roads through Holstein and Sleswig are invariably of this description; but such interruptions occur so frequently, that the traveller is heartily weary of them. Another unpleasant retardation is, that the driver is constantly stopping to feed the horses. Large covered houses, with a gateway at each end, stand upon the roadside, and sometimes even in the middle of it, every three or four miles, and at each of these,

which are indeed the regular post-houses, the driver stops, gives the horses something to eat, and treats himself to a glass. With respect to the country, it is in some places pretty, and in many places fertile; but it is little diversified with wood, and contains wide tracts of heath and sand, which place it far below those English counties that lie in the same latitude with it. I have said, travelling in Holstein and Sleswig is expensive. When I use this term, I mean in comparison with most of the countries on the Continent. Posting is not, perhaps, more expensive here than in England; but the seventy or eighty miles betwixt Flensborg and Hamburg, cost me more than my journey of three hundred miles from Christiania to the Sound.

There are three things which strike the traveller in Holstein; the extent of land under pasture, and its extreme luxuriance; the beauty and strength of the horses; and the high state of comfort in which the peasantry are seemingly placed. It was near sunset when I came in view of the spires of Altona; and soon after, the broad Elbe, the numerous vessels, and the city of Hamburg itself, came successively into view; and about eight o'clock I reached the Hotel de la Russie, on the Elbe Straden.

There is no city in Europe in which luxury is carried farther than in Hamburg; nor any, perhaps, more licentious. I was surprised, upon retiring to my bedroom about ten o'clock, and upon opening my window, to hear every where the sounds of music;

and when I descended into the street, I found that the Hamburgers were yet far from thinking of relinquishing the enjoyments of the evening. The coffee-houses upon the quay were all crowded; and street-minstrels, in bands of four and six, stood at every door, making such melody as would have shamed the minstrels of England.

Hamburg is well worth a visit, though it is one of the last places I should select as a residence; commerce and gormandizing exclusively occupy the inhabitants. The time which is not occupied by business, is devoted to sensual enjoyments; for music scarcely forms an interlude, it is only an accompaniment. Luxuries are excessively dear, and the necessaries of life higher, I think, that in England. As an example of the former, I may mention, that a tolerable bottle of hock cannot be had under two crowns; and of the latter, that I paid five shillings for a bad dinner, exclusive of wine. The days are past, when, as Dr. Clarke informs us, a good dinner and a pint of claret cost a *mark*. The environs of Hamburg too, are far from attractive; the shores of the Elbe are flat and sandy, and the country, altogether uninteresting. The town itself, although kept as clean as a town can be where so much rain falls, is prolific in bad smells, as might indeed be expected from the extent of its commerce, and the varied description of merchandise constantly passing through the streets; not to mention the summer exhalations

from the river-mud, and the numerous canals which intersect the city. Hamburg has also the disadvantage of having an indifferent climate. I do not say so from the circumstance of constant rain having fallen every day but one of the ten which I passed in Hamburg, but from general report, and the information which I picked up there. The best commentary upon the climate, is the answer made by a Hamburger to a French gentlemen, who, after remaining some months in Hamburg, during which it had snowed, or *sleeted*, almost incessantly, said, "*Monsieur, neige-t-il ici toujours?*" to which the Hamburger replied, "*Non, Monsieur, quelquefois il plut.*" I have heard a similar story related of Glasgow, only transposing the words *snow* and *rain*. Which of these cities is the parent of the true original, I cannot tell, but probably they both deserve the honour.

But with all these drawbacks against a permanent residence, Hamburg is well worth a visit. The streets exhibit a more motley population than any other city in Europe. Frankfort will bear no comparison with it; and this, to a stranger, is an attraction. The extent of shipping is also remarkable, such as certainly cannot be seen elsewhere; and there is nothing in either London or Paris, to compare with the gaiety of the scene, whenever on a fine summer afternoon, the whole population of Hamburg is assembled at a lake formed by the Alster, its surface covered with pleasure-boats of the most elegant forms,

and the walks skirting it, crowded with the wealthy inhabitants of this richest emporium of the North.

Hamburg has been so often and so well described, and the public is now so perfectly acquainted with all the details of its commerce, that I should not be justified in protracting my narrative beyond my arrival in it. On the 23d of September I left Hamburg for Berlin.

THE END.

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